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HEADLINING

AMERICA

1937 EDITION

*A Selection of 100 of the Best News
and Feature Stories of 1935-1936*

EDITED BY
FRANK LUTHER MOTT
AND A BOARD OF COÖPERATING EDITORS



B O S T O N
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE • MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U S A.

TO
THREE REPORTERS

J. FREDERICK ESSARY

Washington correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun* for twenty-five years, particularly in recognition of his convention stories of 1936, his story of the Supreme Court's gold clause decision, and his "beat" story on the Al Smith bolt

RICHARD O. BOYER

Newspaper reporter since the age of nineteen in various cities, particularly in recognition of his stories in the *Boston Herald* of the Black Legion in Michigan, his aerial survey of the New England flood, his stories of Roosevelt and Landon in New England, and his report of the Harvard Tercentenary

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Ten years a reporter on the *Omaha World-Herald*, now assistant city editor and general assignment man, particularly for his stratosphere balloon story, his feature on the champion milker — "the contentedest cow" — his color story of the Iowa State Fair, and his stories of the local political campaign

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PREFACE

A GREAT war correspondent is in the midst of the bombing of Dessye, in Ethiopia, and writes a vivid story about it.

A reporter works all night on the *Macon* disaster rewrite, then takes a launch out to meet the returning survivors, beats rival reporters back to the dock, and gets on the street first with survivors' stories. Here are the survivors' stories, and the reporter's account of how he got them.

A famous Washington correspondent writes a brilliant spot-news report of President Roosevelt's acceptance speech on Franklin Field.

A Milwaukee reporter is assigned to accompany the Alaskan emigrants and watch them found a new American commonwealth in the Far North, and he writes his story of the first council meeting at Matanuska.

Down in Georgia a sports columnist tells about how women attend the cockfights.

The scholarship and pageantry of two worlds is concentrated at Harvard on the last day of her Tercentenary, and an able reporter makes us see it all.

A New Orleans reporter steps upon the scene of the assassination of Huey Long, and gives us an eye-witness story of the shooting of the assassin.

A distinguished European correspondent furnishes an adequate picture of the English reception of Edward VIII's abdication.

Lindbergh leaves America; the *Times* scores a beat. Here is the story itself, and the story of the story.

A leading American newspaper man interviews Stalin

for six hundred newspapers and untold numbers of readers all over the world.

Amelia Earhart visits the village of Three Rivers, Michigan, and the reporter-humorist tells of the reactions of the townsfolk.

A reporter shares the hardships of the crew sent to rescue the passengers of the *Dixie*, disabled by the Florida hurricane, and tells graphically of his adventure.

Such are a dozen of the hundred news and feature stories culled from American newspapers of 1935-36 by the editors of this collection, in co-operation with scores of managing editors and other newspaper men all over the country. The stories themselves lose nothing of their vitality and vigor in their transference to book covers. The editors of the book have no especial desire to defend this writing as literature; but if the touchstone of good writing is effectiveness and adequacy, there is plenty of it here.

Moreover, there is here some contribution to the history of the times. And equally obvious, perhaps, is the addition which such a collection makes to what may be called regional Americana — side-lights and comments on the way of life in the widely separated sections of our country.

To the many newspaper men who assisted in the making of this book the editors are greatly indebted. The head-notes which add so much to the interest of the stories would have been impossible without the cordial collaboration of the writers themselves. To all who gathered clippings from files and morgues and day-to-day editions, the editors tender their heartiest thanks. Thousands of clippings were read, and writers who are disappointed not to find their own work in the final compilation are hereby given license to blame the omission upon the editors' lack of discrimination and judgment. Certain it is that many stories which we should have been proud to print were omitted because of lack of space. The search for variety,

both topically and geographically, also caused many an excellent piece to be laid aside.

The punctuation and capitalization "style" of the paper from which each story has been taken has been preserved in the reprint, at the expense of general uniformity in this volume.

Reporters and editors are invited to send entries for the 1939 Edition of *HEADLINING AMERICA*, to contain stories of the years 1937-38, to the nearest regional editor, or to the general editor, of this volume. On some papers arrangements have been made for the morgue to file selected stories in readiness for submission in the fall of 1938.

FRANK LUTHER MOTT

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

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HOWARD INTERVIEWS STALIN

BY ROY W. HOWARD

New York World-Telegram, March 4, 1936

EDWARD PRICE BELL once referred to interviews with important men, on subjects of great significance, as "major interviewing." To this class belongs the following interview by the chairman of the Board of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers with Russia's "strong man" — an interview more widely distributed than any other for many years.

Stalin had not been interviewed since H. G. Wells's talk with him July 23, 1934. There were rumors that he was dying. The Japanese-Mongolian clashes on the Manchukuo frontier made the Russo-Japanese issue acute. Mr. Howard's two-thousand-word story came with the effectiveness of a surprise. After it was transmitted to New York by way of London in the night of March 3, W. W. Hawkins, general manager of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, turned it over to all the press services and all the newspapers that wished to use it, setting the release date at 10.30 A.M., March 4. "It was given to all who asked for it," said Mr. Hawkins. "It was released by agreement with the Russian Government. We considered it a public document — too big to be exclusive."

In reply to queries as to (1) motivation or purpose of the story, (2) interesting circumstances connected with getting the interview, (3) the time required for it, and (4) repercussions, Mr. Howard writes as follows:

"1. The only motivation for the story was a newspaperman's normal desire to obtain for publication about the most interesting news of the moment, namely, an answer to the question all the world was asking, 'Is Russia going to war with Japan; if so, when and at what point will the break take place?'

"2. The only circumstance of interest was the proof again furnished that the best time to obtain an interview is when its subject has a purpose to serve by talking. The attempt is then more likely to succeed than if the timing is based solely upon the desire or the need for a story.

"I believed on the basis of what I had seen and heard in China and Japan, which I had recently visited, that there was a probability that Stalin would like to serve notice on the Japanese of the point at which Russia was prepared to fight if the Japanese continued their drive toward Outer Mongolia. I suspected that a press interview might suit his purposes more than a more formal statement. — Such an interview would obviously be news of the highest order.

"From Paris I wired Stalin that I would be in Moscow on a certain date for a four-day visit, and requested an interview for publication. Since I had never met Stalin, I gave him the name of the American ambassador as a reference as to myself and my organization. When I reached Moscow I found a message confirming the appointment had been left for me at the Embassy.

"3. The interview itself was held at the Kremlin on Sunday, March 1, 1936. It lasted from 4.00 P.M. to 7.30 P.M. and, since Stalin speaks no English and I speak no Russian, was conducted through an interpreter. I used no prepared questions and the interview itself was of a purely conversational nature.

"Writing the rough draft, revising the copy, making a second revision after Stalin had read, revised, and materially strengthened the original text, then condensing the final text for cabling required about five hours. This was largely because of the necessity of translating my English text, made from my own notes, back into Russian and then re-translating the Russian revision into English.

"4. The repercussions were practically instantaneous — especially from Japan and Germany. The dispatch was translated into some twenty different languages and dialects. It was presented in every country in the world (including Iceland) having a daily press — and is estimated to have appeared in some six thousand daily, weekly, and monthly publications. In addition to its newspaper and periodical publication in Russia, it was printed in pamphlet form, and more than five million copies of this pamphlet have been sold in the U.S.S.R. Excerpts of the interview were also broadcast world-wide."

Moscow

THE Soviet Union is prepared to go to war with Japan if necessary to prevent destruction of the independence of its virtual political ally, the Mongolian Peoples' Republic — Outer Mongolia.

The revelation of the high tension now existing and how importantly the Soviet regards the recently intensifying friction in the Manchukuo-Mongolian area was made by Josef V. Stalin to the writer in the course of a three-hour discussion of Soviet relationship to general world events, war threats and Soviet-American relations particularly.

The discussion, with Constantin Oumansky, newly appointed counselor of the Washington Embassy, as the third party interpreting, was held in Stalin's office in the Kremlin.

The interview was devoid of forensics and dramatics. Stalin is soft-voiced and genial. He has never sought publicity or a reputation for color.

There is little in his manner to reveal the almost mystic power with which he sways the will and emotions of 173,000,000 people. He is devoid of bombast. His demeanor is civilian, not heel-clicking and not military.

His greeting was friendly and the informality and ready humor which characterized the conversation are silk gloves covering an often-demonstrated iron hand.

At times he has the dogmatic manner of revolutionaries, but he employs a tolerance in discussion that veneers his past-mastery of propaganda.

During the past weeks the chief interest of Moscow newsmen has centered in developments on the Outer Mongolian frontier. Clashes between Japanese troops and those of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic, resulting in so-called border incidents, have been increasingly numerous.

Neutral military observers believe Japan is seeking to drive a wedge into Outer Mongolia by way of Manchukuo, intended to block off assistance for the Soviet by way of China proper in the event of war. With possession of Ulan Bator, the capital of Outer Mongolia, the Japanese air forces would be in an advantageous position to threaten the trans-Siberian line at one of its most vulnerable points.

In response to a direct inquiry as to what the Soviet attitude would be should Japan launch her long-predicted military drive in Outer Mongolia, Stalin said:

"If Japan ventures to attack the Mongolian Peoples' Republic and seeks to destroy its independence we have to be able to help that republic. Litvinov's assistant, Stomoniakoff, recently so informed the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow and called his attention to the unchangeable friendly relations which the Soviet Union has entertained with the Mongolian Peoples' Republic since 1921. We would help that republic as we did in 1921."

"Would a Japanese attempt to seize Ulan Bator make positive action by the Soviet Union necessary?" he was asked.

"Yes," was the unequivocal reply.

"Have recent events developed any new Japanese activities in this region which have been construed by the Soviets as of an aggressive nature?"

"The Japanese seem to be continuing to concentrate their troops on the frontier of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic," Stalin replied, "but so far there have been no new attempts to create border incidents."

"The Soviet Union appears to believe that Germany and Poland have aggressive designs against the Soviet Union and are planning military co-operation," was the next question. "Poland, however, has protested her unwillingness to permit any foreign troops to use her territory as a base for operation against a third nation. How

does the Soviet Union envisage such aggression by Germany? From what position and in what direction would the German military forces operate?"

"History shows," Stalin replied, "that when a state is intent on war against another state, even one not adjacent, the aggressor seeks an intermediate state whose frontiers touch those of the object of her aggression.

"Usually it is successful in finding such a frontier. This is accomplished sometimes by force, as in 1914 in Belgium, or by other means, as in 1918, when the Germans 'borrowed' the Latvian frontier in a drive against Leningrad.

"I do not know what specific frontiers would be best adapted to the German purposes, but I think they would find a people prepared to lend them a frontier."

"Seemingly the entire world today is predicting another great war. If it proves inevitable, when, Mr. Stalin, do you think it will come?"

"It is impossible to say. It may come very unexpectedly. Nowadays wars are not declared. They simply start.

"However, I feel that the position of the friends of peace is improving. They have the advantage of being able to work in the open by such instruments as the League of Nations with the assistance of powerful public opinion. They have tremendous support in the objection to war shared by the masses of all nations. There is today no people wanting war.

"On the other hand, the proponents of war must work in the dark, to their disadvantage. Nevertheless, it is not improbable that this very fact may tempt them to an act of desperation. One of the newest successes of the friends of peace is ratification of the Franco-Soviet mutual assistance pact by the French Chamber. This pact is a certain obstacle to the enemies of peace."

"Should war come, Mr. Stalin, where is it most likely

to break out? Where are the war clouds more menacing, in the east or in the west?"

"In my opinion there are two focal points of danger — one in the Far East in the zone of Japan and the other in Europe in the zone of Germany. What I have in mind are numerous statements in Japan by military men containing threats against other powers.

"It is difficult to say which is the more menacing war danger. They both exist and both are smoldering. Compared to either of these the Italian-Ethiopian conflict is an episode.

"For the moment, perhaps, the situation in the Far East is more menacing, but the center of danger may shift to Europe. Evidence of this was Herr Hitler's recent interview in a Paris paper in which his statement, though pacific in terminology, carried with it threats against both France and the Soviet Union. It is symptomatic that even when Hitler speaks of peace he cannot dispense with threats."

"What situation or condition in your opinion, Mr. Stalin, furnishes the chief war menace today?"

"Capitalism. You recall the origins of the last World War — the desires of the great powers to redivide the world. Today we face the same state of affairs. There are certain states which feel they have not shared equally in the distribution of territories, markets, raw materials, spheres of influence. Capitalism in its imperialistic phase is a system which regards war as a legitimate instrument for settling international disputes. Although it does not give this method legal status, it accepts it in fact."

"May there not be an element of danger in the genuine fear existing in what you term capitalistic countries of intent on the part of the Soviet Union to force its political theories on other nations?"

"There is no justification for such fear. If those to

whom you refer believe that the people of the Soviet Union have any desire to alter the face of things by force or to change the established order in surrounding states by force, they are entirely mistaken.

"The people of the Soviet Union would naturally like to see the face of things changed in the outside world, but that matter is the business of the surrounding world itself. I fail to see how our mere ideas can menace any of these states if they are firmly seated in their saddles."

"Does that mean the Soviet Union has to any degree abandoned its plans and intentions of bringing about world revolution?"

"We never had any such plan or intention."

"You appreciate, no doubt, Mr. Stalin, that much of the world has long entertained a different impression?"

"Well, Mr. Howard, that is a product of misunderstanding. A tragic misunderstanding. No, a comic one — well, tragi-comic. We Marxists believe that revolution will occur in other countries, but only at a time when it will be considered possible or necessary by the revolutionists in each specific country.

"To attempt to export revolution is nonsense. Without desire within a country there will be no revolution. The Russian people desired revolution and brought it about. Now we are engaged in building a society without classes. But to presume that we want to bring about revolution in other countries by interference with their national life is unwarranted."

At this point in the conversation I turned to Mr. Litvinov's letter of November 16, 1933, to President Roosevelt, containing the famous paragraph 4 reading "not to permit the formation or residence on its territory of any organization or group — and to prevent the activity on its territory of any organization or group, or of representatives or officials of any organization or group — which has

as an aim the overthrow or the preparation for the overthrow of or bringing about by force of a change in the political or social order of the whole or any part of the United States, its territories or possessions."

"Why, Mr. Stalin, did Mr. Litvinov sign this letter if compliance with the terms of paragraph 4 is incompatible with the interest of the Soviet Union or beyond its control?"

"Execution of paragraph 4 is within our control," declared Stalin. "We have carried out its provisions and will continue to do so. According to our constitution, political emigrés have the right of asylum in our territory the same as in the United States.

"When Litvinov signed the letter you mention, it was on the assumption that the obligation is mutual. Does it, in American opinion, conflict with the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement if there are White Russian emigrés in America, sometimes representing terroristic groups, propagandizing on American soil for capitalism against the Soviets and receiving moral and material assistance from Americans?

"We do not mind. The argument can be advanced that we sympathize with foreign political emigrés sojourning in our territory, but are there not Americans who sympathize with White Russian emigrés propagandizing for capitalism against the Soviets?

"If so, what is most important is that we both don't assist or finance such activities and that official agents of both countries abstain from interfering with home affairs of other countries.

"However, if we go too far in claims and counter-claims on this subject and ask for the deportation of all White Russian emigrés from the United States, then we might undermine the right of asylum existing in both countries. A reasonable limit to our claims and counter-claims must be recognized by each.

"Litvinov signed the letter to Roosevelt not as a private citizen but as a representative of the state, as did Roosevelt his letter. This is an agreement between two states and its vital consideration concerns the activities of agents of those two states. The agreement, which is an understanding between two governments, can be interpreted only within this framework."

"Did not Browder and Darcy, American Communists, appearing before the seventh congress of the Communist International in Moscow last summer, appeal for the overthrow by force of the American government?"

"I don't recall what Browder and Darcy said. Maybe they said something of that nature, but the Soviet people did not found the American Communist party."

"The American Communist party was created by Americans. Its existence in the United States is legal. The American Communist party is represented by ballot even in national elections. What Browder and Darcy may have said once in Moscow probably will be said a hundred times in stronger terms on American soil. It would be unfair to hold the Soviet government responsible for the activities of American Communists."

"But in this instance, is it not a fact that their activities occurred on Soviet soil contrary to the terms of paragraph 4?"

"You mention the activity of American Communists on Soviet soil; what does activity of the Communist party mean? Organization meetings, sometimes strikes, demonstrations, etc. They couldn't possibly organize them on Soviet soil. We have no American workers in the U.S.S.R."

"I take it that the gist of your thought, then, is that interpretation can be made which would safeguard and continue good relations between our countries?"

"Yes, absolutely."

"Admittedly, Communism has not been achieved in Russia. State Socialism has. Have not Fascism in Italy and national Socialism in Germany claimed to have attained similar results? Have not both been achieved at the price of deprivation of personal liberty, sacrificed for the good of the state?"

"No, Communism has not been achieved in the Soviet Union so far. It is not easy. But your term 'state Socialism' is not exact.

"Many people refer to a condition as state Socialism when a considerable amount of national wealth passes to government ownership, sometimes for military advantage, even though the majority of wealth remains in private hands.

"The social order which we have built up so far cannot be termed state Socialism in this sense. The Soviet system is fundamentally Socialistic because there is no private ownership of factories, land, banks, railways, mines, etc. Our system — which has not yet been quite completed — is Socialistic because the foundation of society is common state's ownership, ownership by the people or ownership by co-operatives and collective farms.

"Italian Fascism or German national Socialism does not have anything in common with such a system, because in those countries private ownership of industry is not affected. Capitalism in those countries still has full effectiveness.

"Under Socialism a certain inequality concerning property remains, but there is no more unemployment, exploitation or oppression of one nationality by another. Everybody is obliged to work and is compensated not according to his needs but according to the quantity and quality of the work.

"That is why wages have not been equalized. Only that society can be called Communistic in which people are

compensated not on the basis of the quantity or quality of the work produced but on the basis of their needs.

"Perhaps you think Socialist society discounts personal liberty, but that is not correct. If you are going to build a house you must economize and make sacrifices. Even more is it true if you are building a new society.

"It is necessary for us temporarily to limit certain of our demands to accumulate the necessary resources. We have made this sacrifice with the definite objective of developing real freedom in the best sense of the term."

"Do you view as compatible," Stalin was asked, "the coincidental development of American democracy and the Soviet system?"

"Yes. American democracy and the Soviet system can exist and compete peacefully, but one can never develop into the other. Soviet democracy will never evolve into American democracy, or vice versa.

"We can exist and develop peacefully if we do not indulge in too much fault-finding about trifling things."

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MUSSOLINI EXPLAINS

BY ED L. KEEN

United Press, August 23, 1935

ONE of the most important interviews of 1935 was that of Ed L. Keen with Premier Mussolini explaining the aims of Italy in her Ethiopian war.

Mr. Keen is European vice-president of the United Press. For a generation he has been interviewing Government heads abroad, and his wide acquaintance among European leaders and their confidence in him made him the one man for this assignment. Besides, he had held an important interview with Mussolini some years before, and Il Duce remembers newspaper men.

This was the first major interview with Italy's premier on the Ethiopian situation. Arrangements for it were made by telegraph in advance, and Mr. Keen flew to Rome solely for this interview.

Rome

A SOLUTION of the Ethiopian problem must be something radical and conclusive," Premier Benito Mussolini declared today. "Ethiopia cannot continue as a weapon — a modern weapon, not an ancient lance — pointed at Italy's back."

When asked if Italy in any eventuality would withdraw from the League, the Premier replied:

"Italy will pursue her aims with Geneva or without Geneva or against Geneva."

With these words, spoken deliberately but emphatically and with flashing eyes, Il Duce, on the eve of his departure for northern Italy to attend the most extensive military maneuvers since the World War, concluded an hour's interview with the United Press in which he discussed

with much frankness Italy's position in East Africa, her motives and aims, and justification for her course of action. It was the first detailed newspaper interview he has granted since the Abyssinian situation became acute.

Premier Mussolini received me in the huge salon which he uses for an office in the historic Palazzo Venezia, just across the square from the tomb of Italy's unknown soldier. Wearing civilian clothes — a cream-colored single-breasted suit, a loosely woven silk shirt of soft beige, a dark blue and white striped tie and white shoes — he met me halfway down the room and led me to a desk at the farther end. Deeply bronzed, he is a picture of perfect health and bounding vitality. When I remarked on his cheerful appearance in the face of such compelling problems as the peace of the world and Italian-Abyssinian relations, he put his hands high, threw back his head and said: "In my spirit at this moment lies my strength." Then he added laughingly: "I have just been swimming like a fish."

As the Premier talked in excellent English, I recalled our first meeting seven years ago, when he had just begun learning the language. When I told him the object of my visit to Rome was to obtain first-hand information concerning Italy's purposes and the reasons for them, about which the world at large, and particularly America, is puzzled and to a considerable degree critical, Premier Mussolini said:

"For the last forty years, Ethiopia has been hostile toward Italy. In order to avoid friction, we tried to come to an understanding with her, and in 1928 we signed a treaty of friendship which she has since consistently disregarded.

"The situation has become worse and worse. She has attacked our soldiers, killed our officials and civilians and has been preparing an army to attack us. We have, therefore, decided to take precautionary measures, and for this

reason I have sent our soldiers to our colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland.

"I am not an enemy of any race, but I insist that Italian rights be respected by every race. That is what we intend to do with Ethiopia."

"Does the policy now being pursued by Italy in East Africa endanger the Stresa front [among Italy, Britain and France] and the present European equilibrium?" I asked.

"I cannot believe," he replied, "that Italy's action in Ethiopia, which partakes of a purely local and colonial character, can influence — as is asserted in some quarters — the development of the policy of European collaboration, to which it has given and is still disposed to give entire adherence.

"What could endanger the Stresa front and present European equilibrium would be the attitude of those wishing to ignore the absolute necessity of Italy's safety and expansion, and to create artificially a legend of perils to Europe that would result from a colonial campaign.

"These operations of ours differ in no way from the various military operations which other colonial powers have conducted in Asia and Africa. It is necessary to eliminate the firemen who would seek to spread the flames."

Here Premier Mussolini opened a large album lying on his desk. It was full of photographs of the devastation wrought by the British bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. Turning the leaves, he said:

"You have done much the same thing in America. How did you push your frontier back? You took possession of it by force from the Indians and Mexico. The United States consisted originally of thirteen colonies on the eastern seaboard. Now you span the continent."

This seemed a good place to change the subject so I asked Il Duce about Italy and the League of Nations.

"What will Italy do if the League fails to arrive at a solution of the present problem? Would Italy in any eventuality withdraw from Geneva?" I inquired.

"Italy will pursue her aims — with Geneva or without Geneva or against Geneva," was the prompt and vigorous reply. "I cannot believe, however, that taking care of one's own security is contrary to the principles of the Covenant."

"How can a future World War be avoided? What does the future hold for the League?" I asked.

He paused for a moment and then spoke with special earnestness:

"A nation on the march, as the Italian nation is today, cannot be stopped by the static conception of the life of peoples. It is precisely this static conception which constitutes the greatest danger for world peace. The League, if it desires to live, must be conscious of this danger, which anyhow is envisaged in Articles 19 and 22 of the Covenant."

"What is Your Excellency's opinion of the contention in some quarters that the Covenant has modified the convention of 1888, which assured free passage through the Suez Canal in times of war as well as peace?"

"The Covenant," he replied, "is part of the Versailles Treaty, which, under Article 282, reconfirmed the full force of the convention of 1888."

"Would Italy in event of war assume the right to search neutral vessels?"

"Italy will in whatever eventuality adhere strictly to the provisions of international law, as she has always done."

The conversation then turned to England's position, and I asked the Duce whether he believed England's attitude is prompted altogether by altruistic motives. He replied:

"England in the protocols of 1891 and 1894 recognized

that almost the whole territory of Ethiopia is included in the sphere of Italian influence. These protocols are still in force, inasmuch as they were confirmed by the Tripartite Accord of 1906 between Italy, Britain and France. Britain's interests in connection with the waters of the Nile are likewise specially recognized in the accord reached in 1925 between Ambassador Graham and myself.

"This accord was at the time communicated to Geneva. Britain's local interests in Ethiopia are therefore completely safeguarded. The lack of understanding in some British quarters of Italy's legitimate aspirations does not seem, therefore, to agree with the claim of protecting British interests in Ethiopia."

"What measures should be taken to arrest the apparently waning power of the white race?" was my final question.

"For years I have been calling the attention of world public opinion to the danger of the declining birth-rate among western peoples. All the world knows how tenaciously the Fascist government has been waging its fight for the increase and improvement of the Italian population.

"If the present disturbing depopulation of Occidental nations should be accompanied by renunciation of the right to send civilizing missions to peoples who still are in ignorance of the benefits of civilization — such mission was admirably fulfilled in the last century by Americans, disregarding the simple and primitive peoples to whom the North American continent belonged — then we should truly despair of the future."

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SIR UPTON AND THE VIRGIN

BY GEROLD FRANK

Cleveland News, July 22, 1935

THE city desk learned that Upton Sinclair and his wife were driving through Cleveland on Sunday, July 21, and that he was scheduled to visit a local radio station for a short broadcast. The reporter was assigned to the interview the day before. With other reporters from Cleveland papers, Mr. Frank met Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair at the station, and found him tired but affable. When her husband went into the broadcasting booth, Mrs. Sinclair sat down to wait for him. Mr. Frank talked with her then, and learned that the never-resting, original, quixotic mind of Upton Sinclair was planning a book on the Virgin Mary.

Sinclair's economic theory was well known. There was no especial news value in this particular trip or broadcast. Mr. Frank was much impressed by Mrs. Sinclair's revelation of the idea for a book about the Virgin; and therefore he made it the lead of a story that emphasized the personality of the interviewee. A double-column portrait accompanied the story, which was printed in Monday's first edition.

WHEN Upton Sinclair drives about the country explaining what we must do to end poverty, behind the clear, blue eyes, behind the high forehead, the impassioned, hawk-like gaze, something beats, insistently, in the back of his mind.

It is the idea for a book — a book about the Virgin Mary.

"I tell him," says Mrs. Sinclair, "I tell him, 'Now, Upton, you know you can't write anything now unless it has to do with politics.' But he says he's had that book in his head for 18 months and if he doesn't get it out of him he'll burst."

Which may give you some insight into the remarkable character of Upton Sinclair — the quixotic writer turned politician, who broke lances with a windmill and almost stopped it — the 1934 phenomenon of California — the apostle of every man, the founder of EPIC, the author, poet, lecturer, propagandist whom John Haynes Holmes calls “the most powerful pamphleteer in America today” — the man who became a whirlwind force in himself by virtue of words and ideas.

Mrs. Sinclair sat in the reception room of station WHK while her husband spoke extemporaneously for 15 minutes over a national hookup on his EPIC plan, once End Poverty in California, now End Poverty in Civilization.

There is something disarmingly calm and simple in Upton Sinclair's appearance.

He looks like a professor of dead languages. His hair is gray and sparse, brushed in little gray wisps which stick out at his temples, but are left to grow carelessly in the back in a fringe of curls.

He wore rimless glasses, a light green shirt with long, collegiate points, a dark green tie with white dots, light tan trousers, blue socks, tan shoes with blunt toes. His eyes are very blue, his nose a little hooked, the flanges of his nostrils deep. The Sinclair face is that of a priest or a poet, sharp, yet tremulous, ready for ecstasy, at once eager and sensitive.

Mrs. Sinclair is tall and slender, with dark eyes. The heat of Cleveland, the long automobile trip from the Sinclair home in Pasadena, Cal. — 400 miles a day — had wearied her, and Sinclair, who calls his wife “Sweetheart,” explained that they would remain in Cleveland for a few days while Mrs. Sinclair consults Dr. George Crile at the Cleveland Clinic.

Sinclair came back from his Saturday debate at Chautauqua with Congressman Hamilton Fish a bit disap-

pointed because, he said, he couldn't get Mr. Fish to debate the subject in hand, which was the EPIC plan.

"Apparently Mr. Fish doesn't even know what EPIC is," said Sinclair. He characterized the congressman, whom many expect to be a presidential candidate, as a "very earnest and, I think, sincere gentleman of wealth who does his country and himself the honor of going to work for his convictions. He naturally has the point of view of his class, and that's very unfortunate.

"To Mr. Fish," said Sinclair, "the depression is utterly unreal. He thinks our trouble arises from the greed of the people and the fact that Roosevelt's election prevented Hoover from fixing everything up all right again."

Sinclair said he had no doubt that Roosevelt would be re-elected and said the President last September told him his intention of coming out for production for use of the unemployed — which is the essence of the EPIC plan.

"This is the only way to prevent the government from drifting into bankruptcy, as it will if the present forces continue unchecked. The government simply can't go on giving money out indefinitely to the unemployed. The government keeps on pouring water into the pump to prime it and all it ever gets out is just the water it puts in. That's the fallacy of the New Deal.

"Yet the business men say, 'Give the unemployed money so they can spend it with us and keep our business going.' But they don't realize that the government must demand back that money, every penny of it, from the business man in the shape of taxes.

"This depression is here to stay. Machinery can produce more than the people can buy. That means some of the machinery must be idle and the people who work that machinery must be idle. EPIC says let the unemployed work those factories to produce the food and clothing they need.

"They won't compete with the business man, because he isn't making any profit on them anyway."

Whatever the case, Upton Sinclair won't be a political candidate any more.

"It's too dangerous," he said, smiling. "Too apt to be elected. I had a close call in California.

"After all," said Sinclair, taking his wife by the arm and holding her tight, "I'm a writer."

"THANK YOU, MR. SPRINGS"

BY J. E. DOWD

Charlotte News, July 19, 1936

COLONEL SPRINGS is always an interesting figure to Carolinians, and is a friend of the Dowds of the *News*. How the interview occurred is stated succinctly in the first paragraph of the story. The story was picked up by the A.P., and attracted wide notice. The late Marlen Pew said of it in his "Shop Talk at Thirty": "For snap and interest, I can't remember a better line of quotes." It was a Sunday feature in the *News*, and was accompanied by a picture of Colonel Springs and Commander Rosendahl.

WHEN Elliott White Springs, ace aviator during the World War, South Carolina textile manufacturer and author, passed through Charlotte after a journey from Europe aboard the Zeppelin Hindenburg, Editor J. E. Dowd, of The Charlotte News, was curious about the trip.

Said Mr. Dowd: "Mr. Springs, will you tell me about your trip?"

Said Mr. Springs: "Certainly. It was positively painless. We went aloft after supper at Frankfort and two days and three nights later they closed the bar in the smoking room and we were ready for breakfast in New York. It's free of noise, vibration, rolling and pitching; it's air-conditioned; the food is excellent and ample; there's hot and cold running water, and plenty of room. Children travel half fare and a business man can radio his office and get an answer in two hours."

"What feature about the Zeppelin impressed you most?"

"The casualness of the whole thing. Even the windows were left open all the way over."

"Did you visit any of your old battlefields, Mr. Springs?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Dowd. I went back to a café and found the same girl sitting at the same table. The chairs, however, had been reinforced."

"Did she remember you as a friend during the war?"

"Yes, but she wasn't sure which war."

"Did you inspect any cotton mills abroad?"

"Yes. The President of one of the finest plants in Germany took me through his mill."

"What did he show you?"

"American machinery."

"What did you do then?"

"Sold him some of mine."

"But how will you get paid for it?"

"By barter. I will ship him my new double draft roving frames and he will ship me in exchange a new German automobile with the engine in the rear and tank and spare tire in the front."

"Do you think that such a car is practicable?"

"I don't know, and please don't ask me about the roving frames."

"How did you find France?"

"I couldn't. I tried to use my own French at the airport and landed in Switzerland instead."

"What did you find in Switzerland?"

"Rolls Royce taxicabs with a footman on the box."

"What did you find in England, Mr. Springs?"

"A dentist with a foot-pedal drill, Mr. Dowd. He liked the radio and his foot would keep time with the music. During the funeral march I liked the British broadcasting system, but when the orchestra switched to a rumba, I would have preferred some American advertising."

"How did you find the English automobiles?"

"By looking behind the fireplugs. They use baby Austins for taxicabs. Next year they will be sold in pairs — one for each foot."

"Did you observe any vice and crime in Europe?"

"Yes. One afternoon a girl smiled at me brazenly on the street."

"What did you do?"

"Investigated."

"Did you find out why she smiled at you?"

"Yes, on account of my new Tyrolean hat."

"What did you do then, Mr. Springs?"

"I gave her the hat, Mr. Dowd."

"Is it true that one of your former adversaries was on board?"

"Yes, he was a pilot of Richthofen's circus."

"Had you ever fired at each other in the air?"

"I think so. But in discussing the fight, we got so excited we choked our interpreter and never finished."

"Did you discuss politics abroad?"

"Yes. They were offering eight to five on Roosevelt."

"Did you hear anything about the war debts?"

"Yes — from another American."

"What do you think of Europe's new economic program?"

"They have a new deal but no supreme court."

"Do you think there will be another great European war?"

"Not immediately. Europe is ready to fight at the drop of a hat, but they can't borrow a hat to drop."

"You must have traveled extensively to gather all this information. How long were you abroad?"

"Two weeks."

"Thank you, Mr. Springs."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Dowd."

ALOHA, EDDIE!

BY JOHN TERRY

Honolulu Star-Bulletin, June 11, 1936

HONOLULU has often been described as the Crossroads of the Pacific. Men and women of every type from all the countries bordering on that ocean are constantly passing through Hawaii on the vessels of the big steamship lines — diplomats, army and navy officers, educators, industrialists, scientists, journalists, tourists. And until the recent advent of Pan American clipper service, everyone and everything that came into Honolulu had to enter by the passenger liners and steamships that came into the city's harbor, and had to leave in the same way.

Accordingly, waterfront coverage in Honolulu is a big job. It involves an understanding of affairs in Japan, China, the Philippines, Australia, and South America, as well as the United States and Canada. It also involves contacts with shipping-line agents and maritime-union news sources, particularly in times of shipping strife.

While the waterfront reporter often has advance information about distinguished men scheduled to reach Honolulu in the immediate future, frequently he learns of such a man's presence aboard ship only when he consults the purser's who's-who list. Interviewing notables on shipboard at the height of the summer and winter tourist seasons presents as its chief difficulty the trouble of running down the interviewee among four to six hundred passengers in the half-hour period between boarding the ship offport and reaching dock. "For the most part, tourists arriving in Honolulu are willing, if not eager, to talk," writes Mr. Terry, waterfront reporter for the *Star-Bulletin*. "They approach Hawaii in a more or less moony state, with hearts full of aloha in anticipation of tropical delights. They are happy, cheerful, and emotional; and so the going is fairly simple for the reporter, once he singles his kill out of the pack."

The Cantor story, we are told, presented no difficulties other than the physical effort involved in prying the comedian out of a horde of admirers long enough to get something from him.

The story was accompanied by a picture showing Mr. and Mrs. Cantor enveloped in leis.

EDDIE CANTOR, authority on the stock market crash of 1929 and dignitary of the American stage and screen, reached Honolulu this morning accompanied by the Matson liner Lurline.

He was flying all colors of the Hawaiian lei spectrum as he steamed down the channel — leis suspended from his masthead by friends and admirers whom he knew and by a lot of others he never saw before.

"For a fellow who never wore a collar in his life," he remarked as he surveyed the flower decked Cantor bosom at the breakfast table, "look at me now!"

The leis were just awash of his chin. Faultlessly selecting the farthest spoon on his right he dipped into the dish of breakfast cereal before him, and ended by swallowing a mouthful of plumeria instead.

Thoughtfully chewing a bunch of maunaloa a few minutes later, he commented on J. P. McEvoy's recent *Saturday Evening Post* article wherein that author discussed the well established institution of seeing Charlie off at ship departures and weeping on the shoulder of the chamber of commerce and the Hawaii Tourist bureau.

"That story is the best piece of promotion the islands ever had," he said, delicately flecking a morsel of pink carnation from his chin. "Honolulu should erect a monument to his memory — the J. P. McEvoy monument."

The suggestion has been referred to the tourist bureau, which is now negotiating for a site next to the statue of King Kamehameha.

On deck, Mr. Cantor tossed a handful of dimes overboard to the diving boys, nearly throwing himself over the rail in his enthusiasm.

Mrs. Cantor pulled him back to safety from the top

rung of the rail, and by way of gratitude she was promptly touched for the loan of another handful of dimes.

The actor nodded approvingly in the direction of the Honolulu downtown skyline.

"One of the fine things about this place," he observed, recalling the 1929 crash on which he has learnedly written, "is the fact that brokers can't jump out of 12 story windows. I don't see a 12 story window anywhere.

"Honolulu is a beautiful place, and I assume they have kept it that way by not splitting it 2 for 1."

By this time a haunted look of indigestion appeared on the Cantor face.

Throughout the voyage from San Francisco he had proved himself a hardy sailor — although it must be admitted the ocean had never risen above a ruffle. But under the Aloha tower, so close he could have tossed a second assistant motion picture director to the dock from ship, he wavered.

He was paying the price of the gardenia lei he had devoured with his coffee.

The subdued mood turned his thoughts to the interest he has shown in youngsters since his own boyhood.

"Last year 2,800 boys went to the camp at Cold Springs, N.Y.," he said. "In the last 16 years we have sent 375,000 of them there for vacations.

"I went to the camp when I was 10 or 11 years old. Four or five boys who went there with me as kids, and myself, have been interested in it ever since."

That interest has taken the practical form of generous contributions over the years — a form of Cantor's activity that has received less notice from the public.

"It's boy insurance," Mr. Cantor explained. "The more you spend on boys the less you are going to spend in later years on prisons."

This is Mr. and Mrs. Cantor's first visit to Hawaii, and

Mr. Cantor's first vacation in years. He will remain in Hawaii for several weeks and will then return to Hollywood to begin work on a new picture. He makes only one a year.

When last seen after leaving ship, Mr. Cantor was hunting for a restaurant which serves no leis with the toast.

BEER IN TIN CANS? ACH, NEIN, NEIN!

BY GUSTAVE PABST, JR.

Milwaukee Journal, May 21, 1936

MR. PABST is financial editor of the *Journal*, but he is admirably fitted (and not by name alone) to do a group interview with European brewers visiting that beer capital, Milwaukee.

The brewers were interviewed just before they were leaving by train to inspect a plant in the suburbs. It was necessary to talk to some in their bedrooms, to others at the breakfast table (which the diners did not seem to like), to a few more in the hotel lobby, and to a handful in the taxi on the way to the station. "As a result," says Mr. Pabst, "there was not much time left before the paper went to press, and the story was written in a hurry."

But it has unusual characterization and humor. It was illustrated by three good pictures.

Be it remembered that German is a second language in Milwaukee.

THE "schoenste language" has a field day Thursday. A group of German brewers begins the day at the Hotel Schroeder with strawberries and cream and scrambled eggs and lots of sausages and lots of "achs" about American newspapers that want interviews at 9 A.M.

Wednesday they were up by the Pabst and Schlitz breweries; Thursday they were going out to see George J. Meyer in Cudahy, who makes machinery for beer in bottles and beer in cans.

Ach, beer in kannen; that never goes in Germany.

Herr Direktor Kurt Droege is spokesman of the party. He is still in his room, 1422. What does the Herr Direktor think about beer in cans and Adolf Hitler?

"Ach, bitte, bitte," says the Herr Direktor. "Ich bin noch im bad." And the tousled head of hair disappears. The door slams.

Where is the rest of the party? All the luggage is in the hall; 24 pieces. Down by the coffee shop? The coffee shop manager, Otto Angerstein, fat and bustling, reports: "Ach, sie sind up in the main dining room."

Up in the main dining room, with the sun on a group of glistening bald heads and fresh white collars and scrambled eggs and lots of sausages. No interview there... oooof, schmeckt der kaffee gut.

The first to finish is Theodore De Groen, the one member of the group from Holland. In his Dutch, the *schoenste* language becomes still *schoener*. All the German "g's" become "h" in Dutch.

"Ach, Hott," says Theodore, "beer in kennen... ich will mal sagen... die gewalt... die laufende baender... the way those cans travel over the conveyor systems... ich muss sagen... was die herrn kollegen hier machen."

The Dutch might buy beer in cans, just for the *neugierigkeit*. But beer in Holland, the huge taxes have cut consumption from 40 litres a head to 14. In Belgium the boys drink 190 litres a head a year.

And Holland's trade with Germany. "Ja, Hott; it has all gone kapoota since Hitler put on foreign trade restrictions."

Over at the cigar counter, Miss Elvira Pipkorn is tussling with Mr. Conrad Fuglsang, group member from Denmark, who wants one of each kind of Mr. Farley's stamps. Mr. Fuglsang gets all mixed up. The nickels are dimes, he insists, and the dimes are nickels. Ain't that true? The nickel is bigger.

"Ach," he groans, "keep the change"... and Miss Elvira Pipkorn gets 23 cents extra.

What does Herr Direktor Curt Sass of Plauen think of

beer in cans? He has on a green hat and a green suit. And in his tie is an elk tooth stickpin; in his buttonhole a gold medal for excellence in shooting. He's a jaegersmann. He likes to hunt. Beer in cans will never do abroad. It saves freight here; it wouldn't over there.

"Ach, Hitler. 'Ich will den frieden,' sagt der Fuehrer. And he means it. We have no tin in Germany. So we can't put beer in tin cans. We have bottles but gemuethlichkeit."

"Ja," chimes in Herr Direktor Fritz Bromme of Bitterfeld. Real gemuethlichkeit goes only with fassbier... beer on draft in the restaurants... Bromme was for years with the Wahl-Henius institute in Chicago as biologist... "Ja, b-i-o-l-o-ch — ch — ch."

Dr. Johann Rupaner comes up. He is from Konstanz on the Bodensee. "Ja," he says, "bier in kans" will work in Germany. "Aber nein," says Mr. Albert Freymann of Dortmund.

"We Germans," says he, "we want to see our beer first with the eyes and only then we want to taste it with our tongues"... and his eyes glitter and he says prosit under his breath.

"Beer," he adds, "ach, beer that comes in contact with metal, with tin, we call that tinten-bier because it tastes like ink."

Everybody in the lobby joins in the "beer in cans" discussion, but here comes the manager from the American Express who has charge of the party.

The 24 bags are in yellow cabs. L. H. Limecooley, the Schroeder's manager, bows and scrapes and "achs" a couple of times. In the last cab are Albert Ganss, from Salzwedel, with a mustache like Hitler's. "Ach," says he, "the bolshevismus. Hitler saved us from the bolshevismus. And there will be bolshevismus in France soon and in Spain, too."

His partner, Herr Direktor Heinrich Zaiss from Worms, in the Rhineland where the French troops were, has lots to say about "la grande nation" . . . "they were in my house for years." He has his opinion about la grande nation.

Herr Direktor Ganss punches Herr Direktor Zaiss in the ribs, but that doesn't matter. Mr. Zaiss goes right on and then he smiles and changes the subject.

He enjoyed being at the Pabst brewery Wednesday. For Fred Pabst he brought all the way from Worms a card left at his brewery by Philip Best in 1897, and Philip Best was Fred's grandfather, who founded the brewery long before cans or even bottles were ever thought of.

And the train for Cudahy pulls out and the taxicab driver leans over the back seat and says: "Those were Germans, weren't they?"

WORDLESS INTERVIEW

BY DAVID W. HAZEN

Portland Oregonian, May 17, 1935

THE reporter learned that the princess was coming through Portland from Seattle on her way to California. So he found out what car she was in, tipped the porter to give him the number of her drawing-room, and knock-knocked very hard on the door at about 9.30. When the companion of the princess opened the door, the reporter was too polite actually to step into the room; but he placed himself so that an attempt to close the door would push him backward. Miss Bennett was too polite to do that. . . .

As for "repercussions," Mr. Hazen alleges that after the story was published he "received the royal raspberry" from a number of his friends: this was no interview, they maintained — the princess hadn't said a word.

PRINCESS KATHARINE of Greece talks to reporters by wig-wagging her head. She wigs her royal head up and down for "yes," she wags her locks sideways for "no." At least that is the sign language the princess used last night.

She was reclining in the lower berth of her drawing room when the train pulled in from the north. It was the beginning of her first night on an American Pullman. She was being very still, listening for Indians. There was a rap at the door.

Horrors! Maybe it was old Chief Stick-in-the-Mud himself!

"Is Princess Katharine in?" was inquired.

"Miss Constantine is in. The princess is traveling incognito, and she doesn't care to have anyone know that she is Princess Katharine," replied Miss Bennett, English traveling companion of the royal lady.

The princess, who isn't a princess on American trains, peeked around to see if the visitor wore feathers. She smiled when she saw the talker's face was white.

"Is this Miss Katharine's first visit to America?" was asked.

"Sir, Miss Constantine, if you please," said Miss Bennett.

The princess nodded "yes." Positions were shifted so the royal traveler's headshake could be viewed to better advantage.

"Are you going to Hollywood?"

The "yes" sign and a big smile.

"Going into the movies?"

The "no" sign — and no smile.

"You should stop off in Portland, for this is the city of roses."

Then came in quick succession "no" and "yes," a real wig-wag.

"Are you enjoying the train service?"

Head up and down.

"Making a trip around the world?"

Yes sign once more.

"Coming from the orient?"

Another yes nod.

"Can you visit Portland on your way to New York?"

The shake was "no" this time.

Here Miss Bennett remarked that they would like to come next month to see the Rose Festival, but that they wouldn't have time.

The princess was asked if she liked being interviewed.

There was a smile, and the nod was negative.

And Miss Bennett gently closed the door — "on account of the draft."

The Political Campaign

CLIMAX OF A NATIONAL CONVENTION

BY J. FRED ESSARY

Baltimore Sun, June 27, 1936

THE press set-up for the Philadelphia convention was vast, thorough, and adequate. There were 687 working press seats about the platform, and all were occupied. It was estimated that, including cameramen, there were nearly a thousand newspaper men and women present. According to *Editor & Publisher*, the convention had "the largest and most intricate wire and radio facilities the world has ever seen." Moreover, the greatest freedom possible was allowed to newspaper workers by convention officials. They roamed wherever they pleased over platform and hall.

When it came to covering the final day, with its climax of outdoor notification and acceptance speech, the work was complicated by bad weather. Because of the rain that fell during the early evening, there was acute doubt almost up to the last minute whether the ceremony would take place with all the high-powered glamour that had been arranged for it on Franklin Field, or whether the convention with a fraction of the vast crowd would be driven to the soberer shelter of the auditorium. Indeed, the men doing the lead-all were forced to wait until the President had left his special train and was on his way to the stadium before they could determine the character of their leads; as it was, they wrote for a time in a shower that drenched them and smeared their copy with rivulets of inky water from their typewriter ribbons.

And, as so often happens, they had to write with such speed, in an effort to make all editions, that they could only pin their faith to the watchfulness of telegraphers and copyreaders, and to Providence, and pray that their output might be intelligible. The production of such effective stories as the best of those written on this occasion seems a miracle — the ever recurrent newspaper miracle of vivid, accurate, comprehensive stories

written under stress. Mr. Essary's story began double-column on page one of the *Sun*, and was carried to page two, where there was a picture spread. A color story by H. L. Mencken was an accompanying feature. Mr. Essary's story as it appears here was followed by his account of the renomination of Vice President Garner that afternoon at the final session of the convention in the auditorium.

Philadelphia

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and John N. Garner were formally notified tonight of their renomination for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency within sight of thousands of wildly applauding partisans and within hearing of millions.

This ceremony came as a dramatic climax to the five-day session of the Democratic National Convention. Its proceedings ended this afternoon when the party ticket was completed and final routine was dispatched.

In accepting his new commission of party leadership, Mr. Roosevelt dedicated himself once more to the deliverance of American business from the "industrial dictatorship" exercised by "the privileged princes of new economic dynasties" in this country.

He reminded his great audience in what was truly an evangelical utterance that the average American is now guaranteed equal opportunity "in the polling place" and that he must also "have equal opportunity in the market place."

He declared that American freedom from English royalty of a revolutionary generation had been succeeded under modern conditions by "economic royalists who are now complaining that we [the New Deal] seek to overthrow the institutions of America."

What they really complain of, he added, "is that we seek to take away their power" and "in vain they seek to hide behind the flag and the Constitution," forgetting "in

their blindness what the flag and the Constitution stand for."

The "savings of the average family," he put in, moreover, "the capital of the small business man, the investments set aside for old age — other people's money — these were the tools which the new economic royalty used to dig itself in."

When he had set this forth, he embraced the platform of the convention which, he said, lays down the proposition "that government in modern civilization has certain obligations to its citizens, among which are protection of the family and the home, the establishment of democracy of opportunity and aid to those overtaken by disaster."

But, the President went on, a "resolute enemy within our gates is ready to beat down our words. For more than three years we have fought for them. This convention in every word and deed has pledged that that fight will go on."

Again and again as the President proceeded he was interrupted by bursts of applause, so much so that perhaps a score of times he was compelled to go back and repeat words and phrases which were drowned in the noise.

And when he approached his final line to the effect that he "had enlisted for the duration of the war," that line was lost entirely as the great crowd burst forth in a veritable cyclone of cheering.

Minute after minute following the conclusion of the President's address he stood waving at the frantic thousands that stretched away from him like a great and billowy sea.

There was not a doubt in any mind present tonight that this speech of acceptance gave the tone which the President's campaign will take. He will continue his fight for the "under-privileged" and will take his chance upon the favor of that great mass of people.

He laid down no specific lines upon which he would proceed in his battle for reelection. He touched only lightly upon the individual planks in his platform. There was no clarification, for example, of the party commitment regarding possible constitutional changes.

But there was a manifest determination on his part to fight with whatever resources he may command those interests and elements in the country which are now arrayed against him and which, for the most part, are supporting his Republican opponent.

This address was delivered in the presence of more than 100,000 people, filling the playing ground and banked to the uttermost reaches of Franklin Field, the stadium of the University of Pennsylvania.

The speeches of notification and those of acceptance were comparatively brief, as political speeches go. The proceedings of the colorful ceremony were broadcast to scores of party rallies held in every section, also to the country at large. No one dare approximate how many millions listened.

James A. Farley, national chairman, called the meeting to order and with difficulty quieted the waves of excited cheers that greeted the President when he appeared on the platform.

Senator Pat Harrison (Mississippi) was first introduced to notify Mr. Garner of the action of the convention a few hours earlier. Senator Alben W. Barkley (Kentucky), temporary chairman, could not be present.

Vice-President Garner then delivered his address of acceptance and was followed by Senator Joseph T. Robinson (Arkansas), permanent chairman. He had issued a 500-word speech of notification but discarded most of it.

Directly addressing the President, Senator Robinson referred to the "gratification and pardonable pride that your nomination was accompanied by the joyous acclama-

tion of 1,100 delegates without the formality of a roll call."

"A new spirit is abroad in the land," the Senator continued, "inspired by your trust in the hearts of humble men and women who know by experience that the conduct of government has been restored to the time-tested basis of equality in opportunity for all."

And when in concluding the Senator said, "I congratulate you, Mr. President, in the sincere belief that you are going forth to an overwhelming victory in November," a shout of acclaim rose from the tens of thousands of throats.

The President reached Philadelphia from Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, around 9 o'clock, daylight time, but did not appear at the Stadium until nearly 10 o'clock.

When he arrived he found the national convention literally transplanted to the playing field — the speakers' platform, the press section, the delegates' and alternates' sections, State standards and all the paraphernalia of a nominating organization. All was there except the great pipe organ.

After the ceremony was concluded, the President retired to his train and this time accompanied also by Gov. Herbert H. Lehman of New York, and Mrs. Lehman, departed for Hyde Park.

Between the final session of the convention and the notification ceremony a meeting of the new Democratic National Committee was held at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, and Mr. Farley was reelected chairman.

Contrary to reports current earlier in the day, Mr. Farley did not announce his resignation as a member of the Cabinet. He did announce, however, that the party headquarters would be set up in New York, as four years ago, and begin functioning within a month.

For hours after the final session of the convention there

was doubt as to whether the weather would permit the holding of the notification ceremonies in the open. It rained steadily for some time and the sky remained overcast as darkness came on.

But shortly after 6 o'clock the word was flashed over the city by radio and all other means that it was the Stadium, no matter what happened.

LANDON AT HOME

BY WILLIAM O'NEIL

Chicago Tribune, June 11, 1936

REPORTERS assigned to Topeka during the Cleveland convention were, of course, anxious to observe Governor Landon while the balloting was going on. At first he agreed to allow reporters in the house; but they found the door locked and the grounds literally crowded with state troopers, city policemen and firemen, and national guardsmen. Orders were that reporters and photographers were to be kept in the front yard and on the porch; there was to be no prowling around the house. They were allowed, however, to run back and forth across the lawn to the telegraph offices which had been set up in a filling station and print-shop across the street from the Executive Mansion.

Despite such difficulties, Mr. O'Neil was "lucky enough," as he puts it, to gain access to the governor at his library window, and this brief interview furnished the lead for his story.

This lead, however, was not written in Topeka, but was given over the telephone to William Shinnick, then the *Tribune's* top rewrite man and now conductor of an editorial-page column. Indeed, the whole story was sent in short takes, partly by telephone and partly by telegraph, and put together by the desk. Telegraph circuits were "plugged" with the load from the convention, and in meeting a deadline Mr. O'Neil used a telephone which had been strung to a nearby automobile for the use of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

It may be added that Mr. O'Neil could scarcely qualify as much more than a "cub reporter" until he won his spurs on this out-of-town assignment.

This is the story of the day before the nomination, and was printed as a side-light story with the big convention lay-out of heads, story and pictures.

Topeka, Kas.

GOV. ALF LANDON said this afternoon that he is in constant communication with convention officers in Cleveland, particularly Henry J. Allen of the Kansas delegation and Don L. Berry of Iowa.

The governor denied that Allen had read him the complete platform, but refused to reveal what their discussion had been. He said he had discussed the farm plank with Berry.

Gov. Landon was asked to make a statement concerning his conceded nomination by the convention.

"I won't have anything to say on that until the convention has acted," he replied.

When the telephone rang, the interview was finished. Roy, the governor's colored chauffeur and houseman, was "out front," Mrs. Landon was taking care of the children, and that left only the governor to answer the phone.

During the morning, telegrams were received from Gov. Frank D. Fitzgerald of Michigan, offering the governor the support of the Michigan delegation to the convention, and from Senator Arthur Vandenberg, assuring the governor of his whole hearted support.

The governor's reply to Fitzgerald and to Vandenberg, respectively, read:

"Gov. Frank D. Fitzgerald, Cleveland, O.: Many and best thanks to you and the whole Michigan delegation for their expressions of confidence and for the honor of your offer which, of course, I gladly accept."

"Senator A. H. Vandenberg, Cleveland, O.: Thank you, my dear senator, for your kind message and generous offer, and most of all for your heartening assurances of confidence, which I deeply appreciate. My warmest personal regards."

Both messages were signed "Gov. Alf M. Landon."

For the first time in many weeks the governor did not appear at his office in the state building this morning. He was reported to be making decisions of the utmost importance at his home.

Roy was found raking the front lawn of the executive mansion. "Governor's out in back with the missus and the kids," he said.

While the rest of the nation kept its eyes on the final maneuvers of the delegates in Cleveland, the governor was romping on the lawn with his two children, Nancy Jo, 3 years old, and John Cobb, 2 years old. Jerry, the blue terrier pup, and Spooky, a 6 months old Scotty, were joining in the fun.

By dint of prodigious effort, John managed to drag Jerry out from under the slide by one ear, while Nancy Jo screamed excited directions.

Then the governor shouted the tune of "Down goes McGinty to the bottom of the sea," and with cries of "Alley-oop," Jack, as Gov. Landon calls his son, was swung high over his father's head only to be swooped groundward. Jerry and Spooky were momentarily forgotten in the excitement of Jack's cries for "more."

The photographers, whom the governor finally had permitted to take pictures of the children, had a difficult time trying to get Nancy Jo to watch them instead of her father and brother.

Mrs. Landon kept a nervous eye on the proceedings, evidently preferring to be in the house away from the cameras and the excitement. She shook her head in a horrified "no" when one of the photographers asked her to tell Nancy Jo to inquire of the governor: "When do we move into the White House, daddy?"

Now and then the governor went up on one of the side porches to greet numbers of tourists who dropped in to "shake hands with the next President." There are no

guards at the Landon home, and people wander freely up to the front door.

At the afternoon press conference, held on the spacious front porch of the mansion, the children were nowhere in sight.

"They have to get in their afternoon nap," Gov. Landon explained.

The governor planned a quiet dinner at home with his family and Mrs. Samuel E. Cobb, Mrs. Landon's mother. When the convention proceedings reopened, the family were to gather in the library to listen to the happenings at the convention in Cleveland.

Workmen were busy all day brushing up the lawns about the mansion, clipping dead limbs from the giant trees that encircle the house in this "treeless prairie state," and installing giant searchlights high in the trees for the celebration that will follow the governor's nomination.

The governor has stated that he will make no formal statement "if I am nominated." He plans to greet his friends and neighbors from the front porch of his home.

When asked if he would speak over the radio following the nomination the governor replied that he will make only a few informal remarks "if the microphones happen to be near enough."

THE CANDIDATES MEET

BY GEORGE R. HOLMES

International News Service, Washington, September 4, 1936

THE meeting of the Republican and Democratic presidential candidates at the drought conference at Des Moines promised to be one of the most dramatic incidents of the campaign, and some two hundred newspaper men were assigned to cover it by their papers and press services. No great amount of drama developed, but reporters made the most of such incidents as occurred.

A canvas screen cut off reporters from witnessing the President's entrance into the State Capitol, and veiled also the doors to the reception room, where the luncheon with the governors was held, and to the offices where the conferences took place. The President's secretary, however, emerged two or three times with accounts of what the President had said to "Alf," and what the Governor had replied. Governor Herring, of Iowa, and Gardner Cowles, Jr., of the *Des Moines Register*, who was a guest at the luncheon, later added details. Governor Landon made some brief, non-committal replies to reporters' questions. Photographers were allowed a three-minute "inning" late in the series of conferences.

"The thing that appealed to me in the story," says Mr. Holmes, "was not its political significance, although it had some, but the color of it, the setting, the personality angle — who said what, and to whom, etc. On that basis it was simply a question of getting as near a factual record of it as speedily as possible. Having obtained the factual record and some colorful sidelights, it was then only a question of hammer, hammer, hammer on the old typewriter."

Mr. Holmes is head of the Washington Bureau of the I.N.S. and usually accompanies the President on his trips.

Des Moines

WELL, Governor, however this comes out we'll see more of each other — either you come to see me, or I'll come to see you."

"I certainly shall, Mr. President."

"And, Governor, don't work too hard. These campaigns are trying."

A hearty handclasp and these words marked the termination of one of the most unusual episodes in American politics — the meeting here in Des Moines — almost the fraternization — between President Roosevelt and his Republican rival for the presidency, Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas.

Both men were smiling. Both were evidently sincere. Two American gentlemen, differently educated and holding opposite views as to theories and methods of government, met in the fiercest spotlight of publicity that has ever been focused on two political figures. And they carried it off not only to their own satisfaction, but to the satisfaction and the delight, as well, of scores of thousands of people who surrounded them.

Mr. Roosevelt was the President of the United States. Mr. Landon was the Governor of Kansas, and a potential president. They played their parts. Were the situations reversed, there is scant doubt that they still would have played their parts. They have a sense of humor. And they demonstrated here in Des Moines that it can surmount the aggravation and pettiness of partisan politics.

A reporter asked Governor Landon what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt.

"A very fine, charming gentleman," replied the Kansan, without hesitation.

"Landon?" observed Mr. Roosevelt. "Oh, fine fellow."

An interesting chapter in American political history was

thus written and closed in Des Moines. Probably it will be many years — if ever — before two rivals for the presidency meet again under such circumstances, or have such a good time. They lunched together as the guests of Governor Clyde L. Herring. They dined together with the President acting as host to his Republican rival, and to six other Governors as well. Between meals, they had a business session, each surrounded by his experts on drought and agricultural relief matters, and they found they did not differ greatly in their ideas of remedial treatment.

Candidate Roosevelt was fresh from a ten days' swing through the dusty plains and prairie country of which Kansas is a part. He was fortified with voluminous data concerning the needs of Kansas in this emergency. Candidate Landon came to Des Moines similarly fortified and equipped from having lived intimately with the problems day after day. In general, there was agreement between them as to the broad general policy to be pursued — of water conservation, of better utilization of land, and federal help over the hump of the difficulty. They may differ as to details, but in the main there was agreement.

At one point in the Kansas conference, after Mr. Roosevelt had talked at some length about the Kansas situation as he understood it, one of Governor Landon's advisers proffered a suggestion.

"I think," said Governor Landon, "the President has already covered that."

Luncheon was pleasant enough with Governor Herring. Mr. Roosevelt kidded the avid photographers, and jocularly remarked to Governor Landon that they were one of the problems he would have to face when he became president. Then came the business session, with the discussion wholly about drought relief and agricultural problems.

But it was not until dinner last night aboard the presidential special that everyone seemed to feel relaxed and perfectly at ease. No one was present but the seven governors and the President, who was once a governor himself, as he reminded his guests. Thus, a fellowship was established.

The seven governors and the President had a difficult time squeezing into the tiny dining room of the Roosevelt private car, but they made it. Governor Landon sat on the President's left, Governor Herring, as the host governor, on the President's right. During dinner they "talked of everything," as one of them later described it. Of college football, of past campaigns, the outlook for peace or war in Europe, the ugly Spanish situation, of humorous experiences that came to them in the course of their governorships — everything, in fact, except the current presidential campaign.

"Barring current politics," one of the guests informed International News Service, "the conversation was the same as would be heard about any table where seven or eight men gather for a social dinner."

They balked at only one thing, these two rival candidates for the presidency. They declined to pose shaking hands for the never satisfied photographers.

"Now will you shake hands?" implored one of the picture men after the photographers had been going on interminably.

They looked at each other and each smiled as he shook his head. Without pre-arrangement they appeared to have decided against making a Roman holiday for the photographers.

It was then that Mr. Roosevelt remarked aside to Governor Landon that the picture men would constitute one of his problems "when" he became president. Governor Landon's smiling rejoinder was lost in the hubbub.

The dinner lasted an hour and a half. It was cut shorter than had been intended because Mr. Roosevelt had not been able to reach Wisconsin and Minnesota in his individual state conferences on the drought situation during the afternoon, and wanted to talk to Governors LaFollette and Peterson before leaving.

Governor Landon emerged briskly from the President's private car when it was over.

"Let's go, boys," he said, to the waiting Topeka group.

There was a staccato burst from his motorcycle escort. He got into his car still shaking hands with his brother governors, and was quickly gone on the long motor trip back to Topeka and the realities of the campaign.

Mr. Roosevelt conferred with the governors of Wisconsin and Minnesota and early today moved on to Hannibal, Mo., to dedicate a bridge over the Mississippi River.

Two American gentlemen, each with an infectious sense of humor, had lunched, talked business for a while, dined together and then gone their separate ways — each to his own destiny.

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ROOSEVELT CAVALCADE¹

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

United Feature Syndicate, October 22, 1936

THE individualistic Heywood Brown was one of the group of newspaper correspondents who accompanied the Roosevelt party in that campaign trip through Massachusetts which, for once, seemed to get rather beyond the control of the secret service men who usually safeguard such things with so much care. At any rate, it was a thrilling ride, and Mr. Brown told about it in his widely syndicated column. He wrote the story en route, and filed it at Worcester, Massachusetts.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT paid a party call on a million Americans yesterday. This required a 14-hour day, 11 speeches and more than 150 miles of motoring. It is questionable whether any other candidate has ever put in such a prodigious performance. Somebody will have to speak to Mr. Roosevelt. I wonder what he thinks we newspaper men are made of.

I must admit that it was one of the most thrilling cavalcades in which I have ever been privileged to trail along. Unlike Joshua of old, F. D. Roosevelt did not require the sun to stand still; he merely ordered it to come out and shine. It can hardly be that New England has produced more perfect days in autumn. The trees came out in scarlet, and the girls of the mill towns were gay in green and gold. All day long the President drove through a lane of leaping, dancing color.

For a time it was a sort of combination Vanderbilt Cup race and snake dance. Upon leaving Providence, where the adventure began, all rules were off. With a shrieking

¹ Reprinted by permission of the *New York World-Telegram* and the United Feature Syndicate.

of sirens and a cursing of police hundreds of cars swept across the border into Massachusetts, and they cut in and out and bumped and sidewiped others until I felt that I myself was Fritz Pollard. I only hoped that when some tackler laid our limousine low one or two of us might escape with no more than multiple bruises and contusions. And after a little while it didn't seem to matter. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was riding hell-bent for leather to save the old Bay State from falling into the clutches of Kansas Alf. The mood was not unlike that play in which the heroine is chained in the path of a whirling knife somewhat intent upon sawing a lady in half.

Would we be in time to save her? Sound the siren and take no thought of the fact that we came pretty close to that other car in skidding around the curve. Why, man, we missed it by almost seven inches!

But now a brake has been put upon the mad pace. We crawl because the streets are filled with thousands. All the police lines are broken. The car of the President moves slowly with the citizens of Fall River crowding up within arm's reach of his car.

New Bedford, which once housed whalers, now turns out thousands of kids from the schools and girls from the mills. I couldn't say for certain whether they were political converts or not, but they were curious and they were gay. This is a fête day in Massachusetts. As Roosevelt's band comes whirling down the gay bright roads all its sirens set into a kind of ecstasy. These leaves of scarlet, russet and gold are not the certain signs of a dying year.

Over the hill honks the hope of a new life. Here is nature so lovely in its aspect that one must believe there is the possibility of doing something better than housing it up. .

And now Boston is the goal. The crowds grow larger, and the lane for the cars grows narrower. As the caval-

cade swings around the corner the Common is before us and 125,000 people stand there close packed and waiting to hear the candidate. It is a startling number of people. Because of little hummocks in the park you cannot see where the crowd begins and where it ends. "My friends," and the Head Man is telling them that he travels with John Adams and Daniel Webster. The crowd seems to approve of the hookup, and there is that crash of sound which comes from a multitude caught up by the personality of a speaker.

Only one hour behind schedule. On to Worcester by way of Cambridge. And it is in Harvard Square for the first time that any indication of hostility is sounded. "Boo!" shouts a bunch of undergraduates. And then they join in, "We want Landon."

A neutral newspaper man from a press service leaned out the window and shouted, "You deserve him!" and a columnist who should not have betrayed the educational sponsor of his youth added, "And hurrah for Yale!"

Cambridge snips will break no bones, but it is annoying to see Harvard going into a destructive cynicism simply because the football team is such a flop.

There was a tribute which came to Franklin D. Roosevelt at the very beginning of his swing into the doubtful New England bloc. A small crowd composed almost entirely of the newspaper men going on the trip were standing around the Washington platform when the President started up the ramp. Somebody applauded. The Washington correspondent next to me followed suit. Of course, I applauded, but I'm an old sentimental sap.

"I thought you people who knew him well didn't go in for that," I said. My friend the correspondent sighed. "In theory we don't," he said, "but somehow there are times he gets you." Yesterday was such a time. I am referring to the million and me.

THE CRUSADE OF OLD FOLKS

BY THOMAS L. STOKES

New York World-Telegram, February 17, 1936

MR. STOKES, for more than a decade a Washington U.P. man, has been more recently on general assignment for the *World-Telegram* and the whole Scripps-Howard chain. During January and February, 1936, he was assigned to tour the entire country checking up on political conditions and movements, and any related economic and social issues. While on the Pacific Coast his stories dealt most often with the shipping and lumber labor controversies and with the Townsend movement.

He attended this particular Townsend meeting more or less by accident, having called that day at the Townsend headquarters and seen the announcement. After the meeting he returned to his hotel room and wrote the story while the atmosphere and "feel" of it were strongly upon him.

Mr. Stokes's stories during the campaign, when he accompanied both Roosevelt and Landon on certain of their trips, will be remembered by readers of Scripps-Howard newspapers.

San Francisco

IN THE heart of San Francisco, along that street where the trolley car climbs on its cable toward the sky, I listened to the new gospel according to St. Francis Townsend which has gripped the Pacific Coast in a crusade of the old folks.

About sixty or seventy elderly persons were gathered in the weekly meeting of a Townsend Club—one of thousands along the Pacific Coast—in a hall adjoining headquarters of the Northern California Area of "OARP"—Old Age Revolving Pensions, Inc.

Most were fairly well dressed. A few of the women wore fur coats, some of which had seen several seasons.

On the back row several old men talked animatedly before the meeting began.

In front of them sat an old woman, scrawny and raw-boned, who opened a paper bag on her lap and began to eat. When the chairman called the meeting to order and asked for "My Country 'Tis of Thee," she munched and sang at the same time.

After the song they recited in unison the pledge to the flag, with their hands on their hearts.

The speaker of the evening was introduced, a lean gentleman of Chautauqua bearing, with hair plastered closely and a heavy gold chain across his front, who explained that he once had been a newspaper man. Before long his listeners learned that he spoke regularly to Townsend Clubs, that he was a Democrat of Tennessee extraction and his wife a Republican from the North, but that both are now Townsendites first and Democratic or Republican second.

The old woman extracted another morsel from her bag and prepared to enjoy herself.

The speaker described the Townsend Plan — and as simply and effectively as I've ever heard it described — with homely examples and then, in mock surprise, added:

"And some people don't know yet that it will end the depression!"

"The idea," he continued, "is to stop the depression. Our administration in Washington is trying to stop it and they've done a pretty good job — but it's not functioning as well as it ought."

You got the idea as he went along that his Tennessee Democracy is hard to shake out of his system.

He told his hearers that they were to be the "distributing agents" of prosperity under the Townsend Plan. He liked the phrase and repeated it.

"I bet when you start you'll be able to spend that two

hundred all right — and be sitting around waiting for the next check.”

The old lady cackled and took another bite.

“Senator Borah told the people up in Idaho he was for our plan,” the speaker said. “But then he went to New York and forgot about it.

“I thought President Roosevelt might be for it. You know Jim Farley went up to Oregon and told those folks up there that either the Townsend Plan or something like it would fit into the President’s recovery program. But then they said the President didn’t say that.

“But I still believe President Roosevelt’s a man of enough sense to come along with us.”

A Group of Miscellaneous News Stories

THE LINDBERGH'S LEAVE AMERICA

BY LAUREN D. LYMAN

New York Times, December 24, 1935

MR. LYMAN had been acquainted with Colonel Lindbergh for nine years, first as aviation reporter for the *Times*, and later as the man assigned to charge of the family and Hopewell angles of the kidnapping case and the Hauptmann trial. Through this long association, and the confidence which the flier and his associates had come to place in Mr. Lyman and in the *Times*, the story of the Lindbergh departure for England became a *Times* "exclusive" and one of the greatest newspaper "beats" of recent years.

Mr. Lyman received his first information on the story Thursday, December 19. Friday and Saturday were his regular "days off"; and without revealing his information to anyone, he went to work to obtain the necessary co-operation from certain of the persons concerned for proper handling of the story. Details were ironed out by Saturday. The Lindberghs were to sail Saturday night, and Mr. Lyman agreed to hold the story until Monday morning's paper so they might be well out to sea before the announcement was made.

But he had some fears that there might be a premature break Saturday night, and he came down to the office that evening to be on hand. There he talked the story over with the night managing editor and the night city editor. The Lindberghs got away quietly late Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoon Mr. Lyman came to the office and wrote the story. After several false starts, he "got going" and wrote his story between five and seven o'clock.

Later, the March of Time dramatization of the "beat" over the air had the *Times's* managing editor, Edwin James, locking the Times Building doors while the story was being written, set in type, put in the forms, and printed. Nothing so dramatic occurred; but nobody saw the copy except the night city editor, who read copy on it, and the linotype operator who set and corrected it. The slugs were then brought down to the night man-

aging editor's desk, about midnight, and were not sent upstairs until time to put them into the forms for the last regular edition, which goes on the streets at four A.M.

The story created a major sensation. Confirmation was very difficult because the story had not named the boat (the American Importer), nor the port, nor the time of sailing, and all arrangements had been made with such secrecy that even the captain and crew had been kept in ignorance of the identity of their famous passenger. It was not until twenty-four hours later that other papers obtained confirmation.

Repercussions were many and varied. Indignation at press and photographer "persecution," strengthening of public opinion supporting a more vigorous campaign against crime, and a storm of criticism against Governor Hoffman, of New Jersey, then being talked of for vice president, were among the chief effects. Mr. Lyman later received a Pulitzer prize for the story.

COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH has given up residence in the United States and is on his way to establish his home in England. With him are his wife and 3-year-old son, Jon.

Threats of kidnapping and even of death to the little lad, recurring repeatedly since his birth, caused the father and mother to make the decision. These threats have increased both in number and virulence recently.

Although they do not plan to give up their American citizenship they are prepared to live abroad permanently, if that should be necessary. Where they will live in England when they get there not even their closest friends know, and it is probable that neither the Colonel nor his wife knows. They have many friends there and expect to visit at first until they can find a place that suits them.

They chose England as the place of refuge for a number of reasons, the most important being their belief that the English have greater regard for law and order in their own land than the people of any other nation in the world.

The Colonel has twice visited England, the first time

just after his historic flight to Paris in 1927, and the second time in 1933 when with Mrs. Lindbergh he flew to England from the United States by way of Greenland and Iceland. The consideration with which they were treated by everyone then, even during the excitement that immediately followed their arrival, impressed them, and they hope that there they can find the tranquillity and security which have been denied them in their own land.

They want especially to provide for Jon a normal childhood, free from fears and with opportunities to grow and develop naturally. So far that has been denied him here.

They wish also to do some things themselves. Mrs. Lindbergh has her own studies and writing, which she enjoys. The Colonel would like time to do research and reading himself.

So far as could be learned yesterday Colonel Lindbergh does not expect to sever connections completely with either Pan American Airways or Transcontinental and Western Air. He is a technical adviser to both companies.

A year ago at his own request his salary from Transcontinental and Western Air was stopped. With the development of new planes for them he felt that there was no pressing need for his active service. Now with the clipper ships of Pan American spanning the Pacific on regular schedule and with the same great flying boats built under his eye ready to start test work on the Atlantic it is understood that he feels free to terminate his active work with this company also.

While it was only with the greatest reluctance that Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh reached the decision to leave their home, their friends and their manifold interests here, once they had made it they acted quickly.

A week ago the Colonel obtained his passports secretly in Washington. With the co-operation of government

officials as well as the representatives of Great Britain at the port from which they sailed their plans were kept secret until after their departure. The name of the steamship on which they sailed and its sailing day, together with the fact that the Lindbergh family had booked passage, was kept a secret through the co-operation of the steamship company. Even the police of the port were not informed.

When the time came for them to go they slipped quietly away from Englewood, journeyed to their port of departure and, unaccompanied by servants, went aboard. There were no goodbyes save to the immediate family. They will spend Christmas at sea and may even see the passing of the old year at sea.

The three Lindberghs are the only passengers on the ship. This arrangement was made possible, it was understood, because at this season of the year the passenger traffic on the North Atlantic is not particularly heavy.

While it may be a lonely Christmas and New Year for them, it will be free from fear such as the family has never been without since Jon was born in August, 1932.

Even before that there were threats. It was recalled last night that shortly after his famous solo flight to Paris Colonel Lindbergh was threatened. The threats came for the most part from cranks, sometimes from persons definitely insane, but now and then from men who were clearly after money and nothing else.

At the insistence of friends, who thought that the famous flier should have a bodyguard — which he refused to have — the Colonel started carrying a pistol. Then as the furor over his great achievement faded somewhat the threats became less until they almost ceased.

Two years after his flight came the announcement of his engagement to Anne Spencer Morrow, the daughter of Dwight W. Morrow, then American Ambassador to

Mexico. They were married on May 27, 1929, and along with congratulations from all over the world there came a resurgence of the threateners, some insane, some merely cranks and some whom the postoffice authorities regarded as potentially dangerous.

Here and there arrests were made but they were accomplished unobtrusively for the most part and when, as was often the case, the writers were found to have mental twists they were turned over to institutions for treatment. These conditions were not new either to the police of the larger cities and the States, or to the government agents.

In greater or lesser volume these letters are sent to all prominent people and knowing this the Lindberghs did not regard them as particularly important even when they poured in by the hundreds. For the most part they were stopped by the postoffices and sent to Colonel Lindbergh's office in New York where they were sorted and turned over to the proper authorities for investigation.

This was the condition of affairs in the Winter of 1932. Charles A. Lindbergh Jr. was approaching his second birthday. His father, flying back and forth across the country, had picked himself a forested region near Hopewell, N.J., for a home and encircling it on his flying map with his pencil had said to his friend and lawyer, Colonel Henry Breckinridge, "Please buy me that."

It was done. The land was assembled from two counties. The home was built, and little by little the family was moving into it. Here the boy would grow up in his own woods and fields without the artificial existence usually forced on a child of famous parents in the more complicated existence of towns and cities. So they dreamed and planned.

Save for the fact that the home was built and save for mention from time to time of a flying trip, the Lindberghs were obtaining the retirement from the public eye that

they sought and with this came a further drop in threatening letters, almost a cessation.

Then came the kidnapping, and all that has followed it. At once as the news was broadcast the letters climbed from tens to hundreds and then to thousands. Some were merely notes of condolence. Some were well meant profers of aid. But hundreds were from persons obviously unbalanced, and among these came the threats.

As the weeks and months passed the tide of letters receded somewhat to rise again when in August, 1932, Jon was born.

They contained a new note, a sinister note, specific threats against the new baby. There were not many at first, but there were enough to cause concern, and among them were the letters from criminals, bent on extortion. Many of these latter have been run down and at least a dozen arrests have been made.

Once more the tide dropped until the arrest of Hauptmann. It did not rise then to any formidable extent, but since his conviction and as the date of execution approached the threats began to grow in number; not many as compared to the days just after the kidnapping, but enough to cause real concern.

It had been suggested after the kidnapping that the Lindberghs might leave the country, but from sources close to the family it was learned that they had entertained no such suggestion in their own minds. They planned to stay right in this country where the Colonel found the work he enjoyed the most — the technical side of air transport.

It had been noted that the letters from the unbalanced as well as the criminal type jumped in number with the publication of sensational stories, and so it was expected by the authorities that this would be the case when Bruno Richard Hauptmann went to trial.

The Lindberghs were pleasantly surprised when the number failed to increase as they had anticipated. There were some but not enough to cause great concern. Then the conviction of Hauptmann and his sentence to death and the publication of sensational stories brought an increase with more and more definite threats against Jon.

The looked-for recession in the wave of threats finally came although the letters did not stop and the fear they provoked was always present.

Through all this time the State, Federal and local authorities gave the family every possible protection, acted with promptness when any especially sinister document appeared and watched over the Lindbergh family with unceasing vigilance.

Jon was entered in a nursery school and was driven there daily. But the tension that surrounded the child was bound to go with him to school and to create a fear there. It was as though the Lindbergh family were living alone on a frontier, their home surrounded by savages. In a sense it was worse, for the frontiersman could recognize the savages, but this borderland family had no such protection.

Still they saw nothing to do but to go on. They were flying in a fog, with hidden dangers all about them, but they had to keep on flying.

Then two things happened.

When the Supreme Court refused to entertain the Hauptmann appeal and it seemed that the Bronx carpenter, sentenced to die for the murder of Charles A. Lindbergh Jr., was a step nearer the carrying out of the sentence imposed, the case according to many observers was suddenly made a matter of political importance.

Doubts credited to Governor Harold G. Hoffman were cast on the verdict. The Governor promptly denied he had voiced such doubts, but at the same time stated what

he termed the "doubts of others" in extended interviews.

At once threats against the Lindbergh family began to show up, threats from the unbalanced and also from the merely criminal.

The rising tide came at the same time as an unfortunate and disturbing incident.

Not long ago, as Jon was being taken by automobile from his school to his home, a large car containing several men came close alongside and crowded the car containing the lad to the curb, forcing it to stop.

Men jumped down. A teacher accompanying the little lad clutched him tightly. Suddenly cameras were thrust into the child's face and clicked. Then the visitors jumped into their machine and sped away, leaving a badly frightened teacher and little boy.

Since then Jon has not been to school.

Since then the Hauptmann case, with the execution date less than a month away, has received more than a little attention, especially when it became known that the Governor had been a secret visitor to the condemned man's death-house cell.

The letters are coming once more, the demands for money, the threats of kidnapping and murder, and so the man who eight years ago was hailed as an international hero and a good-will ambassador between the peoples of the world is taking his wife and son to establish, if he can, a secure haven for them in a foreign land.

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INVALIDATION OF THE NRA

BY ERWIN D. CANHAM

Christian Science Monitor, May 28, 1935

"MY STORY on the invalidation of the NRA was struck hot off the anvil of daily and hourly coverage of the New Deal for the preceding years, but took less than an hour to write. It was typical of the interpretive copy which the *Monitor* seeks to have from its staff correspondents: copy which will bring out the long-range meaning of events, built on the basis of the spot news.

"Every reporter in Washington knew that this Supreme Court decision marked a turning point, and the fortunate ones among us had leeway enough from our editors and publishers to bring the meaning to light with interpretive copy. It needed no editor's assignment to write this story. The story grew from daily work with the New Deal from its inception. I wrote it enthusiastically and spontaneously, and against an early deadline. Copy for our Pacific edition, in which the story began, had to be in our Boston office by 9.40 A.M., and I started this story on the leased wire in takes at about 9.10. I do not think I read copy on the story at all — as may be apparent from its style.

"Ideas on which the story is based grew from observation, from many talks with NRA officials and critics, from countless exchanges of impressions and theories with all sorts of people, ranging from Washington correspondents to representative men from out in the country, whose views are always most illuminating to us in the Capitol.

"While good reporting will always be the basis of the newspaper business, it seems to me that interpretation of the sort I attempted in this story is the newspaper's answer to its new and hustling competitors." — E. D. C.

Washington

THE era of emergency government in the United States ended yesterday, when the Supreme Court invalidated NRA.

Now that the nation, like the world, is climbing out of the trough of the depression, the supreme tribunal has ruled that instrumentalities which served to facilitate that climb may not be retained as permanent reforms for practices which were believed to have led to that depression.

Such was the broad meaning of the three important decisions. Each supplemented the other in ending New Deal extensions of executive authority to cope with emergency problems. They reversed a trend — temporarily or not — which is far older than the New Deal, and that is the trend toward growing Washington power in centralized governmental authority.

Now the inviolability of private property under the Constitution is reasserted, the American system of checks and balances, so puzzling to European students of the Constitution, is restored, and the Federal Government is driven back into Washington behind the barricade of its sharply defined and rigidly limited powers.

The NRA decision is of course the severest blow to New Dealers, partly because it ends the "partnership between business and government" which over a period of two years has undeniably put some millions of men and women to work, introduced some more enlightened trade practices, and ended some of the price-cutting which had made the national economy of 1932 largely a regime of tooth and claw. But the decision is an even more severe blow in the threat it gives to other New Deal grants of authority to the President, in particular to AAA with its control of agricultural production.

But if it is clear that the era of emergency reform is finished, complete obscurity shrouds the future of the Roosevelt Administration and the type of permanent reform which it can evolve. Delegation of authority to the Executive was an essential cornerstone of many enacted or projected laws.

Whether this can be carved away, and the reform then thrust into the traditional bonds of rigid constitutional limitation remains a serious question.

Already, in the rail pension case, the Supreme Court seemed to doom the structure of social security through insurance and pensions which the New Deal had outlined. Methods of control to be set up by the projected transportation act, the banking act, and a dozen other basic plans for "making America over" are now in difficulty.

This difficulty is as much political as it is judicial. All the enemies of reform, sincere or partisan, have a rallying ground almost sufficient to block future legislation at this session of Congress. It remains to be seen whether the Roosevelt Administration can re-form its lines and carry any coherent program into a declining Congress with all the political switches set in opposition.

Thus it was that leading Democratic senators, like William H. King of Utah, cried:

"Thank God for the Supreme Court," and Senator Borah said:

"The Constitution has been reestablished."

The broadest consequence of the decision is recognized to be on the American system. On the one hand, traditional principles are reasserted as against the extension of executive authority, and by so doing the threat of "dictatorship" is thrown out the window — as long as traditional bonds hold firmly.

But the questions arise: Is the need for this kind of control on the American industrial structure at an end?

Is the need for reform at an end? If these reforms cannot be attained by constitutional means, will the traditional bonds hold fast?

To the best observers, it seems that stress on the American system has been sufficiently lightened by industrial recovery so that the shock of the Supreme Court decisions and their after effects can be borne. Were this not the case, worry, panic and despair in Washington would be far greater than they are.

To strengthen the traditional bonds, stands the paramount fact that the Supreme Court decisions were by unanimity. Had there been another 5-4 decision, between the "conservatives" and the "liberals," pressure to overthrow the one-man balance of power would have been more than threatening.

When Mr. Justice Cardozo read a concurring opinion, joined by Mr. Justice Stone, which was sharp and denunciatory in tone, they gave the strongest possible backing to the Court's authority. These two "liberals" — one of whom dissented from another new-deal case early this year, the oil case, in which all his colleagues were on the opposite side — are an earnest to the country that the Court's decision is not entirely lacking in principles of social sympathy and social justice as contrasted with rigid legality.

In one respect, the Court bolsters a sweeping reform which has not yet been voted by Congress. That is the Banking Act. By ruling in the Humphrey case that the President may not remove without cause his appointees to semi-independent bodies like the Federal Trade Commission it makes really autonomous the proposed new powers of the Federal Reserve Board. Now it can become genuinely a supreme court of finance.

On the political fortunes of President Roosevelt, the decisions cast a cloud which only events can reveal or dis-

pel. Never before has an American President been given such a direct order to "Halt" by the supreme tribunal. That is not to say that the benefits of NRA will not seem greater in retrospect, that the events of the last two years were not an essential method of coping with an emergency, and that ultimately the President may not emerge with reinforced prestige.

The opposition, in political life and in business, now gets fullest authority to make full steam ahead. Part of the industrial community and the financial world has been clamoring that NRA and its works stood in the way of genuine revival of business. Their opportunity has come. Politically, the Republican Party can make the most of the situation.

The left-wing movements, which have been clamorous in recent months, are now face to face with the obstacle of the Court. Whether the Coughlins and the Longs would advocate abolit on of the Court, firmly entrenched as it is in the Constitution, or whether they can claim their reforms would pass the test, rests upon their dialectical ingenuity.

But if President Roosevelt is far too radical for the Supreme Court, bolstered by the votes of a great popularly elected Democratic majority and often supported by Republicans in Congress when the controverted legislation was passed, it is hard to see how the left-wing can pretend that its reforms can be accomplished under the Constitution.

It is generally concluded in Washington that if the new-deal machine, the nation's business, and its social structure, ride through the tempests of controversy and the challenging problems produced by these decisions, it will be because a reservoir of strength has been built up during months and years of gradual improvement, and that the days of normality are really back.

THE SUPREME COURT ON A FREE PRESS

BY WILLIAM H. DOHERTY

Universal Service, Washington, February 10, 1936

Just in front of the Supreme Court justices' bench sit six men who represent the press services and stock exchange ticker services. When the decision on Senator Long's Louisiana newspaper advertising tax was read, the writer of this story represented Universal Service in this row of reporters who "flash" the decisions. He had been assigned from the beginning of the Roosevelt administration to cover the Supreme Court, and had written stories on the NRA, gold clause, and AAA decisions, as well as others, in a nine-months period during which public attention was often focused on the Supreme Court room.

"We were surprised at the severe and emphatic language of the court," says Mr. Doherty. "Justice Sutherland, usually a very mild speaker, lifted his voice and fairly shouted that to fetter the press 'is to fetter ourselves.' The story was written on the spot and telephoned into my office a mile away, where it was put on the wires."

The full text of the decision was printed on an inside page of most papers carrying this story, and frequently boxes in black-face type giving short highlight excerpts were used in connection with the story on the front page.

VIGOROUSLY proclaiming the freedom of the press, the Supreme Court today ruled unconstitutional the Louisiana law designed by the late Senator Huey Long to place a discriminatory tax on newspaper advertising.

The decision, by unanimous vote of the nine justices, was read by Justice Sutherland. In ringing tones he declared:

"Since informed public opinion is the most potent of all restraints upon misgovernment, the suppression or abridgement of the publicity afforded by a free press cannot be regarded otherwise than with grave concern.

"A free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the Government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves."

The tax which the Court rejected was personally piloted through the Louisiana Legislature in 1934 by Huey Long, Louisiana's assassinated dictator.

It required all newspapers and other periodicals having a weekly circulation of more than 20,000 to pay a license tax of two percent of their gross advertising revenue, or cease publication. It applied also to motion picture advertising, but not to radio, street car or outdoor advertising.

It was assailed by nine companies, publishing 18 newspapers, who declared the act was a deliberate effort to muzzle the press. They charged Huey Long had drafted the tax law in such terms as would exempt papers favorable to him.

Attorneys for the papers, headed by Elisha Hanson, general counsel for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, declared Long had said if the tax was not high enough "to shut up the newspapers" he would raise it.

By coincidence, the ruling was handed down within the hour Mrs. Huey Long was sworn in to fill the Senate seat vacated by the death of her husband.

The newspapers' contention that the tax is an illegal restraint on their doing business, hence a violation of the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and press, was fully upheld by the court. The opinion said:

"It . . . operates as a restraint in a double sense. First, its effect is to curtail the amount of revenue realized from advertising, and second, its direct tendency is to restrict circulation.

"This is plain enough when we consider that, if it were increased to a high degree, as it could be if valid, it well might result in destroying both advertising and circulation."

In high praise of the nation's press, the Court declared:

"The newspapers, magazines and other journals of the country, it is safe to say, have shed and continue to shed more light on the public and business affairs of the nation than any other instrumentality of publicity.

"The tax here involved is bad not because it takes money from the pockets of the appellees. If that were all, a wholly different question would be presented.

"It is bad because, in the light of its history, and of its present setting, it is seen to be a deliberate and calculated device in the guise of a tax to limit the circulation of information to which the public is entitled in virtue of the constitutional guarantees."

Even with the "persistent search for new objects of taxation," the Court said it is "not without significance" that, with the exception of Louisiana, no State has undertaken to impose a tax such as that in question.

Sutherland traced in detail the struggle of Americans, beginning with the earliest colonists, for freedom of expression. The revolution really began in 1765, he recalled, when the British Government sent stamps for newspaper duties to the colonies.

Revealing the struggles which newspapers have waged against control of them by political bodies, Sutherland said that John Milton in an "appeal for the liberty of unlicensed printing" assailed an act of parliament which provided censorship of the press prior to publication. The act was passed in 1644, expired in 1695 and was never renewed.

Then in 1712 Queen Anne caused Parliament to impose a tax upon all newspapers and advertisements, with the

plain intention to suppress comments and criticisms objectionable to the crown.

These "taxes on knowledge," Sutherland said, which for more than a century were evaded and resisted, were one of the factors which caused colonial protests against taxation for the home government.

Massachusetts statutes in 1785 and 1786 sought to levy similar taxes but met with such "violent opposition" they were soon repealed, Sutherland recalled. Framers of the first amendment were familiar with the struggle to end these "obnoxious taxes," he said, and the constitutional provision was made soon afterward.

The opinion made plain the court did not intend to suggest newspapers were immune from "ordinary" taxation, but said:

"This is not an ordinary tax, but one single in kind, with a long history of hostile misuse against the freedom of the press."

FOURTEEN MILES UP

BY EDWARD MORROW

Omaha World-Herald, November 11, 1935

MR. MORROW's account of this coverage:

"We prepared for months to cover the stratosphere flight. Lawrence Youngman, who was to follow the flight in a plane, and I spent a good deal of time getting information about the balloon, previous records, probable drift and the scientific goals.

"On the day of the flight, William H. Graham, of our staff, who is an expert amateur radio operator, tuned in the balloon direct, and also received code messages sent by army planes that followed the balloon. We got a good deal of information that the press associations missed.

"The afternoon paper men who were handling the story came down an hour early, taking up the story about 6 in the morning. The balloon did not take off until about 8, however. The story was revised constantly during the morning. About noon it was a mess of inserts, adds and new leads that didn't hitch very well, so I decided to rewrite it clear through. The actual writing took about 45 minutes. The story was further revised, with a new lead or two and some inserts, before the home edition went at 2.05.

"I had hoped to give our readers a non-technical explanation of the scientific purposes of the flight. The more I investigated them, the more I was convinced they weren't vastly important, and that the real purpose was to fly higher in a balloon than anybody had flown before. However, the couple of paragraphs on cosmic rays were based on what I had learned painfully from books on modern physics."

The story as it appears here is from the city home edition, with omission of paragraphs detailing former stratosphere balloon ascensions, with records.

The balloon landed successfully near White Lake, South Dakota, at 4.13 P.M.

THE stratosphere balloon, Explorer II, today carried two army officers 14 miles up into the cold Nebraska sky — higher than man has ever flown before.

The record will be official if the balloonists, Captain Orvil A. Anderson and Captain A. W. Stevens, reach the ground alive.

At 1.10 this afternoon the balloon, a speck barely visible in the sky over Valentine, Neb., began its descent. It will take at least three hours to get down, the pilots said over the radio telephone.

Swinging in the nine-foot steel ball underneath a bag almost as big as a city block, the fliers looked out upon a purplish black sky and down upon an earth so far below them that they could see its curvature.

The descent is expected to be perilous. Because of a late start and their determination to reach the ceiling, the balloonists may not complete their descent until after sunset. Then, with no sun to warm the bag and expand the gas, the drop may become plummet-like, forcing the balloonists to jump with parachutes.

The balloon, which took off from a natural bowl near Rapid City, S.D., at 8.01 this morning, drifted southeast to the Nebraska border, gaining altitude steadily. At 11.28 Captain Anderson told the ground crew, "we're going to shoot for the ceiling."

Apparently abandoning an earlier plan to make periodic halts in the climb for observation, Captain Anderson cut loose the ballast. The enormous bag fairly darted up, rising more than five hundred feet a minute at times. Quickly the balloon passed the official record of 61,237 feet, set in 1933 by Lieutenant-Commander Settle and Major Fordney.

At 73,000 feet the balloonists broke the unofficial record — unofficial because the three Russian balloonists who

reached 72,176 feet were killed when they tried to bring down their balloon.

The Explorer II's maximum altitude was calculated at 74,187 feet, or 14.05 miles, by the ground crew, from readings taken from the balloon's instruments.

"It's a new record," said the ground announcer.

"Yep, that's right," said Anderson.

Starting down, he had difficulty in handling the balloon, and at 1.30 was down to 68,000 feet. At 1.50 he had reached 61,000 feet.

"She seems to want to go up all the time," he told the ground crew. "I'm trying to get a descent speed of about three or four hundred feet a minute."

The balloon, which drifted hardly at all in the icy stratosphere region, is expected to drift to the southwest on the way down. At 30,000 feet a 50-mile wind was blowing from the northwest.

During the day the balloonists were in almost constant touch with the ground.

Once Captain Anderson said: "It's cold out; about 60 below. Frosts keeps forming on the windows and we have to scrape it off. I'm going to try to get a picture now showing the curvature of the earth. Listen and maybe you can hear the camera click."

A click followed.

The broadcast was interrupted every minute or so by a pounding like that of a riveting machine. It was the oxygen pump, manufacturing air to keep the pilots alive in their sealed gondola in air too thin to sustain life.

Once Captain Stevens, talking to Dr. W. F. G. Swann, director of the Bartol research foundation of Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, said: "There seems to be something wrong with this cosmic ray machine. It keeps going tut, tut a tut, tut a tut, all the time."

"That's the way it's supposed to sound," said Dr

Swann, who was in New York. "You're up where there are so many cosmic rays the machine can hardly keep up with them."

As they started down, Captain Anderson asked, "Where are we? We've been too busy to navigate."

He was told the balloon was on the Nebraska-South Dakota border.

"I'm having trouble getting down through the isothermal layer," Anderson said.

At the top, the fliers told the ground crew, the balloon was completely filled — a sphere 197 feet across. At the takeoff it was only one-sixth filled, with only a "bubble" of gas at the top of the elongated bag. The lighter air caused the helium gas to expand as it went up. In the gondola at the top the fliers found temperatures of about 20 degrees above zero, though it was 69 below outside.

The balloon could be seen for more than a hundred miles, it was so high in the air. People stood on the streets of Alliance, Neb., and O'Neill, Neb., and saw it plainly in the clear air.

Mrs. Anderson, broadcasting from the bowl near Rapid City, S.D., a little earlier, said: "Hello, Andy."

"Hello, Maudie," he replied.

"Where are you?"

"I'm in the air."

"What's the altitude?"

"It's 54,000 feet. We're on our way up to the ceiling now." This was at 11.15 A.M. (central standard time).

"Best of luck."

"Thanks."

Inflation of the balloon was begun last night at 7.20, under floodlights, when meteorologists reported that favorable weather might be expected to the east. About midnight inflation was halted when a 20-foot tear was discovered near the bottom of the bag. Eight-above-zero

weather, which had caused heavy frost to form on the bag, was blamed. A huge patch was put over the tear, lamps being used to warm the bag for the patch. Inflation was then resumed and was completed about 3 A.M.

Shortly before 8 o'clock, Captain Stevens climbed to the top of the gondola and lowered himself in through the porthole. Captain Anderson mounted the gondola then, standing in the ring on its top. He clung to the ropes leading up to the bag. At his feet were a half dozen sand bags, arranged so they could be dumped quickly.

The three hundred cavalymen from Fort Meade who formed the ground crew took the ropes. One by one they were untied, until at last the balloon was held down only by the men. It bumped a bit on the bottom.

Then, with Captain Anderson shouting directions, the cavalymen walked west, taking the balloon with them. With only a bubble of gas at the top, it looked like a giant exclamation point.

At the western end of the bowl, where the balloon would have more clearance as it soared over the eastern rim, Captain Stevens took a last look and shouted, "Up, balloon!"

The soldiers let go and the balloon jumped, then began to climb steadily. The 20,000 persons, who had stood on the rim in the bitter cold all night, cheered.

The balloon rose uncertainly, and for a time it appeared unlikely that it would clear the 500-foot wall of the bowl. A downdraft caught the balloon, shot it down. Captain Anderson, still on top of the gondola, dumped four of the sand bags, desperately. The radio phone brought his remark to Stevens, "Boy, I've dumped so damned many bags I don't know how many!" Later Anderson told the ground crew the gondola had cleared the trees by 50 feet.

The balloonists wore the heaviest clothing they could get, as they expected to find temperatures as low as 80

below at the top of their flight. In the sealed gondola they manufactured their own air from liquid oxygen.

Stevens, who is a 49-year-old bachelor, is considered the world's greatest aerial photographer. He has taken part in explorations from South America to Alaska and is considered a first-rate scientist.

Captain Anderson, 40, is a veteran of 18 years' flying experience. He is considered the army's foremost balloonist. Captain Anderson's wife, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Miller, 3400 Fourth avenue, Council Bluffs, was at Rapid City to see the takeoff.

Preparations for the flight, which have been going on since last summer, have been elaborate. Cost of the flight is about two hundred thousand dollars.

Today, as soon as the balloon had floated over the rim of the bowl, four army airplanes took off to follow the bag at lower altitudes. Two trucks, carrying ground crews, roared down the roads to the east during the night. Army men in them will salvage the balloon when it lands.

All over Nebraska and South Dakota today, engineers were posted with transits to observe the balloon. Their calculations are expected to help verify its height. Deputy County Attorney Guy Dorsey was asked to serve here, but did not think the balloon would come near enough.

The flight is described as more scientific than adventurous. Numerous organizations have taken an interest in it and provided instruments. The main purpose is to measure cosmic rays at greater heights, and with more elaborate instruments, than ever before.

These rays, which may provide the key to the formation of the universe, bombard the earth with such force that they penetrate through many feet of lead. X-rays are slow by comparison. Because cosmic rays seem to come from interstellar space as much as from the stars, scientists

believe they form a vast undirected force which may be the original energy which formed this universe, as well as other universes billions and billions of miles away.

The balloonists have the most varied and complete collection of scientific instruments ever carried into the air — more than a score of devices, most of them operating automatically with their readings recorded every 90 seconds by a battery of machine-driven cameras. Among the major aims are:

Measurement of temperature and barometric pressure changes from the earth to the ceiling of the flight.

Collection of samples of stratosphere air to be analyzed.

Studies of sunlight and skylight, partly to learn more about ozone — the substance which absorbs ultra-short light rays and thus protects life on earth from otherwise harmful effects.

Observation of sky, sun and earth brightness from high altitudes.

Studies of wind direction and velocity, possibly affecting future high altitude transportation.

Checks of barometric altitude scales by means of photographs of the earth at varied levels.

Study of balloon navigation.

Study of changes in electrical conductivity of the air with increasing altitude — a project which may aid in development of airplane engines for high altitude use.

Photographs of the horizon to show the curvature of the earth.

CHINA CLIPPER MAKES HISTORY

BY FLOYD J. HEALEY

Los Angeles Times, November 22, 1935

AT THE time this story was written, Mr. Healey was San Francisco correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times*, and this was routine coverage. As a matter of fact, he did not actually see the take-off, though he checked the facts by telephone, and watched the plane on its way from a roof-top. The advance stories had so completely "set the stage" for the flight that the physical actuality had become secondary to the wider significance of the event. "The thread of transportation romance, constant for a century and a half, could not be neglected," says Mr. Healey.

Alameda

RISING swiftly and gracefully from the waters of San Francisco Bay, the China Clipper headed westward this afternoon toward Honolulu, Guam and Manila to forge anew the bonds of trade and amity which its sleek predecessors of another type of conquest first established 150 years ago.

The giant plane started on its way with the "happy landings" — aviation's good-luck farewell — of Postmaster-General Farley bestowed upon it and the cheers of thousands of onlookers speeding it through the Golden Gate. The take-off was at 3.46 P.M.

Pan American headquarters here received a radio report at 11 P.M. that the Clipper was 823 miles out and bucking a twenty-mile headwind. The plane reported that it was flying at a 9000-foot altitude and in clear weather.

At 9 o'clock the crew radioed that it had just made its first radio contact with the company station at Guam.

In its spacious compartments was the first consignment of mail ever to be taken across the Pacific by air. With

plane and crew, the ship went into the air with the heaviest pay load ever to rise from an American airport, fittingly inaugurating a service which, by its speed, is expected to gain for the United States a commanding wedge into the rich trade of the Asiatic coast and its surrounding islands.

Six days hence, if all goes well, this trail-blazing Pan American Airways giant of the skies will settle down, a harbinger of peace, in the same Manila waters where the legions of Uncle Sam debarked nearly two-score years ago to wage war.

Six days between California and Manila, as against the journeys of weeks by surface ships of today and months by those before them, is the factor at the base of the new service. It is this cutting of time on the 8000-mile expanse between the continents of North America and Asia which is expected to justify the judgment which conceived the service and the efficiency which put it into operation.

At the controls was the veteran Edwin C. Musick, captain of the Clipper, Pan America's foremost pilot, a man whose twenty-two years of actual flying experience contains a block of nearly four years and a half spent in the air.

One hundred thousand letters are in the pouches aboard. They weighed 1879 pounds alone.

Among them is one from President Roosevelt to President Quezon, the first letter ever interchanged between a President of this country and a President of the Philippine Islands.

The letter from President Roosevelt was handed by Farley to Capt. Edwin C. Musick, skipper of the plane, before the take-off.

"This is the first letter of such a character ever to be sent in this manner," Farley said. He wished Captain Musick a quick voyage and the latter replied that the letter will be delivered promptly.

The Postmaster-General also conveyed to the officials

and inaugural flight crowd, which massed at the water's edge, a message from President Roosevelt.

"Please convey to the people of the Pacific Coast," the message said, "the deep interest and heartfelt congratulations of an air-minded sailor. Even at this distance I thrill to the wonder of it all."

Farley, who inspected the China Clipper before it was slid from its ramp into San Francisco Bay for the take-off, said postage on the mail will bring the government a profit of 224 per cent.

A feature of the ceremony was delivery to the Clipper of part of the mail by an old-fashioned stage coach.

The China Clipper carried no passengers on the inaugural take-off, but Pan American officials said twenty-three line employees will board it at Honolulu for transportation to stations at Midway and Wake Islands, Guam and the Philippines.

Capt. Musick, who previously piloted a smaller Clipper plane on exploratory flights along the route, was aided at the controls by a crew of eight engineering, navigation and wireless experts.

The crew, before going aboard, were guests of honor with Farley and other officials at a Junior Chamber of Commerce luncheon in San Francisco.

Gov. Frank F. Merriam of California and the mayors of San Francisco Bay area cities took a leading part in the ceremonies.

Members of the crew in addition to Capt. Musick, a veteran of Trans-America's Caribbean service, were: R. O. D. Sullivan, first officer; George King, second officer; C. D. Wright, first engineering officer; V. A. Wright, second engineering officer; Frederick A. Noonan, navigation officer; William T. Jarboe, first radio officer; Thomas R. Runnells, second radio officer; and Max Werber, second junior flight officer.

The beginning of a "second century of progress" in transportation across the Pacific was hailed by Gov. Merriam, speaking at the farewell exercises for the start of the flight.

"As we dispatch this great China Clipper of the air to lands across the sea, we witness the beginning of a new epoch in oceanic civilization," said the Governor. "By this act, we are making transportation history as important as ever man has written."

He envisaged the establishment "of this international service" as a tribute to the progress of aeronautics and the means of removal of the barriers of time and distance, and the creation of a broader spirit of understanding and improved governmental relationships between nations.

THE PSEUDO-INAUGURATION OF BOULDER DAM

BY JOSEPH TIMMONS

Los Angeles Examiner, September 11, 1936

BELIEVE it or not, generation of Boulder Dam power did not start September 11, 1936, when President Roosevelt touched a key on the rostrum of the hall in Washington where the World Power Conference was in session, with the dramatic words, "Boulder Dam, I bid you come to life!" All that really happened then at the world's greatest power plant was that a dinky little 3500-horsepower station-service generator started; nothing of its power left the powerhouse — in fact, at that date there was no connection between the plant and the big transmission line that now carries power to Los Angeles.

This is the story: The management of the dam had promised news-reel men to turn on all twelve needle valves high up on the canyon walls below the dam, in order to give them the magnificent picture of a volume of water equal to the average flow at Niagara Falls falling an equal distance. Managers of the World Power Conference seized upon this event and connected it up with their program in the faith that the first of the huge generators would be ready by that time. And when no generator was ready, except the little service generator referred to, the Conference program was carried through regardless.

But there was a story — that of the man-made Niagara which roared and scintillated for some hours, and then subsided when the by-pass valves were closed. Reporters who covered the event were mostly on the pier skirting the powerhouse "bay." They saw the full magnificence of the falls and were deafened by the roar and wetted by the mist.

"Western Union had provided adequate facilities," writes Mr. Timmons, "both at Boulder City and Las Vegas, and all the filing was done at those places. As the event was at noon, undoubtedly the boys covering from the East or for Coast afternoon papers had to write their stories largely in advance; when

facts are obtainable in advance, the reporter with imagination often does his best work under those circumstances. My story for the *Examiner* was written that way, to be ahead of deadline for early evening street sales of this morning paper. Then as soon as the thing had occurred and the falls were in full blast, I got one of the engineers to take me to a power plant 'phone that connects with Boulder City, called the Western Union office there and dictated to an operator corrections, inserts and additions to the story I had filed from Las Vegas in the morning. Later still, back at Las Vegas, I smoothed the output some with more substitutions of better description."

THIRTY thousand tons of water per minute cascading from canyon walls just below Boulder Dam to the stream level of the tamed Colorado River 177 feet below. A short-lived, man-made Niagara.

A tiny power generator whining and purring in the giant powerhouse, producing the first of Boulder Dam power, an example of what is to be the greatest output of any one plant in the world.

Twin miracles were these, witnessed at Boulder Dam today by a crowd estimated at close to 25,000 persons, and the sound of the waterfall and the description of the dramatic scene were carried to millions by the radio.

President Roosevelt was the agent, back in Washington, of the powers that created the miracle of hydro-electrical generation. The President pressed a button there, and instantly a column of water 350 feet high in a penstock was let free to begin whirling the brushes of a little station-service unit, of only 3500-horsepower capacity.

Lights flashing in rows on the roof of the giant powerhouse were a signal to the throng that power production at Boulder Dam had started, and the throng let out a mighty yell of greeting. Special guests down in the powerhouse did their shouting when the sound of the brushes in the little generator reached their ears.

Near those honored guests, including Senators Key Pittman and Pat McCarran, Congressman James G. Scrugham and Governor Richard Kerman of Nevada, and officers and engineers of the metropolitan water district, the Southern California Edison Company and the Southern Sierras Power Company, were two gigantic generators, of 115,000 horsepower capacity each, nearing completion. When they start turning, Boulder Dam power generation will be on in earnest, in a big way, for transmission to Los Angeles and distribution there for the multitude of uses required by a great city.

What the President said was not heard at Boulder Dam. If he thought he was actually starting Boulder Dam power plant, someone had misled him.

The other miracle, the man-made Niagara, was the real spectacle of the day, with all twelve needle valves of the two outlet houses shooting out across the canyon gigantic arcs of water; twelve cones, each eight feet in diameter, six from the Arizona side, six from the Nevada side.

Workmen of the Reclamation Bureau force, operating under command of Chief Engineer Ralph Lowry, produced that miracle. Immediately following the President's starting the generator from Washington, they opened the valves.

Four of the needle valves on the Nevada side were already open, sending water down for use of Imperial Valley and Yuma. One by one the others came on, first a mist issuing from the outlet hole and then a slight stream leaping far across the 300-foot canyon with dazzling speed and crowning to full size within a few seconds.

For the first time, then, these six Nevada arcs of water were seen meeting in mid-stream the six from the Arizona side. The result was a tremendous upsurge of water in the center. There boiled at that point a cauldron of mist and spray, rising high, but not as high as expected. There

was a certain harmony when the two waterfalls melted into one, with a cradle down the center, in which the whirling mists rested.

The rumble and roar of the gargantuan cataract drowned out all other noises. High up on one vantage point the throng could see a radio announcer tossing his arms in dramatic gestures as he described the scene, but even those within a few yards of him could not hear his voice.

To the thousands gathered on the top of Boulder Dam and along the highway on either side and the observation points, the Niagara of three and a half hours of life was the whole show.

Mists and spray and, closer up, rain, from the Arizona-Nevada falls drifted toward the dam, well filling the canyon where the enormous powerhouse rises to twenty-story height.

Each of the twelve huge cones carried a center of truest emerald and threw off lacy trimmings of purest white that knitted the six on either side into one.

It is queer, but the twelve cones of water from the two sides do not mesh. Those from the Arizona side are directed a bit downstream, so that the two cones farthest south miss the Nevada cones, while the Nevada two farthest north miss the Arizona set on the north side.

There is no reason why they should mesh, so the designing engineers took care of some other need, through aiming them a bit cockeyed. Nobody will ever notice this again maybe, for there will be no actual need for reproduction of today's spectacle. As soon as all the power units start, precious Boulder Dam water will all, or nearly all, be passed down through the penstocks to turn the turbines, and not released high up on the canyon walls at the valve houses, with loss of power drop of some 160 feet.

Ralph Lowry, engineer in charge of Boulder Dam for the United States Bureau of Reclamation, said today that

though about 15,000 second feet of water flowed out in this artificial cataract for nearly four hours, nearly 30,000 tons every minute, or more than 6,750,000 gallons per minute, the height of water in the reservoir, Mead Lake, would not be lowered to a degree that could be measured, not even an inch, and observation later showed that it was not ten thousand second feet coming into the lake from upstream.

The lake just above the dam is now 425 feet deep and in Mead Lake 9,500,000 acre feet are stored, stretching out for a length of ninety miles.

Lowry opened the needle valves to but about a third of their capacity — instead of 15,000 second feet they could have released 40,000 at the present pressure, with the water level of the dam 225 feet higher than the valve outlets.

To have turned more water loose for a Roman holiday, wasting the water and to some degree creating a menace down at the Imperial Valley canal intake was something Lowry could not bring himself to do, especially since the sight could not have been more sublime.

Aside from letting the President "start Boulder Dam power generation," the purpose of the spectacle was to give the newsreels a chance to show it to the world. The President pressed the actuating button at 12.25, and the show was on full blast five minutes later. At 1 o'clock all valves were closed for a short time, and then all were turned on again, one by one, to let the newsreel men get that picture in perfection. At 4 o'clock eight of the valves were closed again, leaving four of them to let water through for Needles, Palo Verde Valley, Yuma Valley and Imperial Valley.

REPORTER SEES LONG ASSASSIN SHOT

BY C. E. FRAMPTON

New Orleans Item-Tribune, September 9, 1935

AT THE time of Senator Huey P. Long's assassination, there were many reporters in town to cover the fourth 1935 special session of the State Legislature, but on the flash of the shooting, new swarms of newspaper and press service representatives descended upon the city by plane, train, and automobile.

Closest to the actual assassination had been C. E. Frampton, whose statement follows:

"I was in Baton Rouge as legislative correspondent for my paper, the *Item-Tribune*, to cover the special session of the state legislature the call for which had been issued by the late Governor O. K. Allen on Saturday, the day preceding the shootings.

"Sunday night, with the legislature in session and with Senator Long present and watching developments in the House of Representatives, public interest was manifest by crowded galleries and by hundreds of people in the corridors, in Memorial Hall, and about the capitol.

"In the midst of the excitement, my paper asked me to interview Senator Long about the Florida hurricane that had cost the lives of over 200 veterans in a Florida CCC camp. I talked with him, then went into Governor Allen's office and telephoned the interview, to prevent interruption to our leased wire, which was choked with legislative detail. Later developments in the Florida story necessitated my seeing the Senator again. Instead of walking across Memorial Hall to the House chamber, I used another telephone in the Governor's office and asked the House Sergeant-at-arms to call Senator Long to the phone. In good humor and contrary to his customary reaction to such a request, Senator Long answered the call and asked me where I was. Learning I was in the governor's office, he said he'd be over in a few minutes to talk with me in more detail.

"Hanging up the phone, I decided I'd better not await his arrival and had walked from the Governor's private office through an anteroom into the main reception room, and my hand was on

the door knob in the act of opening the door, when I heard the sound of a shot outside. Jerking open the door, my story was enacted before my startled eyes, not ten feet away.

"Flashing my office that Long had been shot and his assassin slain, I then gathered such additional details as possible and within 15 minutes had pounded out the story. Then for 72 hours without rest or sleep, I followed every development of the story and, I suppose, must have sent out some 20,000 words."

The United Press picked Mr. Frampton's story up and put it on its wires under copyright. It is reprinted here by permission.

STANDING in the door of Governor Allen's office, less than ten feet away, I witnessed the attempt on Senator Long's life last night and saw the man who shot him riddled a moment later by more than half a dozen of Senator Long's guards.

Not more than five minutes earlier I had talked with Senator Long on the floor of the House of Representatives, where he was watching his legislators pass to second reading the thirty-nine administration-backed bills that had been approved Sunday morning by his House Ways and Means Committee.

"Senator, my office just informed me that the government investigators have reported that officials were guilty of criminal negligence in the deaths of the several hundred World War veterans killed in the Florida hurricane," I informed him.

"That doesn't surprise me," Senator Long answered. "They have been negligent in so many things that the lives of a few men who offered their lives in defense of their country during the great war means nothing to them. That is, nothing except another vote for Roosevelt for every man that dies."

I walked outside the Governor's office, through the anteroom and opened the main double doors leading from the anteroom into the ornate marble corridor connecting

the House and Senate chambers, which are at opposite ends of the State's magnificent thirty-four-story Capitol building.

Just as my hand clutched the knob of the door I heard a muffled shot. Jerking the door open, I saw Senator Long walking away, his hand to his side. Almost at my feet I saw Murphy Roden, a State highway policeman assigned to guard Senator Long, struggling with a white-clad man. A shot was fired. I couldn't tell which of the struggling men fired. Roden backed away, firing.

The man with whom he had been struggling pitched forward on his face. Then half a dozen men, officers in plain clothes, began firing at him. The German Luger with which he had shot Senator Long slipped from his hand. His body trembled and stiffened as bullet after bullet thudded into it.

The crash of the exploding revolvers drowned out the sound of Speaker Allen Ellender, who at that moment was announcing over the House amplifiers that the Legislature was adjourned until 10 A.M. Monday, the calendar having been cleared.

Above the drone of the Speaker's voice the vicious crackle of the pistols brought the departing spectators crowding down from the House galleries.

Colonel E. P. Roy, commanding the State highway police, posted a guard about the still, blood-spattered body lying outside the Governor's door.

Governor Allen rushed into the outer office, demanding to know what had happened.

"Is Huey hurt?" he asked me. "I don't think he is," I lied.

And then to no one in particular, Governor Allen remarked, "Somebody give me a pistol. If there is any shooting to be done here I want to be in on it."

Lieutenant Governor James A. Noe, close friend of

Senator Long, came rushing up. He and I commandeered an automobile and hastened across to the sanitarium where Senator Long, still conscious, was on a table in the emergency operating room.

Doctors were busy over the Senator, who smiled weakly when he saw Noe.

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*Group of News Stories
with Feature Handling*

KIBITZERS' PARADISE

BY D. A. DAVIDSON

New York Post, March 29, 1935

WHEN Gabriel blows his trumpet, the reporter sent to cover the event will probably not be a musical critic; but he will at least inquire around enough to find out that the instrument of the last toot was not a piccolo. Very often there is no expert available in the office when the story breaks, and the ordinary garden variety of reporter has to take the responsibility of getting some highly specialized matter correctly reported.

Not that Mr. Davidson is of the garden variety; but at least he does not pose as a bridge expert, and he was appalled at the assignment not only to cover the three weeks' Ely Culbertson match but to do a daily technical analysis of a hand. He covered the assignment more than adequately by (1) writing the daily descriptions in a non-technical, wide-eyed manner, with some humor, and (2) getting one of the expert hangers-on to do the daily analysis — always a different analyst, with probable prejudices discounted. As a result the coverage had both popular and special appeal.

ELY CULBERTSON calls it "more important than the Hauptmann trial" — which was also a good circus for the mink-coated section of the populace.

But take away the silken ropes and aluminum stanchions of the area, diminish the hundred well-groomed and perfumed kibitzers to a few ragged relatives, close your eyes to the rest of the gold-tipped embellishments —

Then the "battle of the century" between the Culbertsons and the Simses at Crockford's Club, in East Sixty-second Street, sounds to the ears frequently not unlike the "whose-deal-is-it-now?" brand of bridge played nightly

in five million American homes from suburbia to metropolis.

"Who bid?" asks Mrs. Sims.

"Two diamonds," says Ely, over a two no-trump from the opposition.

"You can't do that," says tousled, huge P. Hal Sims, blowing out smoke through his grinning teeth, as is his mannerism.

"According to the Culbertson system, you can do anything," the great master replies with annoyance.

"For goodness sake," comments Jo Culbertson, having doubled the Simses for a certain set of 1,400 points. "I only have twelve cards in my hand."

The Sims pair cut the Culbertson lead from 3,250 points to 2,530 in yesterday's play, after the Culbertsons at one time jumped 5,500 points ahead. A hand on which Mrs. Sims bid a club with only one in her hand, was raised to seven clubs by her partner, and made it, was outstanding. The quartet has completed twenty-eight of the 150 rubbers scheduled.

Not only is the game reminiscent of the ordinary home variety because of the errors made, but the ceaseless stream of unkind comments by the husbands to the wives has its elements of familiarity.

"How many times have I told you, Angel, that you are not to lead away from a king doubleton?"

"Everybody knows, my sweet, that it is not good practice to trump your partner's ace."

Dorothy Sims has developed a permanent inferiority complex. She will never play a hand if she can avoid it.

"I am participating in this match on simple premises," she commented sadly. "If I make a perfectly obvious finesse, everybody says, 'Isn't she marvelous?' And if I make the most atrocious blunder, they say, 'That's to be expected, of course.'"

It must be admitted, however, that the presence of Ely

lends a certain high modishness to the proceedings. He is always perfectly attired, always daintily manicured and almost always bubbling with suavity, grace and cream-puff wit.

His smooth, graceful hands day and night lift to his lip tumblers of effervescent salts (for dyspepsia), which he quaffs with as much enjoyment as if they were mint juleps.

This is characteristic of him. His dyspepsia has not left him bitter, but only graciously ironic. Also, he is never on time. No matter how late, he prefers to meander slowly up the velvet staircase of sumptuous Crockford's.

"It is in my temperament never to be on time," he explains. The pair's temperament resides almost completely in the male side. Blond, handsome Jo holds her mannish-bobbed head high and rigid and says little throughout.

The Culbertsons are the fashion plates of the tournament. After each afternoon session they change over to evening clothes, Mr. Culbertson impeccable in dinner jacket, Mrs. Culbertson ravishing in something sweeping and very feminine.

The Simses are a *degagé* pair, happy only in tweeds. (Hal, incidentally, describes himself as a "child of nature.") His favourite costume is a brown jacket and gray trousers — or a gray jacket and brown trousers. Never are both gray, or both brown, at the same time. Dorothy Sims, whose long, red-brown bob falls into her eyes, goes for loose walking suits.

But like the Culbertsons, they smoke only rich, heavy Turkish cigarettes with expensive aroma.

The gallery is highly sensitive to the hour of day. The evening finds the gentlemen with stiff-bosomed shirts always, and the ladies in a different sleeveless gown each session.

The raised double-bank of spectators' chairs occasionally holds a name you are likely to know off-hand, such as

George Kaufman, Clarence Budington Kelland, Adela Rogers St. John or Richard Simon, the publisher.

But by and large, the audience is made up of those same important people with nothing to do whom you will find at Friday afternoon concerts of the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Culbertson assures you they are important, but their names slip your mind unless you carry in your pocket a social register or list of opera box holders.

Their "importance" does not restrain Ely from bawling them out for whispering. Bawling out is not quite the right phrase. Ely simply raises his voice to say, "We will not wait very long to clear the room of kibitzers. This is more important than the Hauptmann trial."

He speaks more with ironic sorrow than anger.

LEGISLATIVE MARATHON

BY CARROLL ARIMOND

Associated Press, Milwaukee, September 27, 1935.

FACTS for this story came from experience in handling the news of this and other sessions of the Wisconsin legislature. The writer is night editor of the Milwaukee Bureau of the A.P.

"The unusual legislation and the extent of the session," says Mr. Arimond, "prompted me to treat the material in a lighter style than is usually employed in the writing of political news. It had all the basis for a snappy story to catch the interest of the reader who is usually uninterested in governmental affairs, and it was for him that I was writing."

Madison, Wis.

AFTER leveling down a stack of 1,700 legislative bills and 257,000 dollar bills, Wisconsin's marathon record-breaking legislators packed up for home today, leaving behind a well-charted battleground for the next campaign.

Snow has fallen, and violets have blossomed and gone to seed in the eight months and 17 days the solons have encamped at the Capitol, struggling with a vast range of measures at an approximate cost of \$1,000 a day. A resolution passed Wednesday provided for adjournment today at noon.

They moved in January 9. As they prepared to file out, they looked back on a record bettering by one week the previous marathon session mark set in 1929.

In smashing that record, the representatives appropriated a budget slightly exceeding \$50,000,000, added three more taxes on incomes besides two normal income taxes, and a surtax for teachers' retirement.

They battled for weeks over a state relief works program and a chain store tax, and saw the "state NRA" law they passed to replace one declared unconstitutional headed for a supreme court test on the same ground.

But taxes and appropriations didn't take up all the time.

There was that debate on whether Wisconsin cheese shouldn't be given away free in restaurants, and those bills to keep drugstore sandwiches away from where poisons are mixed, to find out whither have Wisconsin's factories flown, and to let any city that wants to display its stuffed owls and arrow heads start a museum.

Then there was an eleventh-hour tiff over whether "damn" should be in an assemblyman's vocabulary when he's on the floor, and an investigation to determine if a few beers bought by a lobbyist could change a roll call.

The duration and cost of the session have been firing caps for re-campaign blasts. Average sessions in the past have adjourned in mid-July. Had this session been "average," the cost would have been about \$75,000 less.

AEROBATICS

BY HENRY CAVENDISH

Miami Herald, December 13, 1935

HE WROTE three-quarters of a column without telling who it was he was writing about; he trampled on most of the five W's, and he got "kidded" about it "around the office." But he wrote a vivid story that the reader could feel.

Of course, it was not the news lead story, but one of two color stories (the other about the crowd) which ran double-measure in columns 6 and 7.

The reporter sat in the press gallery of the control tower at the airport and watched the show. Nobody seemed to know who Povey was until he landed; somehow he had gone up without the officials having a definite check about who was at the controls. After he had landed and was being presented at the microphone, the reporter caught him for a short interview.

HE WAS crazy; you were sure of that from the beginning. Whoever he was, he'd gone stark, raving mad in the cockpit of a yellow wasp of a biplane dancing about in the midst of white clouds up there against the infinite canopy of blue above.

He couldn't have the slightest care for life or limb, mind, body or soul and do the things he did while droning about over the Miami municipal airport at the opening of the eighth annual All-American air maneuvers yesterday afternoon.

At one moment his plane was a bare speck of darkness pinned motionless against the whiteness of the high clouds above. At the next moment he was diving ——

Down, down, down . . .

Straight down toward the earth . . .

Sickeningly down to the ear-splitting crash, the splattered debris about the middle of the field!

Down, down, down to the grandmotherly "Oh, Oh, Oh... Oh me, Oh my!" of the radio announcer.

It was sort of ludicrous the way the announcer's voice wavered in a tremolo bass like grandmother having the measles... and all the while that yellow-jacketed plane falling like a plummet, like a feather attached to a rock —

Down, down and on down to the earth!

And then 500 feet, now 300 feet, now 150 feet from the earth — the motor roaring a thundering symphony of explosive reverberations — the wasplike little plane straightened out... shot forward with a whine of the wings you could feel in your bones.

Would they hold, those wings — fragile fins of steel and canvas extending out from the fuselage? Would they hold?

"Three hundred miles an hour," boomed the voice of the radio announcer as through the troubled shades of a nightmare.

They held, those wings! The plane rounded the corner of the steep plunge to earth, roared along at terrific speed parallel to the ground and hardly more than 100 or 150 feet above it.

You gasped and caught your breath and tried to emit a sigh of relief. But the thrill was not over yet.

He was crazy, that pilot; strapped to his cockpit, and stark, raving mad!

For in the split fraction of a second he had banked the nose of his plane steeply upward again, banked it up, up, straight on up into the skies. It wasn't an incline; it was straight up, up, up, like a circus performer climbing a rope.

Upward sailed the plane with the golden, gaudy sunshine of the early afternoon glimmering across the face of the perpendicular wings. Upward sailed the plane with the magic of the old Indian rope trick. And spectators,

stupefied with the wonder of it, turned to inquire of their neighbors who in the world it was flying the plane.

"That's Al Williams," someone suggested.

"It's a Cuban flier," another cut in.

"Impossible!" exploded a third flier.

Meanwhile the unidentified daredevil was unloading the rest of his bag of tricks and scattering them slap-bang upon the upturned heads of the throngs below. He sideslipped, and tail-spun. He rolled his plane over, and flipped it about. Like a powerful swimmer in a clear pool he revolved head over heel, and rolled from side to side. He pushed the nose of his plane down and sideways, and kicked the tail up and around.

He was crazy, you see; you were sure of that from the beginning. But who in the world could he be?

He looped forward and backward, made circles and figure-eights, hopped this way, skipped that way, and jumped all around. And in the end he sailed down toward the ground, nosed around in the wind and came skithering to one side and the other like a drunken sailor, like a seasick landsman up the center of the airfield to a perfect landing past the reviewing stand.

And through the feverish and utter exhaustion of the nightmare came the voice of the radio announcer saying —

"We hope you've been enjoying this exhibition because the Cuban government has been presenting it."

And the pilot, that daredevil of the air more lunatic than human? It was none other than Capt. Lem Povey, formerly of the United States Army Air Corps and presently chief aviation instructor of the Cuban army.

"It wasn't anything much doing those tricks," Captain Povey explained later, after alighting from the cockpit of his Curtis Cyclone Hawk biplane.

"There was a little pressure on the outside turns. And

coming out of the dives there was considerable pressure."

But that was all. Captain Povey wasn't boastful. He wasn't even crazy when you talked to him face to face. He was just an extremely personable young American pilot who went to Cuba two years ago on summons of Col. Fulgencio Batista, chief of the Cuban army staff, to train Cuban fliers in the intricate art and science of aviation.

"I got my training at Mitchel Field," Captain Povey explained. "And afterwards I was associated in stunt flying with Freddy Lund, Johnny Livingstone, Art Davis and all that crowd of stunt fliers. I worked with all of them."

The American flier said he liked it fine in Cuba, adding with an infectious laugh:

"That's my home now!"

Captain Povey said he had trained two classes of Cuban fliers already, and that about 15 of his students were finished pilots in the Cuban air force.

A SAILOR HE WOULD BE

BY FRED HUNT

Quincy (Massachusetts) Patriot-Ledger, January 17, 1936

"THE morning papers, who had first crack at this story, gave it brief, stereotyped treatment — probably because the victim was obscure and the accident of a common type. When we (an evening paper) got our shot at it, the picture was this: an unknown youth of no distinction and with no friends nearer than the width of the Atlantic had lost his life in a garden-variety sort of accident; no unusual angles; and, to make it even worse, it was stale news by now.

"Our problem was to convert a prosaic set of uninteresting facts into an interesting story. Our angle was the boy himself, his dreams, his ambitions, something intimate about him that would make his taking off interesting to those to whom he was but a name in black type. In other words, since the 'What' and 'How' were lacking in interest, we had to build up the 'Who.'

"A long-standing interest on part of the reporter in the sea, including much direct and indirect contact with it, perhaps enabled him to approach this story with greater sympathy and enthusiasm and a more adequate background than he would have had for a story of different character.

"The story was but a routine matter on a regular 'beat.' The actual writing took perhaps five or six minutes, for the story is brief and the facts without detail." — F. H.

DREAMS of a little English boy, who, like countless thousands of the little English boys before him, set out from home with his sea-bag on his shoulder and his head filled with the ambition to emulate the deeds of Drake and Cook, were strangled by the cold swirling waters of Fore River last night. His name was Henry Edwards and he had lived at 5 Joseph Street, Burdette Road, London, and he was but 16 years of age.

Henry was only a mess boy aboard the British collier *Ingola*; but, as to that, Frankie Drake at 16 was scouring pots and pans in the smoky galley of a Channel coaster. Henry fell to his death about 8 o'clock last night while he was boarding the ship, his arms laden with souvenirs for his mother and sweetheart. This morning the ship sailed without him; and a few weeks hence, instead of presents, they will get a brief notification of his death. But women of sea-faring nations have been getting such notes for centuries.

Henry was climbing a steep ladder that led from the dock of the Fore River Coal Company to the rail of the ship when he lost his hold and fell into the narrow, dark chasm between the vessel and the pier. His screams were heard for an instant. Then there was a gurgling sound, and silence.

Stevedores on the dock and members of the crew ran to the spot and looked down. They could see nothing but a deep, black crevice. They could hear nothing but the water surging through the narrow passageway. They threw a rope in the vain hope that he would come to the surface and grasp it.

Quincy police and firemen were called. With the fire department using its floodlight to furnish illumination, Lieut. John J. Avery and Patrolman Leonard Ferguson dragged at the ends of the narrow crevice between ship and dock for more than three hours. Today Quincy police are preparing to continue dragging.

However, with two outgoing tides, the chances are that the body is already washing out to sea. While the lifeless form is drifting past the outer islands in the harbor, young Henry Edwards is perhaps listening to Drake and Hawkins and Dampier swapping yarns in Fiddlers' Green . . .

THE COURAGE TEST

BY PHELPS SAMPLE

Pittsburgh Press, October 23, 1936

THIS was strictly a rewrite job. City Editor L. J. Fagan looked over the first edition, just off the press, noted an accident round-up on an inside page, circled a dozen lines telling of one of the accidents, and tossed the paper upon Mr. Sample's desk, with the remark, "Looks like a feature; dress it up so we can carry it on page one." He did, and it was, and here it is.

NELSON ROOT, 38, took the "courage test" today. His score was perfect. The courage test is supposed to reveal what kind of person you really are. One of the favorite questions is this:

If you were in the street and saw an auto about to strike someone else, what would you do? Scream a warning? Run for an ambulance? Wave to the driver? Push the imperiled individual out of the way, even at the risk of your own life?

Nelson Root didn't take the test on paper. He took it in real life — with only a split second to record his answer.

Arm-in-arm with his wife, Alice, 32, he was crossing Baum Blvd. at S. St. Clair St. at 2 A.M. when he saw an auto a few feet away roaring down upon them.

If he jumped, his wife would be hit.

If he jumped and tried to pull her with him, they both would be hit.

If he pushed —

His arm flew up and Mrs. Root was sent sprawling to the curb. The wheels which had missed her by inches

crushed her husband. He died without regaining consciousness.

The driver, Ross J. Thomas, 27, of 4201 Brownsville Rd., Brentwood, posted bond with the Coroner.

Grief-stricken Mrs. Root, of 144 S. St. Clair St., recalled:

"As we started across the street the machine seemed to be on top of us all of a sudden. We were walking arm-in-arm.

"I felt him being torn away from me.

"He pushed me out of the path of the machine and I fell down. When I got up to my feet I found that he had been struck by the car."

Mr. Root's death increased to 247 the number who have died in traffic in Allegheny County since Jan. 1. Pittsburgh streets have seen 110 of the deaths.

A FATHER'S WARNING

BY LOU TENDLER

Detroit News, October 1, 1936

THOUGH this story grew out of an assignment by the city editor, the reporter actually brought back a different story from the one he was sent for. The paper had learned that the Kalanski boy was in a critical state and that his sister had donated her blood for a transfusion, and the reporter was to do a "Sister Gives Blood to Save Brother's Life" sort of story. When he found the little house beside the railroad track where the family lived, he was told that the sister was employed as a housemaid and would not be home for a week, and the family did not know her address. The father and mother did not speak English, and none of them was in a mood to talk to a reporter. But Mr. Tandler succeeded, after much effort, in getting one of the daughters to talk, though not freely; and the story she told was that of the father's long and anxious years of trying to impress upon his brood the dangers of the railroad tracks, which were separated from the house only by a ten-foot cinder roadway.

Thus the theme of the story became obvious, and Mr. Tandler sketched it out in his mind as he drove back to the office, and wrote it in fifteen or twenty minutes at his typewriter. The boy died the day after the story appeared.

IT HAPPENED last night, this thing that Michael Kalanski had dreaded and fought against since the day his first child was born 28 years ago in the little house by the railroad tracks at 115 Dey street south.

Throughout the years, as each of his 10 children came, the rumbling of the long freight trains beat an ominous warning against his ears and strengthened that first resolve to make his children constantly aware of the danger that lurked on those gleaming rails.

It was the thing that most concerned all of the little

community huddled into the sprawling triangle formed by the crossing of three sets of tracks.

And when, as frequently happened, one of the neighborhood children forgot parental warnings and was hurt or killed on the tracks, Michael Kalanski murmured a prayer of thanks that it was not one of his and called his brood around him for another lecture, this time with a ghastly object lesson.

Last night, as a westbound Wabash freight moved slowly into the dusk, it was Felix, Michael's 13-year-old, who forgot. No one knows just how it happened. He was on his way to the grocery. One of the neighborhood boys saw him reach for a rung on a box car ladder. Then there was a scream, a confused swirling of arms and legs. Felix lay still beside the tracks, and the freight train continued on.

He was taken to Receiving Hospital. To save his life, surgeons amputated his right arm at the shoulder. Then they spoke of a blood transfusion, and his sister, 18-year-old Stella, came forward. The transfusion was performed.

When the boy slept at last, the doctors sent Michael Kalanski and his children home.

Today, Kalanski took his five-year-old twins, Eddie and Helen, by the hand and led them to the narrow patch of cindered ground which separates the tracks from the Kalanski home.

His voice was low and his face was drawn with grief as he pointed to a locomotive just coming up from the east and began again the patient lecture which had become so familiar through 28 years of repetition.

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LITTLE RED WAGON MARKS GRAVE

BY F. F. GARSIDE

Las Vegas (Nevada) Evening Review-Journal, June 29, 1936

MR. GARSIDE is the publisher of the *Review-Journal*, and also of the *Tonopah Daily Times-Bonanza*. News of the death of the prospector referred to in this story, and of the inquest over his body and the burial with the wagon as a marker, was brought to the paper by a peace officer whose duties had taken him across the desert.

"The discovery of the dead body of a man in the wastelands is not an unusual occurrence," writes Mr. Garside. "Many a 'desert rat,' as such fortune-hunters are usually called, dies there, and years may pass before his bleached bones are found. But it was unusual to hear of a prospector who had dropped in his tracks, and had been given almost immediate burial with a child's play-wagon as marker for his grave. This angle attracted my attention as an exceptional human-interest story, and I wrote it one afternoon when the thermometer in our office was registering around 110 degrees.

"Readers of the *Review-Journal* have often told us that they have seen the lonely grave with the little wagon standing over it on the dry lake. When an infrequent storm occurs on the desert, and water rushes down from the mountain-sides, covering the lake bed, the small vehicle is partly submerged; but when the scorching sun reappears and quickly causes the alkaline water to evaporate, the little red wagon is seen again, undisturbed in the desert."

A CHILD'S red wagon standing alone, out on the scorching drylake, near Stateline, may attract the notice of persons passing that way in cars, for it is not far removed from a well-traveled road; and observers may wonder how the once pretty and shining toy happened to be cast aside in such a desolate and heat-ridden section of the desert.

And, unless it is removed by vandals, the small vehicle may remain there for years, or until it finally falls apart and is strewn across the great open spaces by winds that often beat down upon the wastelands.

For the little wagon marks the last resting place of a lone prospector, one of those intrepid searchers for wealth, who, though knowing the danger that lurks in the desert in the heat of summer, hold little fear of it.

When Theodore Wyteck left Las Vegas on June 20, he started across the desert, pulling behind him a child's wagon laden with all his earthly possessions. Sunday evening his dead body was found on the drylake, beside the vehicle. From all appearances he had suffered sunstroke and, like many a "desert rat" before him, had "died in his tracks."

Two Indians came upon the man's lifeless body about six o'clock in the evening, and hurried to Nipton, where they notified Harry Trehern, coroner. After conducting an inquest at the scene of the desert tragedy, and determining that Wyteck had come to his death as a result of being overcome by heat, the coroner directed that the body be buried where found. The wagon was placed over the grave as a monument. The meagre possessions of the dead man were taken to Nipton.

The unfortunate had little of value with him. In his pockets was found a small amount of money. The wagon carried his bedding and some clothing. His provisions consisted largely of dried fruit. A half-filled canteen was lying close by.

Wyteck had lived at the Montana hotel, Las Vegas, more than a year. Little is known here regarding his past, except that he was known to have come here from Florida. He was about 55 years old, and, as far as known, had no relatives.

DEATH COMES TO ROGERS AND POST IN ALASKAN WILDS

BY FRANK DAUGHERTY

United Press, August 16, 1935

THE first news of the Rogers-Post smash came from the United States Signal Corps office at Seattle. The A.P. Bureau at Seattle made an early routine call on this office, and thus was first to obtain the news and to send out the flash. Sergeant Morgan's subsequent telegraphic report was made available to all news services.

The following story by Mr. Daugherty, string correspondent of the U.P. at Point Barrow, was the first detailed account from the scene of the disaster. He and Sergeant Morgan were the first white men to reach the wreck, approaching it in a whaleboat manned by Alaskan natives.

All newspaper correspondents in Alaska had been, of course, instructed to keep a watchful eye upon the vacation tour of the famous humorist and his flier-companion. This story was filed at Point Barrow for radio transmission after the return of the whaleboat, in which the bodies of the dead men had been brought to the settlement.

Point Barrow, Alaska

WILL ROGERS, the cowboy humorist, and Wiley Post, 'round-the-world flier, were killed at 8.18 P.M. Thursday [2.18 A.M. Friday, New York time] when Post's new plane crashed on the frozen tundra fifteen miles south of here.

The crash occurred as the two were taking off from a native village where they had stopped when forced down by engine trouble and a dense fog that shrouded this northernmost civilized post of Alaska.

During their three-hour stay at the village they had dinner with the Eskimos and Post repaired his missing motor.

The motors failed again, the natives said, just as the plane took off from the river where it had landed. The ship crashed to the tundra at the edge of the stream and broke up in the frozen moss hummocks.

The craft's right wing was broken and its engine was driven back into the cabin. The plane grounded on its back. Post's body was crushed by the motor. Rogers was thrown out of the plane. Both apparently died instantly.

The country surrounding the scene is almost as low as the river. The moss hummocks, partly frozen, protrude from water. The plane crushed the hummocks when it crashed, and rescuers worked in about two feet of water to extricate the bodies.

Post's watch on his wrist had stopped at 8.18 P.M., fixing the time of the wreck. Rogers' watch was running when Sergeant Stanley Morgan, of the United States Signal Corps, and I reached the wreckage.

We had been notified by a native who came running, terrified, into Point Barrow with news of the tragedy. We reached the scene in a motor-whale-boat manned by natives.

Rogers' body was found lying outside the plane. It was badly battered. It was necessary to pull the wreck to pieces to extricate Post's body, which was completely submerged, as he lay crushed and still beneath the tangle of the wreckage of the motor and controls. Gasoline had spewed on the water and caught fire, flaming briskly for a few moments.

The plane was demolished.

The bodies were placed in the whale boat and brought here, where they were taken to the Presbyterian Mission

hospital by Dr. Henry Griest, its superintendent. They will be held here until the Coast Guard cutter Northland returns to take them to Nome. The Northland left Point Barrow only yesterday after its annual summer visit, when it brings a doctor, dentist, United States Commissioner and supplies for the government employees here.

Post, 'round-the-world record holder, and Rogers, the humorist, movie actor and famous air traveler, were on a leisurely trip around Alaska.

Originally intending to visit Point Barrow several days ago, instead they flew from Aklavik, N. W. T., to Fairbanks and spent the interval visiting central Alaskan points. They took off yesterday from Fairbanks, and their arrival had been awaited at this farthest north outpost of civilization with keen anticipation by the few white persons here.

While natives and whites struggled to beach the boat carrying the bodies here, an ink-stained piece of paper fell from Rogers' pocket into the sea.

Unfolded, the soggy paper was discovered to be a roto-gravure picture of Rogers' daughter, Mary, vacationing in Maine.

One of the natives fell beneath the rollers which were used to beach the heavy whaling boat. He was badly crushed.

Stray bits of wreckage caught in the current of the river on the bank of which the plane landed and floated down into the Arctic Ocean.

FIRST-PERSON SURVIVOR STORIES

BY ERNEST LENN

San Francisco News, February 13, 1935

COVERAGE of the wreck of the dirigible Macon and the rescue of its crew presented many difficulties the night of February 12-13 and the next morning. The seas were rough and covered with fog, and the inadequately dressed newspaper men who hired boats and went out to find the place where the Macon had gone down off Point Sur suffered from seasickness, cold, and wind-burns.

Getting the survivor stories when the men were brought into San Francisco had its difficulties of a somewhat different kind. Mr. Lenn, who had been out reviewing a play when the news broke, was kept at work all night battling out routine rewrite on the Macon's history, crew, etc. Meanwhile word had been received that most of the crew had been picked up and were aboard navy destroyers headed for San Francisco.

"That morning," writes Mr. Lenn, "bleary-eyed after having worked all day and all night, I was assigned to get a launch and board the cruiser Richmond, bearing most of the survivors, as she steamed into San Francisco Bay.

"It was a grey day and freezing cold on the Bay. Once aboard the ship, I had to work fast, for the men were to be transferred to a shore-boat at once, and landed. I scuttled about, firing questions among the men, and scribbling notes hastily. But when I looked at my watch it was 11.20, and the deadline for our big noon edition is 11.40. That meant I had to get off the boat in a hurry, get to land and hit a phone, if I wanted to make the edition.

"Of course, the launch that had brought me out had left. I saw the survivors getting into a shore-boat. I tried to get in with them, but was shoved aside by sailors in charge. Other newspaper men aboard were in the same fix; in spite of our protests, we were told we must wait for the next shore-boat. But I had to make that edition.

"Just as the boat carrying the survivors was pulling out, I

took a running jump, cut through the sailors on guard, and leaped about six feet into a mass of survivors. I was lucky they didn't turn back, but they headed for the landing-wharf half a mile away with me as the only newspaper man aboard. Crowded in with the survivors, I got some swell exclusive stuff from them. Aboard the Richmond they had been almost sullen; now, on the way to their families, they were more cheerful, and, what was more to the point, talkative!

"As soon as we landed I leaped ashore and hit a phone, calling the office. It was just about deadline time, but the city editor told me to start dictating my survivors' stories to a stenographer. That meant pawing over my notes hastily, racing against time. But we made the city edition, and the *News* was the first paper on the streets with the men's and officers' stories."

Promotion pictures appeared later, evidently shot from the cruiser, showing Mr. Lenn in the boat interviewing survivors.

HERE are stories of the Macon disaster survivors, told in their own words as they arrived fresh from one of the most heroic chapters in the annals of the Navy:

LIEUT. G. W. CAMPBELL
OFFICER OF THE DECK

Commander Wiley and I were in the control car. We were the last ones to leave. The Macon was floating around in the water. The chief looked at me and said, "Boy, we'd better jump."

We had our rubber life belts on and we plunged out side by side. I dove down pretty deep and then the ship conked me on the head as I came up. I imagine I passed out. Anyway, I was acting rather goofy. I could see Commander Wiley swimming with powerful over-hand strokes about 15 feet away. I took on a lot of salt water.

The commander must have looked back and noticed me wallowing around because he came swimming back, grabbed me by the head and began towing me to the nearest life raft about 50 feet away.

It took me some time to realize what had happened. I still have a bit of a headache from that conk on the head.

LIEUT. COMDR. SCOTT PECK
MACON NAVIGATOR

There was no hectic storm and no explosion. About 30 minutes before we hit the water the ship lurched heavily. It was a gust of wind from the Carmel mountains, I guess. We had difficulty manipulating the ship. The upper fin was carried away. The helium gas bags were ripped away, too.

I guess it was unavoidable. Otherwise the weather was pretty calm.

We still tried desperately to get away from the high Carmel mountains. I imagine what happened to our ship mechanically was much the same as what happened to the Akron. The only way I can account for the fin being carried away is that it must have been pretty weak.

Commander Wiley told me, in a rather crisp but calm voice, "All right, fellow, we'd better abandon ship. Make it a personal order. Never mind the communication tubes." So I walked from one end of the ship to the other, saying as calmly as I could, "Stand by to abandon ship, fellows." Some of the men were sleeping and I had to wake them up.

The gang took the orders good-naturedly. There were no hysterics, no uncomfortable squirmings — only perfect discipline. They sort of shrugged their shoulders and seemed to smile and say to themselves, "Well, we've got to do it."

The hero of the disaster was E. E. Dailey, radio man. He stood by his post, crackling out those messages. I gave Dailey the last message that we were abandoning ship. We could hear the water swishing around us, but Dailey just sat there, chewing away at a hunk of gum and

sending out our location. That location sending probably saved our lives, but cost Dailey's life.

I left him, and the boys told me that they later saw him leap at a huge height, about 125 feet, from the ship. He probably had no knowledge of just how far the water was below him. He just bailed out. There is a possibility that the concussion with which he hit smashed his life belt, stunned him. He probably sank right away.

A. T. CLAY

MACON COMMANDER ON TEMPORARY DUTY

We had no difficulty with weather until about 30 minutes before we hit the water.

Please don't ask me what I think about the future of dirigibles and navy warfare. That's taboo. This was my second trip aboard the Macon. I was to assume command of Moffett Field in about three months.

We had no conception of how high up we were. Where I was in the bow I imagined we were 75 feet up and I jumped from there. My watch stopped at about 5.14 and the ship floated and began breaking up about 6.45. We paddled around in life rafts for about an hour and a half.

There was a light rain and heavy swells. The boys sat around shivering. Capt. Leigh Noyes, captain of the cruiser, Richmond, deserves a lot of credit for picking us up as quickly as he did.

Some of our boys were pretty well nauseated by the gas of the light pots that we had out.

LIEUT. H. N. COULTER
OF THE MACON

I was in the forward gun room when the ship suddenly nosed up. I was not thrown upon the floor, but it was a terrible jar. I then went up to the forward part of the ship and was helping to trim ship in the nose.

I stayed there until after it had hit the water and remained there until the nose turned up vertically. Then I lowered myself on a rope about 150 feet to the water. I was not in the water long before I found a rubber lifeboat. It was then another 40 minutes or so before the Richmond picked us up.

MAXIMO CARIASO
MESS BOY ON THE MACON

I feel happy today. I have every reason to be happy. But I can't smile.

My pal, Florantino Edquiba, he is missing, dead perhaps. We were great friends. We come from the same part of the Philippines. When the call came to abandon ship we had to report to our landing stations. I went to one side of the dirigible. He went to the other. There was only time for a quick hand-shake. A good luck and an adios . . . that's the last I saw of my good friend, Edquiba.

V. T. MOSS
PHARMACIST'S MATE ABOARD THE MACON

After I hit the water I looked up and saw the bow up in the air, while one-half of the ship was lying in the water.

I and all those about me in the water swam desperately to get out of the way of that huge bow. We didn't know how soon it would crash down on us.

When I finally reached the life raft, it was overloaded. So I had to hang onto the side. Out of the darkness I heard a cry: "Help, I'm drowning!"

I swam in the direction of the cry. I found Julius Malak, a machinist's mate, his life belt deflated. He was very weak and about 50 feet from my raft. I grabbed hold of his clothing and swam back to the raft with him.

Shortly after, another raft came alongside, and we in the water climbed aboard.

J. C. GILLMORE
ELECTRICIAN'S MATE, FIRST CLASS, MACON

I was in the generator room in the middle of the ship when I felt her nose up. When we hit the water I stayed aboard awhile and then slid down a rope 20 feet into a rubber boat. I tore the hide off both my hands.

STEUART S. BROWN
COMMANDER OF THE CRUISER CINCINNATI

We were approximately 29 miles from the dirigible when the call for aid came. We turned around, and at the rate of 26 knots per hour sped to the scene. When we arrived, life boats dotted the ocean amidst the wreckage. We swept our searchlights over the water.

Now and then a terrific explosion came from below the water, scattering wreckage in every direction, endangering the swimmers. This was from calcium carbide tanks, which explode when they hit the water.

We let two motor launches over the side and picked up six men on a life raft. We were the third ship there. The crews of the cruisers Concord and Richmond had already picked up the others.

ARTHUR M. OLIVER
COXSWAIN

Oh, boy, what a honeymoon!

I married the swellest girl in the world Saturday. I met her a year ago when she came through with some friends inspecting Sunnyvale. It was love at first sight. Well, we eventually got hitched Saturday. I couldn't get leave to go on a honeymoon, so I kissed Kathleen good-by and said to myself this trip will have to be my honeymoon.

Well, I was in the airplane hangar asleep when the call

came through to abandon ship. I leaped from a height of about 30 feet. I was pretty well stunned by the impact and the force caused my rubber life belt to burst. I had to do a lot of powerful kicking to stay afloat. I thought a lot of the wife and said to myself, "What a hell of a honeymoon!" over and over. Thrashing around in that icy water, Kathleen's picture began coming to my mind.

So, I thought I'd have to win out for Kathleen. I was chilled through and through. I felt as though I were entombed in a glacier, but eventually I got to a life raft. The Macon carried about eight, and shortly before we abandoned ship we threw them overboard. I sat floating around in that life raft for about two hours, I reckon, with about nine other fellows, three of them officers. We were drenched. Our legs shook, our teeth chattered. The officers weren't stiff and formal. They were regular fellows. All the stiff formality was forgotten. We sat huddled together pitching about on the heavy swells.

When we got aboard the Richmond they treated us swell. They bundled us into blankets; they dried our clothes; they deluged us with steaming hot java, and boy, did that taste good! They lavished tons of sandwiches on us and cigarets. It seemed like heaven, except that Kathleen wasn't there.

They rigged up hammocks for us, which meant the boys from the Richmond had to bunk on the floor. They were perfect hosts, and how!

Well, as soon as we land I guess we'll have to report down to Sunnyvale, and it will mean hours before I see the wife. But thank God that "honeymoon" is over.

THE RESCUE OF THE DIXIE

BY CECIL RHEA WARREN

Miami Daily News, September 6, 1935

MR. WARREN is a seasoned hurricane reporter, having covered all of them in the last ten years, beginning with the tragic storm of 1926. The most arduous, he says, was that of 1928, which devastated the Okeechobee section, when he went four days and nights without sleep and with little to eat but chocolate bars.

Five stories were the result of the 1935 storm's coverage, of which the one here presented, describing the reporter's own experience, was the fifth. The first described the finding of the *Dixie*; the second the beginning of the rescue of the passengers; the third gave survivors' stories, and the fourth that of the captain.

ARINGSIDE seat to see 353 souls saved from the maw of a raging ocean has just been mine for the better part of three days.

A few decades ago, grounding of the Morgan liner, *Dixie*, on French reef might have meant a tragic loss of lives, certainly days of torture for crew and passengers. Today, thanks to modern science and good seamanship, the 231 passengers and crew of 122 are safely ashore, with only minor injuries. Search for the stranded vessel began the night of the accident, removal of passengers the day after. Before the days of modern maritime equipment, weeks might have been wasted in searching for the vessel.

A telephone call at 2 A.M. Monday from Hal I. Leyshon, editor of the *Daily News*, ordered me aboard the *Carrabasset*. It was scheduled to leave at 4 A.M. Rounding up photographic and other supplies made it 3.30 A.M. before I left Miami, but rapid driving put me at the vessel's side in Port Everglades on time.

There was a high wind and waves were pounding at the docks. Knowing the narrowness of the harbor channel, the temerity of veteran skippers in entering it in any considerable wind, I could not believe anyone would dare to move the Carrabasset until it had died to a breeze. Aboard, I sought out Captain John McCann.

"We sail at daylight, if we sail," he said tersely. "However, only one newspaperman will be taken and one's aboard."

He explained it was a ruling of the service. I argued the importance of my paper being represented. He was adamant. There was one hope — arrange with the newspaperman aboard to take his place if it would be agreeable. The newspaperman explained he was under orders from his paper to remain. Telephone calls to Miami and to Fort Lauderdale representatives who might influence the captain were fruitless. Finally, by accident, I called the newspaperman's paper. Generously, they offered to permit me to take the place of their own man. It was then breaking day.

A man was sent with me to the boatside to recall him. The boat was casting off. I tossed my camera and equipment aboard and leaped three feet of intervening green and very choppy water. Never glancing at my equipment, I ran about the vessel, shouting for the man I was to supplant. The breach between ship and shore had widened to 20 feet. Crew members called. "Too late now!" A service regulation smashed to smithereens!

"Where's the captain?" I asked wildly. "On the bridge," someone said. "All right to speak with him?" was my next question. "Sure, it's all right," was the answer.

Somewhere I had heard it wasn't a safe thing to do to talk to the captain when he is on the bridge, and the thing kept bothering me as I ran to the bridge.

"Captain —" I began.

The terms the captain used were salty, explosive, most expressive! They convinced me I had been right about the matter of speaking to the captain on the bridge. I put on a fine show of having speedy business elsewhere, in the meantime catching visions of myself in irons, fed to the sharks or otherwise hastily disposed of at sea. It is not good to smash government regulations.

The newspaperman was found, but declined emphatically to hurl himself the now 30 feet to shore. That settled it; besides, the ship was doing funny things. I grabbed myself an iron support and wound myself around it. A second later a passing playful wave dumped some 30 gallons of water over me and I had been initiated into the gallant band of sea rovers.

A few more dousings and we were at the harbor mouth. Then came the grand daddy wave of them all. We breasted it and then the bow of the Carrabasset dived down, down until it struck something that made it tremble throughout its length. Members of the crew standing near glanced meaningly at one another.

"Whew-w-w!" whistled one. "Bottom, that time," said another.

I never knew how close they thought we'd come to disaster until later at a gabfest for the old-timers. "Thought we were gone sure," said one veteran. "Yeah, I was beginning to think about a lifebelt," said another. "Well, the old man said he'd stick her in the channel when daylight came, and he did," said another, "but I thought sure we'd knocked the bottom out that time." It was then too late for even a greenhorn to get scared. Incidentally, I learned the term "old man," applied to the captain is one of admiration. It cannot apply to age in Captain McCann's case.

Day was just a world of gray sky and towering waves,

whipped by wind that reached a maximum velocity of 55 miles an hour. The Carrabasset would bury its bow in a wave, stand on its stern and shake the tons of water it had collected back over itself. Hatches were battened down and it was so hot below even the top of the refrigerator in the ward room was blistering to the touch, so the crew, collected on the deck, received the full benefit of all watery offerings. We grouped about the smokestacks to keep warm. It is a bit disconcerting to get yourself nicely toasted on all four sides and then have a cold dash of seawater down your neck undo all the good work.

If ever a ship loped, the Carrabasset did, quite horse-like, but not a good up and down lope. It had a nasty wiggle to it. Junior members of the crew soon began to close their eyes as if trying to remember something long forgotten. They swayed weakly and turned amazingly pale. At intervals they disappeared. Even the old seamen talked hastily of trivialities. They, too, soon took to sudden wanderings. So when some time later, having gone breakfastless, I too was afraid I would and wouldn't die, I wasn't at all embarrassed. I had plenty of veteran company. It was late that night before I got on speaking terms with a ham sandwich. Seasickness touched all but about three of the crew.

In the face of the heavy wind, we were able to average only about two miles an hour throughout the day and it was not until after night we sighted the Miami Daily News tower and Fowey light. Sleep was next to impossible. A ventilator leading to the crew's quarters was smashed by a heavy sea. The air conduits leading to the bunks, I was told, were suddenly transformed by the accident into waterspouts, dousing all beds. A broken port glass and one loosened in the fore part of the ship and over the quarters, flooded them. The crew was driven to the deck.

We bunked in any convenient place. Using spare clothes as a mattress, I slept all over the ship. I was drenched with salt spray on a ventilator top, alternately roasted and drenched draped around a smoke stack base and lost several pounds from perspiration on a couch in the ward room. On the couch, my last stand, I woke to broad daylight to find the Dixie lying a short distance away. Several ships were standing by. The ship's radio, cluttered with many other messages, was employed in sending dispatches to newspapers. We scanned the waiting ships, then circled to examine the Dixie. Fresh winds and choppy seas delayed rescue attempts until afternoon.

The main story of the day, 600 words long, and grief with it, came when the first boatload of passengers was brought to the Carrabasset. They were hastily interviewed. Briefer messages had been taken by the radio operator on ordinary paper and obligingly transcribed to proper blanks, but confronted by the longer story, he ordered it be written on radiogram blanks.

The operator, Charles Day, had a right to kick. He was literally swamped with messages, and besides it was his birthday and he had been able to eat but half a sandwich. When he left port, a birthday dinner had been promised him. Arguments that it was also my wedding anniversary failed to move him.

It was growing close to the hour when no more copy could be accepted by my paper, but the story was rewritten on the proper blanks. There was a brisk wind blowing around the radio station so I employed a pair of pliers, lying conveniently near, to weigh the sheets down, but evidently those pliers had other uses. I was just turning away from the door when out skittered the precious sheets on a passing breeze. All were corralled by Day but two. One sailed majestically down in the engine room, the other

took across the deck. Leaving Day to worry with the engine room quarry, I chased the other. It landed neatly in the ocean, alongside the vessel. I shouted despairingly to a man on the deck below to save it. There was a scramble but no results. Tantalizingly the sheet teetered on a wave, then began a descent, slow and waveringly, to the deeps.

Returning, I found Day more successful, but the sheet that got away, he said, was the first of the copy, meaning there would be nothing sent until it was rewritten. Before it was done, the edition was probably on the streets.

Coast guard hardships in rescue of the passengers of the Dixie were not confined to aboard ship, however. Those who manned the life boats had their troubles. About 15 boats put off from the various vessels standing by when the Dixie sent out its first boatload. Oil on the water and the vessel sides hindered handling passengers. The first boatload, all men, were volunteers, asked to take the step to inspire others. The life boats were tied together to safely maneuver along the side of the vessel. There were so many they were in each other's way. Some difficulty in loading was caused also by the height of the hatch of the Dixie from the water, about 15 feet, and the choppy waves also hindered landing them on the Carrabasset.

Throughout the rescue work, the coast guardsmen, from captain to cook, co-operated in perfect unison. Crew and passengers were cheered with hot coffee and sandwiches, and under treatment from the coast guard, the passengers aboard seemed more like members of a gay, holidaying party than persons rescued from disaster.

When they were loaded, the Carrabasset transported them to Miami and then, without delaying, retraced its course to the Dixie, lying by until the last passenger had been removed.

No courtesy was too great for the crew members to show

the survivors or newspapermen disseminating the news. Their attitude toward every service is perhaps best expressed in the words of Captain McCann, who performed the first courageous deed of the mission by daringly taking the Carrabasset through the narrow channel of Port Everglades:

“It’s all in the day’s work.”

SMOKE

BY ALVIN D. HYMAN

San Francisco Examiner, September 28, 1936

"THE smoke story came out of an assignment that failed.

"On September 27, wire services carried meager bulletins: Bandon, Oregon, some 400 miles north of San Francisco, was being destroyed by forest fire.

"At 1 P.M., Joseph Daneri, photographer, and I received this assignment from Joshua Eppinger, acting city editor: Fly to Bandon; land as close as possible; get into the town by automobile, horseback or on foot; shoot a few fast pictures and get a general impression of the scene; without fail, be back in the office with story and pictures by 7 P.M.

"We did none of these things. We did, on the word of our pilot, E. F. Mouton, fly over the town of Bandon. Also on his word, it was impossible to land within 50 or 75 miles of the doomed town, because of dense smoke which apparently curtailed the entire world.

"Through a sudden rift in the curtain we caught a fleeting glimpse of flames advancing on the neighboring town of Coquille. We headed east. Where conditions permitted, we dived through smoke and shot some pictures on the fringes of distant forest fires. We put in at Medford, Oregon, to replenish our remaining cupful of gas and assure the office, by telephone, that we'd be in by 7.

"We got in at 9.30. For at least half of the interval, we were completely lost, somewhere over Northern California. In the last light of the murky day we had watched Mt. Shasta slide by close to port. Then we flew in utter darkness, relieved occasionally by the glow of a forest fire below. Smoke, even in the upper reaches of the Sacramento valley, a hundred miles and more east of the main fire area, hid highways, lights and other possible bearings.

"Occasionally, Mouton would nose his plane through the smoke, seeking bearings. Once we came through directly above a brightly lighted town. What town we don't know yet. When, eventually, we picked up the welcome beam of an airways beacon, we were hours overdue.

"In the office, I reported: 'We saw nothing but smoke.' Ep-pinger ordered: 'Well, write it. Write what you saw. Write it in the first person; that's the only way to tell it.'

"So — I tried to tell what nobody on the ground could possibly conceive — the vast extent of that curtain of smoke, as seen from above, stretching endlessly for hundreds of miles, hiding the town of Bandon and most of California and Oregon from us." — A. D. H.

I SAW smoke yesterday.

It was the smoke of a hundred forest fires, the smoke of two States burning.

It boiled from the toppling trees of the Coast Range, the Cascades and the Siskiyou, and it wove a livid pall over thousands of square miles, from Mendocino County in California to the Columbia River in Oregon.

It diffused itself into a bluish haze that spread rapidly inland to blot the sun out of valleys, canyons and gullies. Along the coast, it leaped upward in swelling clouds, that climbed two miles into the air.

I know, because I saw it there. I saw it from the plane piloted by E. F. Mouton, former aeronautics inspector for the Department of Commerce. For five solid hours Mouton drove his plane through, over and around smoke — and each hour meant 150 miles.

We ran into it shortly after watching Santa Rosa sweep by, 7000 feet beneath us. A thin, bluish haze began to thicken. The odor of burning wood became apparent. Visibility began to dwindle. It was near the vanishing point as we rushed over Hopland, Mendocino County.

Four detached fires, apparently confined to small wooded canyons, were hurling their smoke into the haze from the area immediately below. A fifth, covering a larger area, swam into view. And then, without warning, the world vanished.

Smoke cut off every vestige of view below, and stretched

in all directions to meet the horizon. That, Mouton informed us, was "smog" — a mixture of smoke and fog. For a half hour, we cruised above this opaque curtain, seeing nothing but smoke.

And then, directly ahead, we saw more smoke. It rolled, geyser-like, above the general level of the smoke plateau over which we were cruising. That huge pillar of smoke, it became apparent, was the source of most of the smoke-haze which cut us off from the earth below.

Mouton added altitude to our cruising level. We went up to 10,000 feet, and then we swung east. That took us, temporarily, to one side of the smoke curtain.

We catch a glimpse of two canyons, and a dozen plumes of smoke rising from each canyon — and then the curtain closes in on us again.

Now the curtain changes color — from blue to thick yellow. To our right, above the horizon where smoke and sky seem to meet, Mt. Shasta's glaciated tip is clearly visible. From that — the only bearing possible — we judge we are somewhere over Humboldt County. To the west and to the north nothing is visible but the thick, yellow smoke, which tells us that fire is raging fiercely below.

Now comes a brief interlude of comparative clearness. Del Norte County, we surmise, is more fortunate than Mendocino and Humboldt, since only its coastal strip is hidden by smoke.

Now we are crossing into Oregon. The interval of clearness gives way to haze, which is supplanted by bluish smoke, which yields to thick yellow smoke. Mouton shakes his head, points to a cloud-like formation directly before us, and starts climbing. We are at the 12,000-foot level when we are close enough to determine, definitely, that the formation is one of smoke, and not clouds.

It billows and spreads for miles over the general vicinity

of what was once Bandon, Oregon. As far north and as far west as the eye will carry, that thick yellow smoke persists. It opens up somewhat to the immediate east. It shows the Coquille valley. It shows smoke pouring from a series of smaller fires all along that valley.

Unable to penetrate the rising smoke bank further to the north, we swing east.

As we cross range after range in the 80-odd miles between the coast and Medford, we sight fire after fire — some small and isolated, some covering a front of miles. Northwest of Grant's Pass, a wall of smoke is pouring from timberland as far as the eye will carry. Directly west of that town a small fire is burning. Along the Rogue River, five minutes south of Grant's Pass, a dozen small fires are spotted.

All hurl their smoke into the currents of the upper air — which weave it into the pall that covers two States.

DEATH IN DARK SWAMP

BY JOHN F. WELLS

Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock), January 15, 1936

IT BECAME known to press bureaus and newspapers about 8 P.M. on January 14 that American Airline officials had lost contact with one of their through planes somewhere west of Memphis, that it was overdue at Little Rock, and that fears were being entertained for its safety. Telephones into Arkansas were kept hot for four hours, while reporters mobilized for a dash to the scene of the possible disaster sat by in agonized inaction. When the flash of the wreck in a swamp near the village of Goodwin came about midnight, press services and newspapers leaped into action. The *Memphis Commercial Appeal* sent a private plane. Automobile loads of reporters and camera men from Memphis and Little Rock were on the scene in less than an hour. At Goodwin there was a frantic search for rubber boots, for without them it was almost impossible to penetrate the four-mile morass.

When City Editor Wells, of the *Arkansas Gazette*, received the flash, he immediately got in touch with a photographer, Joe Wirges, who was out on another job; the managing editor took over the city desk, and Wells and Wirges were on their way. Their story is told below.

On leaving the swamp, with notes and exposed film, they drove back ten miles to Brinkley, sixty-seven miles from Little Rock, and telephoned their office with instructions to prepare a map. An hour and a half later they were back in Little Rock; and early workers in stores and office buildings found an extra on the street with a full front-page spread of pictures, map, and by-line stories, including the passenger list from Fort Worth A.P. Writing the story (somewhat shortened here) with numbed fingers required over an hour, but it was in type before the engraver finished the cuts.

SEVENTEEN lives—including those of W. R. Dyess, Arkansas WPA administrator, and R. H. McNair, Jr., WPA director of finance and reports—were snuffed out when a Douglas liner of the American Airlines crashed near Goodwin, St. Francis county, about 7.20 last night.

The dead include the pilot, co-pilot, stewardess and all the 14 passengers.

Cessation of the ship's radio communication with the airlines office at Memphis at 7.18 caused alarm, and the worst fears were confirmed not long afterward when a farmer, George Jones, of near Goodwin, walked to the J. W. French store in that little town and reported that he had heard a deafening roar in the great swamp to the northeastward.

Chance led J. M. Campbell, Jr., son of Sheriff Campbell of St. Francis county, to Goodwin at the same time, and after hearing Jones's report, he called his father and, together with several volunteers, they set out to find the lost airplane, for there was no doubt in their minds as to what had gone down in the swamp.

Airlines officials in Memphis and Little Rock hastened to Goodwin, hoping that the pilot, Jerry Marshall, one of the country's veteran commercial fliers, and his co-pilot, Glenn Freeland, had made a successful forced landing.

But even before the sheriff and his party arrived, others had reached the scene of the carnage, and word had been started out to civilization, seemingly far off, so desolate is the spot where the twin-motored plane sent its human cargo to a terrible death.

Two Alcohol Tax Unit agents, J. S. Merrick and Barton L. Fry, stationed at Forrest City, were preparing to start out in search of a still when they heard that a plane had fallen. At once, they abandoned all idea of looking for moonshiners and started toward Goodwin.

They, along with Jim Perry, Forrest City carpenter, and Jeff Grimes, farmer of the Goodwin vicinity, were probably the first to find the torn remnants of what had been a fine plane and the horribly mutilated bodies that were strewn about in the marsh.

It was not long, however, till others found their way to the place, but more than three hours elapsed after the tragedy occurred before the rest of the world knew for certain that none had survived the airplane flight that started from Memphis at 7.04 P.M. with Little Rock scheduled as the next stop 55 minutes later.

The few who had penetrated the wilderness warned new arrivals against attempting to reach the plane. They told of knee-deep water, seas of mud, and trails that were impenetrable where there were trails of any sort.

Hip-length boots obtained at the French store and a Negro who volunteered his services as guide were all that enabled the *Gazette's* staff members to travel the mile or two from the highway into the swamp.

Most of the area was under water, and the Negro guide, B. B. Walker, knew the country and as unerringly as though he held a compass in his hand he led the way to the fire around which Sheriff Campbell and others were warming themselves while awaiting the arrival of the coroner, J. C. Crawford, from Forrest City.

The fire where the sheriff and his party were found was at the west end of the arena in which one of aviation's greatest disasters had taken place. A few yards to the east was one of the Douglas's twin motors. It evidently had sailed beyond the rest of the wreckage, carried by the impetus of its own weight. Its parts had been twisted as though they were of tinfoil.

Ten feet to the left was the body of a man. Death had been merciful to him, at least. It had come to him before he knew what had happened. His clothes had been ripped

off, save for a tatter that remained of an undershirt. His body was in slivers, and the flesh had been scraped off what remained of his legs. His feet were missing. An arm's length away was a cushion from the airliner. The cushion was intact, but on it was a foot. That was all. Just the foot of some human being, whose body was somewhere out there in the darkness.

By that time the clouds had cleared away, and the moon was high in the heavens. Searchers remarked sadly that perhaps if the moon had been up four or five hours earlier, there would not have been this grim picture for it to light up now.

The thick growth of trees, nearly bare of leaves, themselves lent a spectral touch. A few, splintered by the impact of the plane, stood like a great fan against the light of the sky.

One hundred feet from the motor that was found first was its twin. A tree had caused it to fall sooner than the other. From it could be seen, 60 feet distant, the smashed cabin of the ship. Here, in truth, was the center of desolation. Some poor mortal had been crushed between the cabin and a tree. What remained of him was too ghastly even to think about.

Off there to the right was a wing, twisted as though it were a dishrag. Between the two were bodies, or rather many parts of bodies. They had been dragged and carried there by the rescue parties. There were at least eight among them. A count by means of flashlights and lanterns, held in trembling hands, indicated there might be eleven.

Occasionally some searcher would report discovery of another body, but it was evident that hours would elapse before all 17 would be accounted for. The eight — or was it 11? — were waiting for the coroner to arrive and hold his grisly inquest, and render an official finding as to the

manner of their death. A useless procedure, it seemed, but it was the law. And while the search went on, Cecil West, traffic representative at Little Rock for American Airlines, remained at the highway until the coroner came from Forrest City.

Here again was melodrama — for the coroner is a cripple. Mr. Crawford, a constable at the time, was shot and wounded five years ago while carrying out the duties of a peace officer. Unable to walk, he explained to Mr. West that he must be carried. So he was placed on a stretcher and four men carried him through that mire and dense woods.

No complaint came from him, however, and he wasted no time in calling for St. Francis county citizens to serve as jurors in compliance with the statute prescribing the method of inquest. It was arranged that another stretcher would be used to carry the corpses by the coroner and his jury. This done, and the verdict rendered, the grim task of removing the human remnants could begin.

Ambulances, scores of them, it appeared, came from Memphis and towns nearer by and stayed at the highway from long before midnight until dawn. Mr. Sharp had sent an undertaker to the scene to take charge of Mr. Dyess's body, but the mortician had been unable when the coroner arrived to say which among the dead had been Arkansas's relief administrator. Nor could acquaintances of Mr. McNair identify him.

Someone picked up a tiny shoe from the slime.

"Was there a baby on board?"

No one knew. No child's body had been located. But the world outside knew that there was a little tot in the plane, for the airlines passenger list showed that Seba David Horovitz of Wakefield, Mass., whose fourth birthday was Monday, had died with his mother, Mrs. Samuel Horovitz and his grandmother, Mrs. B. Horovitz.

In California, Seba David's daddy, a Boston lawyer, had been looking forward to a vacation with his boy, his wife and mother. And instead they lay unrecognized and unrecognizable here in an Arkansas swamp.

About 200 yards east of where the first motor fell the tops of trees had been clipped off. When that had happened, the pilots must have known that not a chance was left. Trees tore away parts of the undercarriage and the wings, which could still be seen hanging on limbs.

Then had come the crash — the crash that was loudest of several and which must have been the one that George Jones heard two or three miles away. The passengers perhaps had been startled by the crackling trees, but the plane, traveling perhaps at 100 miles an hour or more, had given them no time to dwell upon their danger.

In a flash, as the cabin and the widespread wings had bowled over tall trees, all 17 — the 14 passengers, the two aviators and the stewardess — must have died. The cabin had buckled as though it had been an egg grasped in the hand of a giant.

Bodies, slashed and broken, had gone hurtling through the trees, scattered like so many marbles tossed out of a bag. Life had ended for all of them before they landed in the marsh, and were partially or entirely covered by the water of the oozing swamp.

So terrific was the force with which the plane had plunged into the trees that even the clothes were shredded off the passengers and crew.

The ship carried mail, and several of the pouches were intact, but others had fared less well and air mail letters were scattered about, some already ruined by the water, some floating about, washed this way and that as boots plopped in the mud.

Postoffice Inspector C. C. Taul and Efton Lewis, assistant chief clerk of the Railway Mail Service, came from

Little Rock as soon as possible and prepared to take charge of such mail as they could assemble. They and several others took advantage of the coroner's arrival to accompany him and Mr. West as far as possible on a farm wagon to which two mules were hitched. That wasn't very far, though, and there was plenty of wet walking still to be done.

Newspapermen, postal officials, peace officers, undertakers' employes and airlines representatives were there because there was work to do, but many who were frankly curious risked pneumonia to be on hand.

"THE FLOOD OF THE CENTURY"

BY THOMAS E. LEWIS

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, March 23, 1936

WRITES Mr. Lewis:

"The story was written to go with a pictorial history of the flood. The whole thing was the management's idea.

"I had been doing rewrite on the day-to-day events of the flood, and had made one trip through part of the flood region; so it was natural, I suppose, that I should have been nominated to do the roundup. The story was written on Sunday afternoon, in about two hours, mostly from memory and clippings from the morgue, in the manner of x-copy, with the lead tacked on later.

"I recall I did a rather wordy, over-done, seventh-grade-essay-to-impress-teacher sort of lead, which came back to my desk from William B. Craig, the managing editor, with the notation: 'This story is still too much alive for a literary lead. Make it a straight news lead.'

"The lead then was rewritten as printed."

The page made an impressive showing, with the comprehensive story by Mr. Lewis, a six-column cut of a Johnstown flood scene, a five-column map, a table of deaths and damage in the various states, a chronology of the flood, and a chronology of other bad floods.

THE enormous damage of the greatest flood in the history of the Eastern United States was wrought by the swollen waters of 12 raging rivers, fed by numerous small tributaries.

Seven of them pass through Pennsylvania, hardest hit of all the 14 States in the flood region. New England has three; New York, Maryland, West Virginia and Ohio, one each, and New Jersey shares the Delaware with Pennsylvania.

In this State the flooded rivers included the Allegheny

and Monongahela, which converge near Pittsburgh to flow into the Ohio, and thence through West Virginia and Ohio and on to the Mississippi; the Conemaugh, Susquehanna, Delaware and Schuylkill.

New England's Connecticut river has its source in the mountains of New Hampshire and flows down through Massachusetts and Connecticut. The Merrimac also originates in New Hampshire and travels southeasterly to the Atlantic. Maine has the Androscoggin, New York the Hudson and the upper reaches of the Delaware, and the north branch of the Susquehanna, and Maryland the Potomac.

The great flood, which weather experts call the flood of the century because such an avalanche of waters is likely to occur only once in a hundred years, had an unusual but perfect meteorological send-off.

Many phenomena occurred at just the right time and in just the right places to bring about the disaster, odd coincidences of nature, the exact set-up of which it is highly improbable anybody now living will see again.

W. P. Day, of the storm section of the U.S. Weather Bureau, in Washington, says seven factors were linked in nature's chain of circumstances which led to the most widespread and devastating flood in the history of Eastern United States. Had just one of the seven links been missing, the flood might not have happened, or at least it probably would have been less severe.

The links in the chain:

1. The storm started in Texas, on Sunday, March 15.
2. It moved northeasterly.
3. Over the Appalachian highlands on Monday, March 16, a flow of warm, moist air, rushing in from the Gulf and the Atlantic, because of the moving storm, was "expanded and condensed" by collision with a wedge of cold air, flowing southward from Central Canada.

4. Extremely low temperatures in Labrador sent out a frigid current which formed a second wedge of cold air over the Canadian maritime provinces.

5. This cold wedge helped to trap the storm and hold it over the watersheds from Georgia to Vermont.

6. The rear guard of the disturbance was formed by unseasonable warmth in far northwestern sections of Canada and Alaska.

7. The rain came when heavy snows were melting in the highest ranges, and the soil had almost reached the saturation point.

To these links, George S. Bliss, meteorologist in charge of the Weather Bureau here, adds another which, if not a major factor, at least contributed to the intensity of the flood — the frozen condition of the ground beneath the surface.

Despite spring thaws, only the upper crust of the soil had softened, and this had become so soaked it oozed moisture. Beneath this oozy surface there lurked the flood menace, a subsurface several inches thick and as hard as concrete. Unable to absorb moisture, this horizontal stratum sent the water along in rivulets to augment already overburdened streams.

Reducing scientific terminology to lay language, Mr. Bliss compared the earth's surface to a sponge. Take a sponge and squeeze it and it holds, say, a glass of water. Now cut from the core of the sponge a sphere the size of an orange and insert a hard rubber ball. Then try the sponge again. It will not hold as much.

Well, the subsurface of mother earth hereabouts was like the sponge with the solid ball in it when the rains followed the heavy thaws.

First warning of the flood which later was to engulf large portions of 14 States, and hit Pennsylvania hardest of all, came Tuesday, March 17, when concern was felt by those

who eyed the rising water of the Conemaugh at Johnstown.

Johnstown knew about floods from floods. It was this thriving industrial city, nestled in a Y formed by the junction of the Conemaugh river and Stony creek, which had suffered one of the worst disasters of the kind in history, the great flood of 1889. That time the South Fork Dam burst and a 50-foot wall of water raced down on the city to take 2235 lives.

By midnight Tuesday Johnstown was in the grip of a flood described by officials as equally as devastating, save for the loss of lives, as the flood the old-timers still talked about.

While the flood of 1889 had the effect of a tidal wave, and caught people before they could flee, thousands of persons last week were able to escape the rising waters, taking refuge in the hills, or in buildings on high ground. Other thousands, however, were trapped in upper floors of buildings in the flooded area until the waters receded, 24 hours later.

On Tuesday other rivers also were rising throughout the middle Atlantic States and New England, but had not reached flood stage. Wilkes-Barre, on the Susquehanna, barely had recovered from a flood caused by melting snow and ice a week earlier.

By noon on Wednesday it was evident that Mother Nature was visiting upon her children in this Eastern area the most widespread flood in history. At that time the worst spots were Johnstown, Altoona, Pittsburgh, Wilkes-Barre, Williamsport, Sunbury, Lock Haven and Renovo, but countless other towns were inundated wherever headwaters rushed down into valleys.

By noon on Wednesday, Pittsburgh, western metropolis of Pennsylvania, because of its vast resources and potentialities for enormous damage, was the focal point of flood interest.

It was virtually isolated. Swirling waters of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers had swept through its "gold triangle" business district, flooding theatres, department stores and office buildings to depths ranging from 10 to 16 feet.

Fires which broke out in the city's industrial area, added to the destruction. Thousands were marooned in downtown office buildings, others in their homes. Rail, street car and automobile traffic was halted. One power plant after another went out and soon this city of 700,000 persons was without light.

Despite the abundance of it, water, paradoxically, became the city's greatest need. Flood stages halted pumping stations. There was no drinking water supply for four days, and water was imported in tank cars. Many sections of the city were without water for fire fighting and officials were ready for four days to use dynamite to bring about collapse of buildings and prevent spread of flames in event of fire.

On Thursday, electric service was partly restored, for street lighting, but homes and business places continued to burn candles, and tenants in office buildings and hotels were forced to "walk up" when elevators stopped. The flood reached an all-time high of 45.9 feet in Pittsburgh, and caused damage which ranged in estimates from \$25,000,000 to as high as \$200,000,000.

As flood waters receded the fire hazard increased, and relief agencies here, as elsewhere throughout the flooded area, sought to prevent pestilence and disease. Antitoxins and vaccines were rushed to the city, whose silt-laden streets were patrolled by members of the Pennsylvania National Guard.

The picture Pittsburgh presented at the height of the flood was just an enlargement of countless others wherever valley towns nestled by rivers racing to the sea. Even

cities and towns along the broad Delaware, which has a much shorter march to tide-water, were affected in lesser degree.

Flooded also was Cumberland, in Maryland, and the industrial cities along the banks of the Connecticut and Merrimac rivers, in New England. Bridges washed out and villages were flooded in Maine and Massachusetts, and the insurance city of Hartford, Connecticut, counted 5000 homeless and was without light or power, one-sixth of its area awash.

Up and down the "beautiful Ohio" and its tributaries, similar conditions prevailed. The Ohio, carrying away flood waters which had swept through western Pennsylvania, was transformed almost over night into a torrent of death. Particularly hard hit were Wheeling, W. Va., and Marietta, Ohio.

In Washington, President Roosevelt, after ordering Federal agencies to mobilize quickly for rescue work and to cooperate with the American Red Cross, abandoned other affairs of state to make a personal inspection of the swollen Potomac. Meanwhile WPA and CCC workers and volunteers built sand-bag dikes to protect the Washington monument and Lincoln Memorial. The Potomac left a damage of \$250,000 along a battered river-front, but no public buildings were damaged.

Along the Delaware, parts of Lambertville, Gloucester, Westville and Burlington, N.J., were flooded; the Trenton waterfront was inundated and nearby streets were turned into canals, residents were rescued in boats and canoes; the river was over its banks also in Yardley, New Hope, Morrisville, Cornwell Heights and Bristol and opposite Comly Street, Wissinoming. Sewers also backed up on Delaware Avenue, in this city, flooding that thoroughfare, and the East River Drive was closed for a time to traffic when the Schuylkill had a one-day rampage.

By Thursday, the Susquehanna had reached its crest or was receding slightly at Williamsport, Sunbury, Wilkes-Barre and along the upper reaches of its two branches which converge near Sunbury, and Harrisburg was being buffeted by the havoc of the flood tide.

The capital's lower areas were inundated, and flood waters stood six feet deep on the tracks of the Pennsylvania and Reading railroad. All business except that pertaining to the flood and relief of the distressed, was suspended in the capitol, and other State buildings.

Relief organizations housed and fed more than 1500 persons in and about Harrisburg. The city's steam plant, which supplies heat for the capitol and most of the downtown business, apartment and hotel buildings, was under water. Part of the city was without heat. In Harrisburg the flood reached a height of 30.23 feet, or 3.23 feet above the all-time high of June, 1889.

During the height of the flood on Wednesday, State Highway officials announced that the State was completely cut in half by the flood waters. It was impossible to cross the State from east to west or vice-versa except by air. To send passengers to Pittsburgh the Pennsylvania railroad routed trains through Albany, N.Y., to Buffalo, to Cleveland, to Columbus, Ohio, and back to Pittsburgh, covering about 1200 miles to reach a city only 300 miles away.

Reports from the isolated towns and villages were fragmentary, many of them supplied by telephone operators and maintenance men marooned in office buildings until water crept up to the switchboards. Many untold tales of heroism could be visualized when reading such messages as this, the last from Williamsport before it was cut off from the world: "Had to pull switch, sorry." Or this one from Clearfield: "Water up to switchboard. Looks as though we'd be out of luck in a few hours."

Throughout Wednesday these meager but graphic flashes of the waters which were engulfing the countryside poured into the offices of the telephone company here. Usually the last message would say: "Power out, using service battery." Then silence, and another town was isolated save for amateur radio operators who sent occasional items on short wave senders.

For 24 hours there was virtually no news from Williamsport, Sunbury, Renovo, Lock Haven and many smaller towns in Susquehanna Valley, but Wilkes-Barre and Kingston, both hard hit, kept in touch with the outside world.

Early Thursday morning, Governor George H. Earle, using airplane, automobile, row boat and walking at times, returned to Harrisburg from Tennessee, stopping at Johnstown to survey the damage and offer State aid to sufferers.

After a few hours sleep the Governor took off in a driving rain in a rented plane and flew over the Susquehanna Valley to Williamsport and Lock Haven. Upon his return to Harrisburg he ordered relief agencies to "cut red tape," and State officials "to act first and report afterwards."

Meanwhile Mayor Wilson, of this city, rushed to the aid of flood sufferers. By truck, bus and plane, food, clothing, anti-toxins, vaccine, physicians and nurses were sent to the stricken areas. Planes from the Navy yard, carrying disease preventing medicines in rubber containers, flew over the Susquehanna valley and dropped them. Army planes from Aberdeen, Md., also joined in the mission of mercy.

Sunbury, where scarlet fever, measles and meningitis were reported, concentrated on preventing epidemics. Medical centers were set up after the manner of Army field hospitals, and the town's populace was inoculated and vaccinated. Many of the healthy residents were

transported by health authorities to nearby towns. Tank cars of pure drinking water from Philadelphia also were sent to many towns in the stricken zone.

Although there was no official proclamation of martial law, troops moved into the desolated towns, usually at the request of local authorities, and their streets resembled an occupied city in a war zone.

Lines formed before field stations. Other flood sufferers stood in queues before improvised kitchens to receive food and passed on to trucks for clothing. In Kingston, residents reported to police that hungry sewer rats were invading homes for food.

From Cape May, New York and other coast points, U.S. Coast Guard power boats were sent by train. In Wilkes-Barre alone, more than 10,000 marooned persons were taken from their homes in boats. The same kind of rescue work went on throughout the inundated region.

Wilkes-Barre posted the names of 200 persons unaccounted for in the public square. Opposite each name was the address of the person who had reported the one unaccounted for, and the latter was asked, should his eye scan the list, to get in touch with the former. This method helped greatly, officials said, in bringing together relatives who had been separated.

Subject to revision, probably upwards, deaths in the 14 stricken States were estimated at 209, the homeless were placed at 221,500, and the total damage at about \$300,000,000.

Relief and rehabilitation, delegated to direction of the Red Cross by President Roosevelt, moved gradually forward against terrific obstacles. President Roosevelt already has allocated \$43,000,000 of relief funds for repairs and replacements, and Harry Hopkins, WPA administrator, said he had 250,000 workers ready for use in ten States.

HEAT-DROUGHT ROUNDUP

BY LEN ARNOLD

Universal Service, Chicago, July 9, 1936

THIS story should be credited to Wiley Smith, Chicago bureau manager for Universal, as well as to Mr. Arnold, its writer. Mr. Smith directed the gathering of the nation-wide material. It was the seventh day of the general heat and drought; and the manager had been keeping after correspondents to furnish the latest data, while Arnold wrote the nightly roundup stories. The two conferred on the high-spots to be played in the story, but a rapid recounting of the facts was relied upon to furnish the significance and drama. Revised leads and inserts were used through the night of the 9th.

The New York general manager sent a congratulatory message on this story; a little later he complained of another story, saying, "Whoever wrote it apparently doesn't know one elementary rule of news writing." Arnold wrote that story too. Well, it was a hot night.

Arnold has written some fiction (see *O. Henry Prize Stories of 1933*), and was formerly assistant general manager of I.N.S.

SEVEN days of record heat, broken only by scattered showers which came too late to save the drought-ravaged Northwest, tonight increased its burden on a nation which was suffering from coast to coast.

The Toll:

More than 210 dead from drowning and fatal prostration.

Crop damage exceeding \$300,000,000.

More than 5,000,000 persons directly affected.

Farm families numbering 204,000 ruined and dependent on government relief funds.

Forest fires raging and threatening many woodland acres.

While weather forecasters said no immediate general

relief was in sight, the stricken corn belt, where there is still a chance of saving a good part of the crop, saw hope in the prediction that showers which belatedly fell in the far Northwest might move into Iowa, Illinois and Indiana in time to give life to dying crops.

After many midwest cities rejoiced in early showers today, a scorching sun followed quickly to send the mercury up again to new high levels and the heat poured like a molten stream to the Atlantic seaboard.

In the Chicago grain pit, wheat prices advanced up to $1\frac{7}{8}$ in late dealings, while corn prices eased off on reports of possible showers in the producing belt.

The five wheat-raising states of the Northwest — North and South Dakota, and parts of Montana, Minnesota and Wyoming — were entirely beyond aid as far as this year's crop is concerned, with 96 percent of the farmers financially wiped out. South Dakota's secretary of agriculture said losses in his state alone exceed \$140,000,000.

Washington's emergency mobilization to aid the northwest farmers swung into action with the order "cut all red tape." A temporary allotment of \$393,000 was set aside by the rural resettlement administration. More than 55,000 farmers were quickly being put on jobs on drought relief projects.

In the corn belt, Iowa's meteorologist C. D. Reed said: "Every day from now on with temperatures of 100 means irreparable injury for the corn crop."

In Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, corn which earlier promised a bumper crop was "fired" by the heat. This means that whole fields were destroyed as bottom leaves of the thriving plants yellowed and fell, and the tassels dried to dust, killing the crop. A ray of hope for corn came from Meteorologist Reed in Des Moines, who forecast that the life-giving rains, possibly in good quantity, were moving south and east from the Northwest toward Iowa.

Those northwest rains, in North Dakota and Montana, were welcome to inhabitants and surviving livestock, but there was no wheat left to succor.

Georgia was a typical example of the suffering southern states. Tom Linder, State agriculture commissioner, said 75 percent of the Georgia crops had failed; corn and truck produce were burned away and cotton failures were mounting even over the 75 percent figure.

Forest fires swept over 7,000 acres near Sundance, Wyoming, and other blazes crackled through the dry timberland of the Black Hills of the Dakotas.

More than 3,000 acres of timber and grasslands in the Big Horn National Park near Sheridan, Wyoming, were destroyed by flames which 1,000 men battled as the fire swept high through treetops and threatened the timberlands of northeastern Wyoming.

Eastern Canada, scorched by the heat, also fought forest fires in the Port Arthur district of Ontario and in the remote Long Lac region.

RIGHT ON TOP OF A NEWS BREAK

BY LORREN L. WILLIAMS

Oklahoma News (Oklahoma City), July 16, 1936

NEWSPAPERS all over the country strove to outdo each other in stunt stories during the extreme heat of the summer of 1936. The *New York Post* carried a front-page story on one of the many couples who spent their nights on Coney Island beach. The *New York American* had Travis Fulton tour the city as a "Walking Thermometer" and tell his experiences. The *Omaha World-Herald* conducted a contest for the best ideas on how to keep cool. Many stunts and stories similar to these, and thousands of stories based on physicians' advice on how to meet hot-weather dangers appeared throughout the country.

But probably the best of the torrid season's stories were those which, like the one that follows, were based upon actual events. Here the reporter, as the story relates, was actually "on top of" a concrete pavement eruption. "The only credit I can claim in the entire matter," Mr. Williams writes, "is my lifetime habit of always having a camera within reach, and my insistence throughout all of the past ten years that a reporter can be as efficient a camera man as your straight photographer. As soon as we had come down to earth and righted our equipment, I was after the story with my trusty Graflex."

The picture and story were used for a page-one smash, under the line "Pavements Are Going Crazy with the Heat."

IT IS not pleasant to watch the highway go crazy with the heat right before the wheels of your car.

It shakes your faith in the stability of good concrete paving when the road suddenly blows up in your face. And if nothing but your faith is shaken you are lucky.

It was 108 in the shade and 140 in the sunshine on the highway a mile east of Shawnee at 4.30 P.M. yesterday. But a 40-mile an hour clip kept the air in circulation, the

cool of dusk was approaching, and all seemed reasonably well with the world.

Then it happened. There was a great puff of dirt, a muffled explosion, and the highway rose up like a jack in the box 40 feet ahead of us.

It long has been a journalistic trade secret, known only to a few million people, that a man biting a dog is great news. Here was a double dose from the same bottle. It was a highway hitting a car, and a story breaking a reporter.

Two great slabs of concrete jostled into the air with ponderous speed. It was too late to stop. Too late even to figure out what strange happening was causing the level highway suddenly to buck and toss like the deck of a fishing smack. It was but a split second before we plunged into the great cloud of dust which obscured the scene.

It would be pleasant to record that in that fleeting instant I calmly adjusted my tie and said to Mrs. Williams, "Honey, a story is about to break."

Sadly enough, I clung to the wheel in dumb desperation. I dimly recall shouting, "Stay in the buggy," but there seems to be some debate even about that in circles usually well-informed, as the experts say, meaning the wife in this instance.

We sped up the near side of the pyramid and took off into space. I would not guess how high we went. L. M. Simpson of Shawnee was following closely behind us, and he estimated we were catapulted five feet into the air.

Airmen brag about their perfect three point landings, but pooh, that was nothing. We lit all over.

The car came down with a great clatter and to add to the general confusion a half dozen flash bulbs blew up and showered us with a brilliant display of swirling white particles like snow. At first I thought I must have landed in heaven, but on second thought I figured that was unlikely.

In any event the temperature would have given me a different clue.

We ran about 200 yards down the road before I could bring the car to a stop. Some will argue this proved we were going more than 40 miles an hour. But it is not so. I was busy trying to get my head loose from the top of the car so I could get my feet on the brakes.

A woman living in a house 200 yards away came down and said she heard the explosion and heard our car turn over three times. I think that was an exaggeration. I believe she heard us light on the pavement the first time, and also the second bounce. The third shock she heard was the camera flying up and hitting me on the head.

When we got back to the scene of the upheaval we found the highway buckled and standing two feet in the air. Apparently it was the phenomenal expansion of the concrete which caused the blowup.

Some of the bystanders who stopped said they believed it was steam under the paving. The big slabs had been broken in places like pieces of peanut brittle. A good sized farm dog could have crawled into the hole under the pavement.

It was a concrete example, apparently, of the fact that enough hot air can drive even a highway to rebellion

IN THE DUST BOWL

BY ROBERT GEIGER

Associated Press, Denver, April 15, 1936

THIS story was written on an assignment from Edward Stanley, the division A.P. editor at Kansas City. Stanley borrowed Geiger and Photographer Henry G. Eisenhand from the Denver Bureau for a fifteen-hundred-mile tour through the southwestern Dust Bowl, starting at Denver and swinging through corners of Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Texas. The Dust Bowl was just becoming big news, and Stanley wanted stories of individual farmers and pictures to illustrate them.

"The problem," writes Mr. Geiger, "was to cover four hundred miles a day, with stops at a dozen or more farm homes on the side roads; to interview farmers, their wives and children; to obtain pictures for A.P. photo and mat services. From the time we left Lamar, Colorado, to our return to that point, I should say that we saw the sun for less than four hours. As we drove, it was impossible to see more than the distance of two telephone posts ahead most of the time. In towns, bright lights were burning during the day, but could not be seen across the street.

"Picture taking was difficult under such conditions, but one of those Eisenhand took on this trip was given second award in *Editor & Publisher's* annual news picture exhibition of 1935.

"This story was written in about thirty minutes, and filed by telegraph to Kansas City. Stanley personally handled the re-write on it, and most of the credit should go to him. It is merely an example of the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance teamwork that always prevails in the A.P."

Guymon, Okla.

THREE little words — achingly familiar on a Western farmer's tongue — rule life today in the dust bowl of the continent —

If it rains. . . .

Ask any farmer, any merchant, any banker what the outlook is, and you hear them — if it rains. . . .

If it rains . . . some farmers will get a wheat crop.

If it rains . . . fresh row crops may flourish.

If it rains . . . pasture and range for live stock may be restored.

If it rains . . . fields quickly listed into wind-resisting clods may stop the dust.

If it rains . . . it always has!

The next three weeks will tell the story.

Black and saffron clouds of dust, spectacular, menacing, intensely irritating to man and beast alike, choking, blowing out tender crops and lasting without mercy for days, have darkened everything but hope and a sense of humor in the dust sector of the Southwest.

The Southwest is big and the dust area is only a small chunk of it. Roughly, it takes in the western third of Kansas, southeastern Colorado, the Oklahoma Panhandle, the northern two-thirds of the Texas Panhandle and northeastern New Mexico.

It always has been a region of sparse rainfall. The World War, with its high wheat prices and urgent demands, sent the plow into the sod and turned this into wheat country. Before then it was range land, and the crop was native buffalo grass, which held the soil firm against insistent winds.

The last three years have been years of droughts, with this Spring's field-eroding dust storms their stifling climax. But dust storms are nothing new in the Southwest. Forty years ago — decades before the wheat farmers came with their combines — a dust storm of such violence swept western Kansas that it stopped trains, just as they were stopped last week.

"This is a tough, hardy country," its farmers say. "It will come back overnight."

"Dusters" approach the prairie country in two ways.

Sometimes they start when a gigantic yellow-and-red

cloud floats across the country, high in the air, blotting out the sun.

The wind is gentle, growing in velocity very slowly. This type of storm carries a fine, powdery silt that seems soft and hazy — until you start breathing in it.

The other type starts with a blast, and a huge black cloud approaching across the plains at tremendous speed. It strikes all at once along a well-defined front. It carries sand and on hands and face feels like the blast of chaff from a threshing machine.

When at its height, bright lights in towns are invisible across the street, visibility is zero and, within buildings, lights must be turned on as at night. Motorists continuously crawl along at 5 and 10 miles an hour, unable to peer ahead for more than 10 or 15 feet. Busses are stopped — sometimes trains.

The fine silt penetrates motor blocks and, if motorists are unwary, grinds out bearings.

These are the storms which leave drifts of dust along the highways and fences — sometimes dust drifts up to the eaves of farm buildings.

It can't be kept out of a house, and dishes have to be washed — not three times, but six times, daily — before and after every meal.

Housewives don't like them, of course, but the dust belt grins and bears it.

Merchants do business as usual, unless the storm gets too severe. Then they hunt a fourth hand at bridge, lock the front door and retire to the back room to play it out.

It gets into your clothes, literally in your hair, and sometimes it seems in your very soul. Certainly it gets under the skin.

But, despite the hardship and a generally unencouraging prospect, not a single one of more than a hundred farmers

interviewed by your correspondent was leaving the country. Each one had hope of getting a crop.

Take Charles Hitch, an elderly rancher-farmer, living south of Guymon, who came here in 1886.

"For the first time since I have been on Coldwater Creek — and I was the first settler — we are thinking of shipping cattle to greener pastures," he said.

"Recent dust storms are not much more severe than others in former years," Hitch said, "but the drought is worse.

"My ranges have supported as many as 10,000 head, but I have only 800 head now and they cannot find sufficient feed. We have to feed them cottonseed cake.

"But cattle prices are on the upgrade and I am not discouraged. We even will get a wheat crop if rain comes. If there is no rain we will have to start shipping cattle in a few weeks."

A. L. Thoreson lives over the line in Texas and is a big wheat producer. He raised 90,000 bushels in 1931, got only 25 cents a bushel for it. The best he can hope for, he thinks, is a half crop.

"But we are not suffering acutely," he added. "The Government is paying better than a dollar an acre to us in wheat benefit payments and, in addition, we can sell what wheat we raise. That will keep the farmers going. The Federal wheat program is O. K., and if it wasn't for that the farmers would be in an awful hole. They can hold on indefinitely with wheat payments."

And then there is I. R. Bryan, farmer northwest of Guymon, who could have left 10 years ago, after 30 years of farming in the Panhandle, "with \$35,000 in my pockets."

"I made it in row crops and lost it in wheat.

"I could have left here wealthy and I'll be damned if I am going to walk out of here broke now."

DROUGHT, HEAT AND 'HOPPERS

BY JOHN GURWELL

United Press, Shenandoah (Iowa) Bureau, July 8, 1936

COVERING a widespread drought is a big assignment. Here is how one correspondent, John Gurwell, then of the Shenandoah U.P. bureau, covered the 1936 drought in his Missouri valley sector.

He contacted some seventy-five county agents up and down the valley, induced them to mail him weekly reports, and left them stamped and addressed envelopes for that purpose. Thus he was able to visit the especially hard-hit sections more often for color and individual stories, and still keep a proper balance and wide view. Also he contacted mayors and leading citizens in the country towns, and kept in touch with state secretaries of agriculture through their reports. The mayor of Glenwood, Roy Haney, for example, was the manager of a number of farms in Mills County, and not only wrote a 400-word "signer," but also supplied much information for Mr. Gurwell's stories.

The story which follows was the result of a tour of the two western tiers of counties bordering the Missouri River on the Iowa side. Inasmuch as a day's time was spent in and around Glenwood and Pacific Junction, the correspondent gave it a Glenwood dateline, though it was actually written in the U.P. bureau at Omaha. It was written around midnight after eighteen hours of driving through drought-stricken districts in extreme and exhausting heat. It was filed as an "overnighter" for the morning wire east.

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Glenwood, Ia.

I WALKED with farmers of the Missouri Valley today through fields which have been seared brown by intense heat, and saw once-fertile fields which had been chewed to bare stalks by grasshoppers and chinch bugs.

Conditions in parts of this region are rapidly approaching a critical stage where farmers must have rain or face

the winter months on relief. The same fields I visited 10 days ago, kicking up clouds of 'hoppers with every step and crunching dry stalks beneath my feet, looked at least 50 per cent worse today.

The farmers I talked with were frankly desperate. They admitted they prayed for rain. "What else can I do?" one of them asked me. These farmers agreed that:

1. Unless rain comes within a week, half if not all of the corn crop — Iowa's staple — will be wiped out.

2. Chinch bugs have joined the insect plague and are doing inestimable damage. The bugs infest some fields in such numbers that they have stripped small grain and corn to the ground. Fortunately, the 'hoppers are doing their severest damage in scattered localities.

3. Early corn has tasseled or is tasseling, and is sapping precious subsoil moisture.

4. Because pasture land has been burned out, farmers must ship their livestock soon before it becomes unmarketable.

Fortunately for many Iowans, a bumper wheat crop is being harvested. It is the best in years. But corn is in desperate condition.

I asked A. L. Morrical, near Tabor, what he could do without pasturage. "I'll have to use hay for feed until I can ship my cattle," he said.

George Carl, near Sidney, Ia., like other farmers, is trying to make the best of a desperate situation. "I'm glad I have a few acres of wheat salvaged from what looks like a bad year," he said. "But we need rain — and plenty of it."

Felix R. Shannon, who owns 400 acres of fertile land near Glenwood, said any more temperatures like the 102 and 107 of the last few days will blast his hopes of a bountiful year. "If we only had rain, or even cooler days to take away this drying wind," he said. "It looks blue."

I asked Roy Haney, who manages some 35 farms in Mills County, when he had the last rain. "I can't remember," he said disconsolately. "My early corn is going fast," he said. "We're right at the point where we go under or hit a good crop year." Haney led me across a 65-acre field of early corn. The tasseled stalks were white. I crushed one of the tassels in my hand and it crunched into dry dust. Several rows of the corn had been stripped to dry stalks by grasshoppers. "I had what looked like a better than average stand in this field," Haney said. "Look at it now — it's worthless."

At Malvern, I walked into the office of County Agent Langstreet. He was waiting for poison to distribute among farmers to stop the grasshopper plague. "I've already given out four carloads of it," he said. "But we've got to have more."

Some of the farmers, like Grover Mickelwaite at Pacific Junction, decided not to wait and bought their own poison. Mickelwaite spent \$125 for white lead and sprayed his entire farm. His corn fields looked like they were covered by a white dust. "The poison will last until a rain comes," he said, "and God knows when that will be." I walked with Mickelwaite to a creek that cut across his farm. There wasn't much water left in the creek, but it was elbow deep with the bodies of the yellow grasshoppers. "When the 'hoppers eat the poison, they want water," Mickelwaite said. "They drink water and either drown or die from the poison."

He kicked at the surface of the creek to show that the layer of dead insects extended far below the surface.

"It's one way we can get 'em coming and going," he said.

Depression and Recovery

FIVE "RELIEFERS"

BY FRAZIER HUNT

Newspaper Enterprise Association, July 24, 1935

MR. HUNT has been a newspaper editor, correspondent, and feature writer for various papers and services during the last twenty-five years or more. He won fame as a *Chicago Tribune* war correspondent in Europe 1918-19, and especially by his interviews with the Russian leaders of that time. More recently his specialty has been general surveys of economic, social, and political conditions in the United States.

"In the spring of 1935," says Mr. Hunt, "I had arranged to do a motor trip over America; and Mr. Fred S. Ferguson, president of the N.E.A., suggested to me in Washington that I do a general survey for the six hundred papers comprising his Association. Beyond the fact that it was to include political and economic observations of general conditions, I had no instructions.

"I drove some ten thousand miles and talked to literally hundreds of people, from workmen and farm laborers to governors. I kept elaborate and careful notes of exact conversations, which I put down immediately after I had finished them. When I had finished my tour, I went through my dozen notebooks, laid out my stories, and then wrote them.

"This story of the conversations in the general store in Illinois, and of my interviews with the township supervisor and the county farm agent came third in the series. I cast the first part of the piece in dramatic form, picturing the store and the loafers, and then copied straight from my notebook exactly what the men had said to me, and their conversation with the farmer who was looking for a hired hand. The other conversations likewise were taken straight from my notes made at the time."

The general title of the series was "Listening to America." In the first article Mr. Hunt predicted Roosevelt would "carry thirty-six to forty states" in 1936 — not bad long-distance prophecy, though it was criticized at the time.

THE five men were teetering back in their cane-bottom chairs around the dead stove in the rear end of J. A. Kern's grocery store in Ridgefarm, Ill. All were on relief, but their clothes, from shirts to shoes and overalls, were clean and fairly new. They'd got most of them off the "wagon."

A squint-eyed Legionnaire about 35 years old, with a humorous smile playing about his broad mouth, looked up at me. "What'll happen to our bonus now?" he queried.

"You tell me," I parried.

"Well, we'll get it someway or other." Then he smiled again. "They already beat me out of \$18 a month allowance I was gettin'."

I asked them to tell me on the level when they would start their real pension racket.

A second Legionnaire looked over at his squint-eyed pal and winked. "Sooner we start askin' for it the sooner we'll git it," he answered frankly. "Everybody else in the world is takin' all they can git, so I guess we ex-soldiers might as well, too."

The three other relievers chuckled. It was the sort of wisecrack they relished. They were all smart enough to know at least how to live by working only six or eight days a month. If the two old soldiers among them could hook on to a regular pension the three others wouldn't mind. Taxes didn't bother them.

So it was we fell to talking over the troubles of America. A lean young man with snapping black eyes brought down his chair with a bang. "It's machinery that's killin' everything," he said. "There's millions of people never will be able to find work again. The machine has replaced them for good."

The others nodded, and in a moment the young man on relief went on: — "Yeah, and these tariff wars are helping to keep things in a mess. But there ain't nothing for Uncle Sam to do but raise our import duties even higher. Why, only the other day a feller from south of town bought a roll of fencing in Danville, and when he got it home he found a tag on it that said 'Made in Germany.'"

I veered the topic of conversation around to Huey Long. At first no one answered my inquiry about how he stood locally, but finally the oldest man in the crowd took a well aimed shot at the open door of the old stove and then wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Reckon he's too windy to suit us," he commented dryly.

"How about Father Coughlin?" I questioned.

Again they hesitated. Then the legionnaire who had lost his allowance squinted over at me. "People 'round here don't seem to go in much for him neither."

I baited my hook with the name Roosevelt.

The elder man was the first to answer. "Looks like he'd be re-elected. Guess most of us people will vote for him again. . . . Looked fer awhile like they'd be a third party, but I don't think it would get very far now. People don't pay much attention to big promises no more. They want somebody who'll do something fer 'em."

A sixth man joined us. He leaned against a shelf for a minute or two, then he said: — "Need a man to help me with my corn cultivating. Could any of you fellows help me out for a couple of weeks?"

There was a long silence. Then one of the men said, "I'm busy."

It went around the circle. They were all too busy.

"Know anybody I could get — I need a man awful bad?" the farmer pleaded.

The five men shook their heads. Pretty soon the

country man turned and walked out of the store. When we were by ourselves again the older man said slowly, "Think he'd know we couldn't take a job. Why, they'd take us off the rolls right away. We can't afford to do it."

Talk drifted on. Finally the young man with the black eyes propounded a question to me: — "Just what do you think would have happened if they hadn't fed people?" The way his eyes flashed I saw that it was more than a question! It was a definite threat.

I walked on across the street to the garage. Country garages have taken the place of the old-time livery stables as hang-outs for the best loafers. The township supervisor who owned the place was puttering around in the shop. We sat on the running-board of a car and talked figures.

In this Elwood Township, of Vermillion County, there were exactly 240 homes, housing some 1,100 souls. PWA was taking care of forty families. Six were on direct township relief. And ninety-seven others were on Illinois Emergency Relief, that twice a month sent a "wagon" with enough groceries and supplies to last each family. That made 143 families out of a total of 240 that were receiving either work or direct relief from the government, State, county or township.

"Had a funny thing happen here two days ago," he went on. "Two men drawing their \$15 a week from PWA got drunk and had a knife fight. The township had to send them to the hospital in Danville to get them sewed up. Next morning both wives came to me and demanded money. I finally gave them \$2 each. They were sore I wouldn't make it a fiver each, and when they went away one of the women said: — 'Just shut down on relief and you'll see a real civil war.'"

That next day I drove over to the Wabash River bottom. I stopped and talked to two brothers farming side

by side. One said: — "Farmers should give the real credit for the raise in prices of their stuff to the drought. I don't see that we've had much real benefit from the three A's. If we're going to have a processing tax it should include cattle and sheep. . . . 'Course the big problem is just what Henry Wallace says: — whether we're going to pull down the tariff barriers and trade with other nations or live within ourselves. If nations are going to act like they're doing now, we'll have to keep on curtailing our crops or prices will drop to the cellar again."

His brother held a different view. "We'd have been in an awful fix without the three A's. We've got to keep it. It's the only way a farmer will ever get a break. . . . Sure the farmers are going to vote for Roosevelt. And you've got to remember that it wasn't the Democrats who elected him before but the Republicans. We'll do it again, too."

Across the river in a little Indiana town of a thousand I talked long and earnestly with a shrewd and wise elevator man. "It's greed that's still dominating all of us," he said slowly. "As long as that is true we're going to continue to behave more like jungle beasts than human beings. One-third of the families in our town are on relief one way or another. Why, there's farmers near here who drive into town, park their cars out of sight, and then go in and get a load of relief groceries and pack them out. . . . I don't see any chance of beating Roosevelt unless something unforeseen comes up — and it'll have to be mighty big."

Back in Illinois I spent a day with a county farm agent. We drove out over the beautiful black earth belt that has made the Middle West the premier corn land of all the world.

"When city people talk about farmers giving up their tractors they might as well talk about other folks giving up their motors," he said. "Of course, power machinery coming to the farms has been the cause of a good deal of

the unemployment in the small towns. Men who used to work crop seasons on the land as hired men are having their jobs taken by more and more efficient machinery. It does almost as much harm to the country as to industry. But what are we going to do about it?"

Then he added: — "One thing more; if the farmers don't get together and really control both their buying and selling they'll find industrial and financial combinations so all-powerful that they'll be reduced to the status of European peasants. The only hope for the farmers is to build their own tight organizations with both economic and political power."

But you don't worry so much about the farmers these days. They're the first to come out of the depression. They have high prices and, except for certain areas in the dust lands and drought spots in the Southwest, they're riding high, wide and handsome. And they had it coming to them.

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EVICITION

BY HARRY STEINFELD

Portland Oregonian, July 10, 1935

"FAMILY evicted at 9499 North Trumbull Street," said the city editor. "Take a photographer."

Gathering the facts was not easy, for the man did not want to talk. Small wonder: his children were clinging to him, his wife was in a daze, their meagre belongings were on the sidewalk. But when he at last understood that the newspaper wanted to help him, not to exploit his distress, he answered questions.

Back to the office in a hurry, for there was a deadline to meet for the *Oregonian's* first edition, which is on the streets the preceding night. A copy-boy hovered over the typewriter to grab short "takes."

The next morning there were immediate results. Before noon the activities of the relief authorities had the Millers housed again. It appeared that there had been "an error." Then contributions for the Millers began to come into the *Oregonian* office. The most surprising was a check for \$55.90 from inmates of the Oregon State Penitentiary. Those lads were convicts, but they still had a lot of the well known milk of human kindness; they must have sacrificed to make up that pot.

HARRY MILLER had finished a day's work yesterday on an SERA road project and was walking home leisurely. About a block from his house at 9499 North Trumbull street his pace quickened. Then he broke into a run.

It had happened. He, his wife and their three young children had been dispossessed. There on the sidewalk was his family, helplessly surveying their few possessions.

Mrs. Miller had been subjected to the same shock, only a bit earlier. Probably hers was more violent. She returned home after an unsuccessful search for a new house

— the Millers had been ordered to move because they owed \$89 rent — to find her furniture being thrown out into the street.

“Got a court order,” a stranger told her. And he gave her a copy. Dry-eyed, the children clung to her. She looked at the document in bewilderment. It was an eviction order, all right, signed by District Judge Mears.

“But what are we going to do?”

The stranger, evidently an officer, shrugged and sighed. This wasn’t exactly an enjoyable business for him, either.

There was nothing to do. The nearby relief depot had closed for the night. Nothing to do but wait for her husband, and even then, what?

So Miller came running.

And last night Harry Miller, his wife, Edna, and their children, Wyona, Hazel Belle and Charles, slept under the stars on the sidewalk in front of 9499 North Trumbull street.

The Millers, an intelligent couple, have pride although they’re poor. To sympathetic neighbors who offered to take them in Miller said:

“No, thanks; we’ll manage somehow tonight. Besides, it won’t be very cold. If it rains, however, we’ll appreciate shelter.”

And to Mrs. Miller he said:

“Well, let’s get the stove up and fix something to eat.”

They put up the stove, a little heating affair. Miller wired the pipe to a lamp post. Shortly, Mrs. Miller had a fire going and things were cooking. The Millers ate in the street. It wasn’t much, but it was a meal.

“What do you intend to do tomorrow?” a neighbor asked.

Miller, who is not very communicative, looked at his wife.

“Why, I guess we’ll just have to get help from the relief

people," she said. "What else is there to do? The few days' work Mr. Miller gets each month hardly buys our food, let alone paying rent."

There was no bitterness in her voice. But neither was there resignation. There was worry and a trace of fear. She smiled to mask her feelings. That was for the children.

Wyona, the eldest daughter, was giving the cat a drink of water. Hazel Belle, in bare feet, was beginning to complain of the cold. The sun was setting.

"Charles!" Mrs. Miller called. Charles, the youngest, was in earnest conversation with a taxi driver. "Here," said the latter, handing him a dime. "Buy yourself and your sister some ice cream."

"Gee, mister," the child replied, eyes gleaming, "we haven't had ice cream for the longest time." Then, "Coming, mother."

To his dad he said:

"Poppa, can you give me two nickels for this dime, please?"

Miller looked at his boy oddly for a moment, then gravely shook his head. "No, son, I can't," he said.

A MEETING IN MATANUSKA

BY ARVILLE SCHALEBEN

Milwaukee Journal, June 6, 1935

"INTO a wooded wilderness of Alaska, the Matanuska valley, went 200 families of Americans dispossessed by the depression. They went to start life anew with the help of the federal government. I went to report their experiences.

"The accompanying story is one of more than 150 I wrote while traveling to Alaska with 'the pioneers of 1935' and living with them for four months. We hardly anticipated, in planning the assignment, that we would strike such a store of human interest stories.

"It early became apparent that the best way to 'cover' the adventure lay in getting close to the colonists. I ate and slept with them, rode herd to their cows, played marbles with their children, fought with and against the colonists in their disputes, sympathized with them in their sorrows and helped them barbecue two beeves on the Fourth of July.

"Days at a time passed when no one referred to me as a newspaper man. I had access to their every affair, not as a reporter but as a 'colonist.' Thus when roll was called for the first colony council, which I helped design, I was slouched on a cot in the meeting tent, waiting for more history to reveal itself.

"Some of my scratch paper, torn into squares, became the ballots in the voting for a council chairman. Later my notes from which 'A Meeting in Matanuska' was written helped straighten out the official minutes. I took notes as quickly as I could, scribbling down every word to preserve the discussions accurately. To write the story I had but to unscramble my own penmanship. That took perhaps 90 minutes.

"There were only two ways to get copy out of the valley. By government radio to Seattle, then by telegraph to Milwaukee, and by mail, which went out once a week. I radioed the council story. It didn't reach the presses until two days later, but that did not dim its interest. It was still a human story." — A. S.

Palmer, Alaska

EIGHTEEN sturdy men and women made history Tuesday night out of garbage, dogs and cows. They comprised the first council of the Matanuska valley colony. Each camp elected one man and one woman delegate, except the headquarters camp, which, because of its larger population, got four delegates. This council will make rules of conduct for the new society and advise the Alaska Rural Rehabilitation corporation, governmental sponsor of the colony on knotty problems.

At exactly 8.05 p.m. by Mrs. Carl Erickson's wrist watch, the delegates pushed into the headquarters tent. Clouds overcast the evening sun, so a gasoline lamp lighted the tent. The men and women sat on home made benches and boxes and four men lolled on a cot.

"Now the meeting will come to order," said Don Irwin, project manager, and temporary chairman. "First we want to get the names of the representatives from each camp."

"Mrs. Guilford Lemmon, Camp One," said a young woman dressed in blue corduroy pants and a zipper jacket. She was the first to answer the roll call. R. A. C. Atwood, chief corporation clerk, wrote her name and those of the other 17 delegates as they answered, on a purchase order blank. That was the first record of the leaders who have come to build an empire.

Irwin talked at length on colonization. "You represent 200 families," he said. "Your organization is the same thing as a house of representatives or a senate, and the decisions you make, in the main, are to be final."

The women delegates studiously took notes on paper pads held in their laps. The men sat serious faced, with chins in cupped hands. Frank Swanda picked nervously at the fringes on his deerskin coat. Young Harry Camp-

bell, impeccably dressed in a dark suit and a white shirt, kept straightening his tie.

Then came the election for chairman. Campbell from Abrams, Wis., Pat Hemmer of Wright, Minn., and Allen Frederick of Wahkon, Minn., were nominated. Two men tore ballots from scratch paper. They distributed them and collected them in felt hats.

"One vote for Campbell," the teller cried, and so on until it stood Campbell 6, Hemmer 6 and Frederick 4.

"It's a horse race," Atwood whispered.

"Another vote for Campbell," the teller droned. That vote decided it. The last vote was a blank, leaving Campbell 7, Hemmer 6, Frederick 4.

Mrs. Neil Miller, whose husband resigned as Blair (Wis.) High school principal because of his faith in Alaska's future, was elected secretary, receiving 10 votes to eight for Mrs. Lemmon of Little Fork, Minn.

"I want to congratulate you, Mr. Campbell," said Irwin. "I wish you all kinds of success — and if things get too hot for you don't call on me."

Campbell stepped to the plain board desk, rapped for order with a pair of shiny scissors.

"The meeting will be in order," he said. "There are a few men who sleep in this place and they want us to get this over as soon as possible."

He went on aggressively: "Some colonists are running around here like a bunch of lost sheep. Some want to go fishing, some want to cut logs. They're not pulling together. We don't want to be big shots but as delegates we ought to start directing the camps."

The council agreed. Then its members tangled on the garbage problem. The government health men have been raising Ned with some of the colonists about garbage. They have suggested digging trenches to burn and bury refuse to prevent disease. Irwin demanded this be done.

"But we have a problem in Camp Two," Ray Wilkes from Wahkon, Minn., objected. "Charlie Maren's land is right up against our tents and we can't dig up his field to bury garbage. We just got 30 feet from the tents to the road and that's our street, our playground and what have you. What are you going to do about a thing like that?"

"I think it would be fine if each camp would have a pig or two to eat that garbage up," William Dingman of Frankfort, Mich., advised.

"Where would you keep the pig in our case?" Wilkes demanded sharply.

"I think we got a pretty good idea in Camp Six," Mrs. Roy Hopkins of Arcadia, Wis., declared. "We have a big box at one end of the camp and four of our husky men haul it over to that big muddy river — I guess it's the Matanuska. Or if we have a good hot stove fire we just open the lid and burn it. We don't have any garbage in front of our houses."

The council then unanimously passed a motion that each camp have a garbage disposal committee and post bulletin board notices to that effect. That was the first law of the Alaska colony.

Swanda, from Pine City, Minn., with a determined glint in his eye, brought up the next subject.

"If the children don't stop goosing the horses tied out by the hay they'll be shaking hands with St. Peter," he started, then swung into "and another thing — we've got a fine bunch of hounds running around. The biggest part of them would just take a man about one day with a gun. I like dogs but I take care of them like my children, not the way some are taking care of them."

"I make a motion the dogs in these camps be tied up so they won't run wild," interposed Councilman George Conners from South Range, Wis.

"I would amend that motion that all dogs must be tied up unless out for exercise," Frederick added.

It was so amended and ordered posted and Mrs. Hopkins opened the next subject.

"Out to Camp Six," she said excitedly, "we got 52 kids and only two gallons of milk. I think milk should be divided more equally among the camps. We adults can get along but we gotta have milk for children."

Irwin admitted a milk shortage and the council decided to take a census of children under 10 at each camp and allocate the present milk supply equitably until more cows arrive.

Chairman Campbell then reminded the delegates that it was getting late and they better adjourn. It was decided to meet each Tuesday. Swanda called out, "Okay, everybody, bring your grievances next week."

It was exactly 12.05 A.M. Wednesday by Mrs. Erickson's watch when the delegates filed out — but just to keep the record straight for history, she announced that the watch was 10 minutes fast.

PAPA CANCIENNE'S UPTURN

BY W. M. DARLING

New Orleans Times-Picayune, July 27, 1936

"MRS. MARGARET G. SMITH, operator of the Sunset Realty and Planting Co., Inc., plantation at Paradis, was the power behind this story. Her ideas as to the proper economy of farming are as strong as her sympathy for the 'Cajun farm laborers of the sugar belt. To give Papa Cancienne and his brood a thrill, she appealed to the *Times-Picayune* for coverage of their reunion, mentioning the Cancienne accomplishments. It looked like a good yarn to George W. Healy, Jr., managing editor, and Frank C. Allen, city editor, and they sent me over with a photographer. Keeping the Cancienne boys apart — they all looked alike — and the chickens out of the photographs were the principal problems.

"And so home over a bump-ditch road (there still are some in Louisiana) and two hours in the city room groping for words and phrases. Hard to write, interest dies; easy to write, no Pulitzer Prize. But if I lost interest in the story, I didn't in Paradis, where Mrs. Smith fed two couples of us a Paul Bunyan chicken dinner at famous Paradis Inn a few weeks later, and where I still have a brand new hat (haven't worn one since) left behind in the consequent daze. Mrs. Smith wrote later as follows:

"Yesterday I had seven families from Lockport in Lafourche parish apply to me for homes and land to farm; they represented 60 persons. All of these men are day laborers but can be made to support themselves on a farm. The resettlement administration in Lafourche parish claim they are unable to get a location for these men; all of the land is held by large corporations who demand cheap day labor to work in cane fields. . . .

"... those who advocate day labor on plantations actively oppose this [diversified] farming. Self-supporting farmers will not work for a pauper wage in a sugarcane field. This mass pauperism of rural labor in the sugar section is man-made for a purpose; ignorance and illiteracy are the best weapons in this work. Lafourche parish... has schools so located that children of day laborers on the plantation cannot attend. . . ." — W. M. D.

IT'S a comfortable but none too capacious house that Octavv Cancienne, 54 years old, has on the M. G. Smith plantation at Paradis, La., on the Old Spanish Trail.

There were signs of life on the screened-in porch when Mrs. Smith, the plantation operator, rode up to it Sunday afternoon. By the time she had alighted, the tiny residence had erupted humanity. It wasn't a convention and it wasn't a church meeting; it was the 16 children of Mr. and Mrs. Cancienne, and some had wives and husbands and children of their own along.

They all were spending the day together for the first time in years. With the new additions to the family and all, it was the biggest reunion in the Cancienne annals. Back in 1931 at Matthews, La., there was a Christmas gathering, but only 15 of the children actually got together, and some of the in-laws hadn't yet joined up.

The normally beaming countenances of the parents and sons and daughters took on Sunday, accordingly, an effulgence akin to the blazing sun's.

And the Canciennes had more to celebrate than the sight of each other's smiles. They were celebrating Papa Cancienne's upturn. He isn't the only one of the 90 tenants on this 8600-acre spread of fertility who has climbed out of the ruck under Mrs. Smith's tutelage; but when a man has 16 children — and never a one lost in death — his good fortune seems to strike highlights off the foreheads of them all.

Mr. and Mrs. Cancienne and 10 of the children rode over from Bayou Lafourche three years ago in a rented truck with their scanty belongings and a skiff. There was no water for the skiff to float upon, but when an Acadian has hewn his boat forth from a single log and shaped it to that firmly delicate precision which causes

it to knife through water like a shark's fin, he will take it with him to the Sahara desert if he has to carry it on his back.

They hadn't a chicken or a head of stock or a farm implement. For five years Cancienne and his older sons had worked at day labor on sugar plantations. Day laborers, especially with 10 children, accumulate little, feel lucky to be able to sustain life.

But word of Paradis had drifted from afar. Cancienne knew where he was going, knew what he wanted. Mrs. Smith put him on a 60-acre tract, furnished provisions, dinned into him from the outset that he was to raise his own food and feed and depend on no single cash crop. He rented the place on halves, planted his furnished seed, fixed up his house and grounds, and took his garden produce to the community cannery which is set up in a garage near Mrs. Smith's home at Paradis.

This year he was one of 35 tenants on the plantation who entered into contracts with the resettlement administration under which they pay a flat acreage rental and borrow funds for the purchase of live stock and implements.

Now he has nearly half of his farm in corn, some 12 acres in sugar cane, six in pasture, four in pumpkins, three in cotton, two in rice and the remainder in sweet potatoes, popcorn, butterbeans, cabbage seed, broom corn and truck crops.

He has four mules, 250 chickens (he did have two good hogs but they took a taste to chicken meat and had to be sold), a wagon, cultivator, three plows, a sower, three harrows, a hay rake, a corn planter, shovels, hoes and scythes.

Beneath the house in the shade are rows and rows of cans, filled with corn, tomatoes, okra, fruit and beans. In the barn hang tassels of broom corn, awaiting transformation into housewives' helpers.

And in the house are his wife, the former Josephine Thibodaux of Thibodaux, 53 years old, and nine of the children — Uran, 32; Willis, 26; Thomas, 20; Marguerite, 19; Clara, 17; Wilson, 16; Rose, 15; Joseph, 13, and Paul, 11.

Uran is married and has a 9-year-old child. Sylvan, 22, who came to the farm with them, works in New Orleans now for a twine factory.

Others who have had their lives on farms and taken other tangents are Dewey, 31, of New Orleans, whose wife and small child couldn't come; Clevan, 30, of New Orleans, who brought his wife and 7-year-old child; Norman 29, who brought his wife but left their child in Raceland, where he works for a sugar house; Ivy, 28, a motion picture operator at Lockport, who came with his wife and 4-year-old child; Elmo, 24, of New Orleans, whose wife was not present, and Dea, 23, married now to Nilton Arabie, clerk at Matthews, whose children, 2 and 4, were very much at hand.

All the New Orleans boys, regardless of their week-day occupations, rent a broom-making machine on Sundays, buy the handles, make brooms and trade them in for groceries and other necessities. But this was one Sunday they let the brooms shift for themselves.

"It's the best place in the world to raise children," averred Papa Cancienne. "In fact, a farm is the only place to rear such a family as mine. And they've been a great help too — four of them are regular hands now, and the younger boys will be when they finish their schooling.

"Never have we been happier or had so much. The drouth has been bad, but I have had a good year. I'll get me now a milch cow, so I won't have to buy milk; and when my three years with the resettlement administration are up, I'm planning to buy a farm — like the one I once had."

The Canciennes wince when they remember the farm in Lafourche parish. Papa Cancienne took a little flyer in sugar cane right after the World war, bought it at \$17 per ton, sold it at \$5, lost \$7000 and all he had.

He has been a farmer nearly all his life, some time proprietor, some time overseer, some time hand. For 10 years he resided in Terrebonne parish, and for three years more near Waggaman, in Jefferson parish. Then he moved back to Lafourche parish.

When they arrived at Paradis they unloaded their skiff and transformed the staunch, watertight craft into a drinking trough for the stock. It hasn't leaked yet, even where the tapering end has been cut away for an outboard motor attachment. They took the round, galvanized iron water trough that already was in the yard, turned it over, propped it on stilts, stretched chicken wire over the opening and used it for their first chicken house for baby chicks.

"An inventory of his net worth today will show better than \$2500 and he owes less than one-third," said Mrs. Smith.

Bringing her tenants up out of despair is a fetish with this remarkable woman, left with a plantation and a depression on her hands by the death of her husband, who organized 17 years ago the company which developed this fruitful farmland from reclaimed swamps.

No one in Louisiana has greater appreciation of the Acadian stock than she.

"They're hard working, thrifty and honest," she said. "Their only fault is the illiteracy in which they have been kept purposefully, I believe, by certain planters. They don't know any better; they don't know there is a way to live better; they never have learned the things that must be done to live better. But under instruction, they will do anything you tell them to do and do it well.

"It's the only salvation for our tenant class. Govern-

ment relief is not going to last forever — can't do it. Self support is what these people need.

"What brought us into this mess of single, 'money crop' farming? Civilization, I guess; the boom times that drove us all crazy. But we've got to get back to raising our own food, to independence, to land owning."

It was Mrs. Smith who persuaded the resettlement administration to construct 16 barn-homes for tenants at an average cost of \$265, including cistern. She has waived her rents on these tracts until the barns are paid for. Then the barns — each with three rooms, spick and span, far more comfortable and convenient than the average tenant home — will be vacated for larger quarters.

"It's better than trying to build a \$2500 house right crack off the bat," said Mrs. Smith. "The first thing is to be able to feed yourself. Then you can think about a house."

"I hope the government never changes from the policy of requiring each tenant to set aside sufficient land to raise truck crops and chickens and keep cows and hogs."

"The single or double crop system never should be allowed to come back. You can't bet on the same thing year after year without losing once in a while. And the years you lose wipe out what you have made during the years you have won."

THE SEVEN LEAN YEARS

BY CLAUDE A. JAGGER

Associated Press, New York Bureau, November 14, 1936

MR. JAGGER says the preparation of this story gave him keen satisfaction in providing an opportunity to bring into perspective the vast, far flung and complex running story of depression and recovery with which he had been struggling almost daily during the seven years.

Mr. Jagger has been financial editor of the Associated Press since 1930. He came to the New York news staff of the association from the city desk of the *Providence Bulletin* in 1927. His stories of the stock market panic, the banking crises, currency devaluation, and other economic highlights have been headlined throughout the country. He was a member of the Associated Press staff at the world economic conference in London in 1933.

He says he is indebted to Charles E. Honce, A. P. executive Sunday editor, for the idea of the "Seven Lean Years" story. "I worked on it from time to time over a period of several days," he explains, "drawing upon information from recent discussions with financial and business leaders and economists, and our own statistical and news files."

IT IS seven years since the swift amputation of billions of dollars of paper value from the stock market rocked financial America — seven years of varying leanness.

There were the acutely lean years of 1932 and 1933. There have been the more robust years of 1935 and 1936. Indeed, America is talking once more of fat years.

Will the seven leans give way to a cycle of fat years? This is a question which America asks as the seventh anniversary of the Wall Street panic of 1929 passes, and the records of business recovery are added up.

The wildest and most widespread dreams of boundless

prosperity probably ever entertained in America were shattered seven years ago as sudden, inexplicable fear swept through the nation's great money marketplace in Wall street.

Three weeks of unprecedented selling stampede finally ended on Nov. 13, just seven years ago yesterday, after slicing some \$20,000,000,000 from quoted values.

Economic history shows that the business cycle conforms to the Biblical seven years only very roughly, yet it is notable that the seventh anniversaries of the panics of 1873 and 1893 saw the same sort of recovery that is recorded in the business statistics of the autumn of 1936.

The business analysts point out, also, that the cataclysm of the autumn of 1929 was preceded by seven fairly fat years.

Here is some of the evidence that the nation is beginning once more to fatten:

Cotton consumption in September broke all previous seasonal records at 630,000 bales, the Association of Cotton Textile Merchants reports. For weeks, cotton mills, one of the largest industrial employers of labor, have been humming at break-neck speed, with production for the rest of the year nearly sold up.

Steel — basic industry of the machine age — recently has speeded production to as high as 76 per cent of capacity, the best since the spring of 1930. From capacity output in 1929, the industry slumped as low as 12 per cent in 1932.

The Tanners' Council of America estimates that boot and shoe production this year will be somewhere around four hundred million pairs, breaking all previous prosperity records.

The weekly movement of freight over the railways — one of the most important statistical measures of the girth of the nation's production and trade — has swelled to well above 800,000 cars, the highest since November, 1930.

Most major economic indicators are back at the levels of 1930, but several new and a few old industries are breaking old boomtime records. Production of gasoline, paper, glass, cigarettes, electric power, rayon, heating and air-conditioning equipment, electric refrigerators, are among those exceeding previous tops.

Farm income, factory pay rolls and corporation earnings are among the major measures of national well-being to record this year the levels of 1930. For the first nine months of this year, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics places farm income at \$5,440,000,000, compared with \$3,194,000,000 for the same months of 1932, and \$7,369,000,000 for the first three-quarters of 1929.

Millions remain unemployed, yet the index of factory pay rolls as compiled by the United States Bureau of Labor statistics rose in September to 82 per cent of the 1923-25 average, the best since October, 1930.

Building activity — one of the largest providers of employment — shows a gain of nearly 300 per cent over the extremely lean period, but still lags in getting back to the pace of prosperity. Building is still a little under the volume of five years back.

Building contributed heavily to the seven years of good times after the World War. There was an acute shortage of housing, resulting from the suspension of construction during the conflict.

The hard times of the early 1930s also saw an almost complete suspension of the erection of new homes and buildings, and statisticians now calculate there is again a substantial shortage, and view with optimism the indications that this industry — giving employment to such a wide variety of workers — again is starting to hum.

Building contracts let in thirty-seven states in the first nine months of this year aggregated \$2,034,000,000, compared with only \$748,400,000 for the same period four

years ago, and \$4,669,200,000 for the nine months of seven years ago.

The automobile makers, also outstanding leaders of the postwar prosperity, are contributing heavily to the current comeback. Production of cars in the first nine months had aggregated 3,417,000 units, the largest number since 1929, when the total for that period was 4,641,000. For the same months of 1932 only 1,155,000 new cars were made.

Building began to lag long before the ominous rumblings in Wall street sounded a warning seven years ago that all was not well with the body economic. Mortgage money became costly as billions in credit poured into speculation back in 1928, and construction started to lag. Economists now say that might have provided a warning, had not the country been blinded by boom psychology and the lure of speculative profits.

The automobile industry continued to set the pace long after building had started to slump. But by September of 1929, dealers were heavily loaded with unsold cars. Something was obviously the matter. The stock market began to slip. The Hatry fiasco in London gave warning of trouble in the offing.

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York had boosted its rediscount rate to 6 per cent Aug. 9, but there had been talk of it so long that, outwardly at least, Wall street paid little attention. But when the Bank of England boosted its rate to 6½ per cent Sept. 26, that was accepted as indicator that things were not quite right in several places.

Trading continued fairly light in the stock exchange for those days, but prices slipped with startling ease day after day. The Associated Press average of sixty stocks had reached its record peak of \$157.70 on Sept. 3. By early October it was sliding several dollars a day.

Brokers knew that billions worth of stocks held on slim

margin were tottering, but in view of the record earnings, record industrial production, record retail sales, and a host of other brilliant statistical indications of the earlier months of the year, it seemed impossible for the decline to go much farther.

By Wednesday, Oct. 23, however, the situation was definitely serious. Margin clerks worked late warning customers that more funds must be put up in the morning. But their customers were frightened. If they had any cash they decided to keep it.

With the opening gong of the stock exchange at 10 o'clock the next morning bedlam let loose. Floor traders were swamped with more selling orders than it seemed humanly possible to execute. Quotation facilities quickly fell hours behind dealings, adding to confusion. This day became Wall street's historic "black Thursday."

At midday several leading bankers congregated in the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. They issued no statement. But Wall street took hope. Soon word was flashed from the trading floor that stocks were rallying. It came like a rope to drowning men. Black Thursday's trading broke all previous records at 12,894,650 shares.

The next day there was a rush to buy. Shorts and traders thought the market had had a good "shakeout" and stocks were again cheap. But on Saturday and Monday, nervousness was apparent. Prices slid off in quieter trading.

By Tuesday, many millions of margin called for biggest accounts had not been received. Wall street was in despair. Came the worst selling cataclysm of all. Allied Chemical dropped \$35. Auburn Automobile, \$60; General Electric, \$28; American Telephone, \$28; Santa Fe, \$17; United States Steel, \$12. Sales made the record of 16,410,000 shares, and the ticker ran two and one-half hours after the close.

On Wednesday came the historic statement from John D. Rockefeller: "My son and I have for some days been buying sound common stocks." Prices again recovered, only to fall back later, and finally reach a bottom for the year at \$83.80 Nov. 13, down from \$157.70.

The slump in the stock market was like a searing frost to business and trade, and statistical indicators turned sharply downward in November and December of 1929. The new year brought fresh hope. In January bankers and business executives were congratulating themselves that a top-heavy situation in the stock market had been removed, and that the "situation" again was "healthy."

Stocks had a vigorous rally, but business responded only feebly, and after a few months, trends again were decisively downward. A few stock exchange houses failed as the year wore on. On Dec. 11 came the failure of the Bank of United States in New York, with more than \$100,000,000 in deposits.

Next year conditions were still deteriorating at home, when the Credit Anstalt failure in Vienna sent a financial panic sweeping over much of Europe. The war debt moratorium failed to check it. Germany had her bank holiday. Toward the end of summer, the deflationary process appeared to many to have been checked. A number of economists thought the tide had been turned.

But in September, the Bank of England suspended gold payments. The full significance at first was not grasped. But as the British pound fell sharply in relation to the dollar and other world currencies, prices of international raw materials were pulled down to disastrous levels. By this time bank failures were spreading in the United States.

Liquidation swept throughout American markets in the early months of 1932. Wheat, which had ranged around \$1.30 a bushel in 1929, finally dropped under 50 cents in Chicago. Early that year the Reconstruction

Finance Corporation was formed in an effort to stem the tide of bank closings.

By June, it appeared that perhaps the torrent had been stemmed. The New York security markets reached their lows of the depression during the summer. In early July, the Associated Press average of sixty stocks touched bottom at \$16.90, having come all the way down from \$157.70 in September, 1929. Encouragement was felt from indications that recovery was under way in England and other countries closely tied economically to London.

American commodity and security markets rallied for a time. Toward the end of the year, however, further banking difficulties were developing. The story of the outrush of gold from the country, the spread of bank runs, the beginning of state-wide bank holidays in February, 1933, ending in the nation-wide bank holiday of March 4, is recent history.

The inflationary boom of late spring and early summer marked the first major upswing of recovery. Taking the dollar officially off gold in April, and the prospect of higher prices under NRA stirred widespread buying of both securities and commodities. The upswing went too far, and July saw a slump. During the next year and a half, recovery was slow and irregular. Hopes lifted with a sharp upswing in the bond market and a big influx of gold when the dollar was placed on an international gold standard again, at 59 per cent of its old parity, Jan. 31, 1934. The severe drought of summer brought fresh trials.

After fluctuating uncertainly for months, the stock market began its steadiest, most protracted rise of many years, in March, 1935. From a level of \$34.50, the average of sixty stocks was moved upward with minor setbacks until it has recently gone above \$70 for the first time since April, 1929. It is now in the area of late 1927.

The seven lean years have seen the inauguration of major engines of economic control with which their sponsors hope the excesses of another boom period will be prevented, and good times made more secure. Set up among bitter political and economic controversy, they remain to be tested through such a period.

The Securities and Exchange Commission took the stock market in hand in autumn, 1934. A year earlier the securities act put brakes on the issue of securities. The Federal Reserve Board has been given unprecedented power to control the credit machinery of the nation.

The efforts of government to control the economic cycle has been the subject of violent wrangling, particularly in the national political campaign just ended. New Deal spokesmen claimed credit for furthering recovery and laying the groundwork for more stable prosperity in the future. Republican leaders asserted that the New Deal seriously retarded recovery, and that its financial methods were a serious threat to the future.

Controversy has been squelched, for the moment at least, by the New Deal victory at the polls Nov. 3. The second seven-year period since the crash of 1929 begins not only with active recovery at home but striking acceleration of trade in many parts of the world.

Such international commodities as copper and rubber has just risen to the highest prices in years. Copper has jumped from a low of $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound to well above 10 cents, and crude rubber from close to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound to over 17 cents.

Active rearmament by major powers has been a potent factor in industrial recovery abroad and provides an ominous tinge to what might otherwise seem a wholly rosy horizon.

Nonetheless, the last few months have seen a major step toward international co-operation in economic re-

covery by the gentlemen's agreement between Paris, London and Washington to preserve exchange equilibrium during the devaluation of the gold bloc currencies, led by France, just five years after England started the wave of major currency readjustments.

An ambitious effort at international co-operation all but collapsed when the world economic conference convened in London in 1933. With the dollar then in the processes of devaluation, and the gold bloc clinging desperately to pre-depression monetary values, important understanding seemed impossible. Some see the three-party gentlemen's agreement as indicating that important international understandings to promote recovery may be feasible at last.

TRIPARTITE GOLD AGREEMENT

BY JULES I. BOGEN .

New York Journal of Commerce, October 13, 1936

DOCTOR BOGEN is the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*. He was notified as soon as this story broke on the afternoon of October 12, and he started to write the interpretive story which appears here, finishing it in about forty minutes. Shortly after the story was set, the United Press called by telephone to inquire whether the paper was running an interpretive story and whether they might carry it. It had no sooner cleared the U.P. wires than Radio Station WJZ called to ask if Doctor Bogen would consent to be interviewed over a hook-up, and he was later so interviewed by Joseph B. Kennedy, the news commentator.

The story itself is a remarkable specimen of interpretive writing on a difficult subject, under pressure of an early deadline.

THE international currency stabilization agreement announced by Secretary Morgenthau three weeks ago in very vague terms has now been supplemented by a tripartite arrangement to ship gold when necessary to maintain monetary stability.

The announcement of this phase of the agreement will answer many doubts raised in recent weeks as to the real significance and value of the international stabilization pact. It should also strengthen confidence in the prospects for a real effort by leading countries to foster a world trade revival on the basis of stabilized currencies and lowered trade barriers.

The international currency stabilization agreement, it is true, remains far from definitive in character. Secretary Morgenthau, who has insisted right along that the United States is itself on a "twenty-four hour" basis in currency

matters, has applied the same unfortunate and irresponsible designation to the new international accord. But the dollar has been stabilized in fact since January, 1934, and if the international agreement works as well, it may become a real nucleus around which to effect world-wide monetary stabilization.

The gentlemen's agreement announced on September 25 stated neither the rates at which the three major currencies were to be stabilized in terms of each other, nor the mechanics whereby payments between Great Britain, France and the United States would be finally settled. As our existing gold export regulations have provided that metal could be shipped only to countries that permit the export of gold to us, it seemed that the agreement might have only nominal significance, since we could not thus export gold to Paris or London. Neither could Paris ship gold here. In fact, the franc sold at a premium of 20 per cent or so above its present quotation for a time after abandonment of the gold standard, because of the lack of supply. Only intervention by the Bank of France, which has since supplied francs freely, permitted the French currency unit to decline to its present level. The sharp decline in sterling since the last week of September also undermined confidence in the value of the new arrangement.

The decision to permit shipments of gold between the three countries will re-establish the yellow metal as a medium for settling international balances. It will not act as an actual medium of exchange or as a basis for the regulation of a nation's currency and credit system, however.

The immediate practical effects of the new agreement are not likely to be extensive. The announcement gives some further encouragement to the repatriation of European capital now placed in Great Britain and this

country. While some factors tending to slow up the return flow of funds to the Continent remain, such as internal political difficulties in several countries, fear of taxation of devaluation profits and the sharp rise in security prices in the United States, the most important influence holding up capital repatriation has been the necessity for completing the mechanics of devaluation, including the proclamation of new gold parities, in France, Holland and other gold bloc countries. Until this was done those who had exported capital from those countries felt it was premature to bring it home, for the most part. An important further step has now been taken to complete these formalities.

On the other hand, London and New York have also become more desirable as centers in which to place funds, since both centers will ship gold to other countries joining the new agreement to maintain the quotations of their currencies.

The fact that the agreement is made among stabilization funds, furthermore, will tend to keep future gold movements from affecting the position of central banks in the countries affected. Hence, interest rates and credit expansion policies would remain uninfluenced by gold movements to a far greater extent than under the orthodox type of international gold standard.

The long-term implications are, however, by far the most important. It will be remembered that after the stabilization of the German mark in 1924, through adoption of the Dawes plan, a world-wide business revival set in which continued, with but minor interruptions, until the latter part of 1929. The new currency pact, if adopted generally by other countries, might well bring about a similar result. Several countries have already lowered tariffs and liberalized import quota restrictions, reflecting elimination of the fear of currency depreciation warfare.

The fact that the new international currency agreement involves a readiness to ship gold by arrangement between stabilization funds should permit the tack of international economic and financial rehabilitation, rudely interrupted by the collapse of the London monetary and economic conference in the summer of 1933, to be resumed where it was then left off. A resulting revival of world trade would mean a great deal, especially to industries dependent in some measure upon export markets. In this country the machinery, cotton textile, electrical and automobile trades should be among those that will benefit most. As South American countries improve their markets in Europe as a result of any consequent economic revival on that continent, our trade with Latin America should benefit.

Commodity prices will naturally tend to be firm or rising because of the increased demand resulting from internal and external trade-revival in various countries.

Monetary stabilization, furthermore, both implies and facilitates the settlement of defaulted international debts, as well as a resumption of active foreign lending to countries that have maintained their credit standing through the depression, like Argentina in South America and several countries in western Europe. The most important unsettled problem in the domain of defaulted debts is the war debts owed by the former allies to the United States, which have now been in complete default for several years.

Because of their political implications, it is likely that serious efforts to settle the war debt problem will be held up until after the elections next month. However, reports are persistent that there is an understanding in official quarters on both sides of the Atlantic that an early agreement on war debts, involving partial payments of the sums due by the European debtors, has been definitely contemplated in connection with the current monetary agreements. Such a settlement, by ending the ban on

foreign loans to governments in default to the United States provided in the Johnson Act, would be an important step towards a reopening, at least upon a modest scale, of the international capital market.

HAUPTMANN EXECUTION

BY DAMON RUNYON

Editor & Publisher, April 11, 1936

THE following story is not the one which Mr. Runyon wrote of this event for Universal Service, but one which he prepared expressly for *Editor & Publisher* to describe especially the news coverage of the execution, thus it has a distinctively feature handling rather than the spot-news treatment of his other story.

"Newspapers handled the story of the execution according to their own lights," said *Editor & Publisher* in its own story of the newspaper play of the electrocution. "Many gave it complete dignified coverage without over- or under-emphasis. A few deliberately underplayed it. Others threw practically all journalistic restraint overboard to tell the ghastly story in startling pictures and dramatic news accounts and summaries." The tabloid *New York Daily News*, with an artist's drawing of the execution scene dominating its first page, claims to have sold 450,000 copies above normal. At the other extreme the *Cleveland News* printed but seventy-five words on the story, and the *Christian Science Monitor* two paragraphs. The *New York Times* carried a three-column, three-deck head on the front page over a column-and-a-half story.

AS WE were waiting in line, two-by-two, for the march to the death house in the New Jersey prison to see Bruno Richard Hauptmann executed, my stomach seemed to be slowly turning over inside me.

I furtively glanced around to see how the others were taking it. They were standing quietly, some talking in ordinary conversational tones. I wondered if I was the only one there who felt physically and mentally disturbed at the prospect of seeing a man die.

I said, aloud:

"I feel sort o' sick about this."

The troubled face of a young reporter behind me cleared.

"Well, I'm glad some one else feels that way," he replied.

Probably he, too, had been wondering if he was the only one having an uneasy time there.

But a glance around at the stone floor showed that others besides the young reporter and myself were a little nervous. The floor was littered with half-smoked cigarette butts. A man smokes a lot of cigarettes when he is nervous.

We were waiting at this time in what is known as "the center" of the prison, an area opening off the big dining hall and some of the cell blocks. In "the center" are stations for the guards with bullet-proof glass, and gun ports in the glass. We were waiting there for Colonel Mark O. Kimberling, principal keeper of the prison, and at the moment were under command of the assistant "P. K.," as the convicts call 'em, Colonel George Selby.

Colonel Selby, a pleasant, affable man, in a tan trench coat, leaned against a steel pillar after ordering us to line up, and watched us with interest.

"I didn't know I could get you fellows in line that good," he commented.

Colonel Selby, in assorting the execution witnesses, before we entered "the center," kept referring to "civilians," and it finally developed that he meant non-newspapermen, such as the doctors, and even the state policemen who were on the list.

The period of waiting in "the center" for Colonel Kimberling was perhaps the most jittery session of the night. As a matter of fact, more of us were more nervous, I think, on Tuesday night, the night originally scheduled for the electrocution of the German, than on Friday night when it actually took place.

Friday night seemed anti-climactic after the strain of Tuesday night, when Colonel Kimberling announced, at the last minute, a postponement of at least 48 hours.

Up to the very last second Friday night some were still a bit skeptical that the execution would at last take place, though most of us were pretty well convinced when we were finally admitted to "the center," and given the fourth, and most intensive "frisking" of the night.

Colonel Kimberling was determined that no cameras would get into the death house, which accounts for the numerous searches of the witnesses, particularly the newspapermen, though the doctors, and state policemen, and everybody else were also searched.

We were searched rather casually on entering the main doors of the prison Tuesday night, but this merely amounted to officers running their hands over the outside of our clothing, and seemed more for the benefit of the movies than anything else. We were given another perfunctory sort of searching inside that first night, so perfunctory that I suspect Colonel Kimberling may have anticipated the postponement.

The searching Friday night was an entirely different matter. We were briefly "frisked" at the door, then were twice searched in small anterooms, being required to take off our outer coats, and remove articles from our pockets.

They took a small gold penknife from me that I had to retrieve next day, and they were very curious about Jim Kilgallen (I.N.S.) because his wrist watch wasn't running. However, the guards were all mighty courteous about the whole business, even the one who lifted my feet up, one after the other, like a blacksmith inspecting a horse's hoofs, and peered at my heels, tapping them gently to see if they were hollow.

Then we were searched again in "the center," where a friendly guard, who seemed to know I am a sports writer, said in an undertone:

"Say, can you give me a winner? I ain't had one all week."

"Bet on Phrixus at Bowie tomorrow," I suggested.

(P.S. — Phrixus didn't win, I'm sorry to report.)

When Colonel Kimberling arrived in "the center," he took command of the reportorial platoon, and made us a speech, warning against any attempt to use cameras, and also against "any demonstration."

It is said that the Colonel had heard that a certain witness, not a reporter, planned to jump up and interrogate Hauptmann as the German went to the chair, and Kimberling, a fine, high-class type of a man, who doesn't like capital punishment, said:

"If Hauptmann wants to say anything, I'll hear him."

Then to an ominous clicking of steel locks, he placed himself at the head of the procession, and led us on a march through the dining hall, and on out into the open yard, to the death chamber, guards walking like file-closers on the flanks of the column and in the rear.

There was another search before we got into the death house. A guard emptied out the cigarettes in my case to see the bottom, a procedure the other guards had expedited by feeling around under the cigarettes with their fingers. On none of the newspapermen in any of the searches was anything contraband discovered, and no photograph was taken of the execution.

The photographers at one time tried to get officials to permit the official photographer of the state to take the picture for them all, and were turned down, though why actual photographs of an execution are regarded as any worse than the pen pictures, I don't know. It's like the courts still refusing sound cameras at big trials, when the time must eventually come that talking movies will be the official record of court procedure instead of the written word.

The reporters each had numbered cards that they thought indicated their seats in the death chamber, but the seats weren't numbered, and you took the first one you came to that wasn't occupied. The death chamber is a small room, and the front row of the reporters was separated from the chair only by a distance of about ten feet.

A chain along which a sheet of canvas was draped, hung between the reporters and the chair, about three feet from the floor. Five doctors, and some other witnesses were standing inside the chain railing to one side of the chair, and there were guards in the one aisle that separated the reporters, and at the entrance.

Colonel Kimberling, wearing a brown overcoat, from the side pockets of which he seldom removed his hands, and brown hat which he never removed from his head at all, made another speech after the reporters were seated, disclosing a new scheme for circumventing cameras. He had a guard hold up a white-rimmed clock with big numerals, and told them this was for the benefit of the witnesses in timing the execution.

Incidentally, it was probably designed to prevent any of them from hauling out watches which might also be cameras. He told the newspapermen to get out their pads and pencils now and button up their coats, and warned them not to attempt to rise during the proceedings. The clock was a new wrinkle in executions, and was really helpful, because none of the reporters had any cameras, anyway, and the guard kept holding up the clock throughout.

Some of the reporters gave Colonel Kimberling a brief argument about the correctness of his time-piece as compared to their own, but he assured them he had had it set by Western Union in "the center." A couple of reporters reflected on the accuracy of the clock by claiming it was two minutes fast, but the time stood.

Then they brought Hauptmann in and executed him in a most expeditious manner, and a lot of the reporters didn't see every little thing that transpired, because two ministers came in with Hauptmann, and one stood directly in front of him, intoning, in German, from the Bible from the time Hauptmann came in until he was pronounced dead, and some of the doctors and other witnesses also moved over into the line of reportorial vision.

A couple of the newspapermen in the rear seats half-raised themselves to get a better view, and were immediately clamped down by the heavy-handed guards behind them. The execution of this most notorious of the world's criminals was singularly undramatic, because they hurried him in, and hurried him off, and Hauptmann went without uttering a word.

The finish certainly wasn't as dramatic as a hundred other situations in the case, and even the youngest of the reporters viewed it with tension relaxed. The guards called it "an average execution." I thought Hauptmann was in a sort of torpor — "mentally dead," I believe I said — and his guards agreed with me. They said that to all intents and purposes he "died" Tuesday night when his execution was postponed almost on the minute of the hour set.

The news that Hauptmann was dead got out somehow almost the instant old Robert Elliott, the executioner, threw on his switch for the first of three jolts. It is said that one paper had a guard in one of the watch towers give a signal with a movement of his rifle which was picked up by a watcher in the street below and hustled into the old shed once used as a prison shop for making concrete, where the telegraph companies had scores of wires and operators, and the reporters hammered their typewriters sitting on backless benches, at pine tables, all hastily thrown together for this event.

The whole world probably knew Hauptmann was dead before the reporters who saw the execution got out of the death house through an entrance emptying almost immediately upon the street and just across from the concrete shop. There was a jam at the exit, and when this was loosened the reporters boiled out of what is known as "the silver gate," into the street, like a lot of madmen, almost trampling waiting photographers, with their flashlights, underfoot.

We had a lot of different versions the next day of the way Hauptmann went, but I think this is always true of every big event that is set down by eyewitnesses, especially when you get down to interpretations of manner, and expression. That's a matter of impression, not reportorial accuracy, as some people seem to think.

I thought Hauptmann was expressionless, save for an habitual smirk. Others saw that smirk as a sardonic smile. I thought he was almost in a stupor. Others thought he was quite conscious of his actions. Their impressions are as good as mine — maybe better.

But, anyway, I thought my neighbors turned out some great newspaper writing on this thing, especially the youngsters, and speaking for myself I don't care if I never see another execution.

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DEATH MAKES A HOLIDAY

BY J. BEN LIEBERMAN

Evansville (Indiana) Courier, August 15, 1936

OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY, scene of the hanging of which the following is a "color story," is about forty miles from Evansville, and therefore comes well within the "territory" of the *Evansville Courier*. But the *Courier* had a local correspondent there, and it could, of course, depend on its A.P. service, so the managing editor decided not to send Reporter Lieberman to Owensboro for the big event, and was the more determined not to send him because of the young man's free expression of a bias against capital punishment.

But Mr. Lieberman, hearing much talk of the matter among the police and others in Evansville, decided to cover the hanging "on his own." So he worked one night, drove down to Owensboro and back and wrote his story, and then worked another night — all because of a strong desire to express an attitude to which he was sincerely committed and which could not be so effectively presented in any other way. And even then he doubted whether his story would be published.

His first draft he tore up because "it was too horrible," but in the second he was able to exercise more restraint. It was published without a question, on page one, and has attracted no little attention. Here it is, but under a head borrowed from the Chicago *Herald-Examiner's* story of the same event.

Owensboro, Ky.

FIFTEEN thousand persons saw today what they had come to see — death. Some of them might have said they came to see justice done. But what they wanted, stripped bare of all pretense, was to see death done.

They saw it. They saw it stalk across a gruesome gallows, jutting clumsily into the sky into which near-by church steeples were gracefully pointing.

They saw it done at dawn, just as a new day's sun burst from the east, bringing the morning, but it was a contrasting dawn they saw. A dawn not heralding the day but climaxing the night.

Today's dawn was the end of a long night, not only in a terrifying little jail cell in which a doomed man stared blankly at a wall he could not see and found death staring back; but also in the streets of this city, sinking back to the saloon era as thousands milled in the streets until morning, holding a ghostly carnival celebration for a killing yet to be done.

It was dawn, too, for a long night on the highways to the city, filled with bug-like automobiles scrambling along the roads carrying morbid men.

And morbid women.

And little children, innocently crying for sleep, but instead dragged bewilderedly to a scene they could not understand to witness a horror they could have been saved.

On downtown streets, almost every other building became a hot-dog stand to feed the ever-hungry stomachs of the morbid and quench the one human thirst they felt. Walking around or idling, waiting for the sunrise, were hill folk and city folk, in greasy shreds and well-dressed, men shaven or unkempt, women pale or overpainted.

Sunrise would bring a public hanging. The hanging of a Negro. Something to see. Something to celebrate. There is a spirit to such things, a spirit you must catch or you'll lose all the fun.

Dawn crept slowly into chilly gray, and on the hanging scaffold, the Law began preparing for the hanging, preparing with deliberate precision. No Negro, no single white man could have planned so well. There was even an expert of 69 previous hangings present.

The trap door kept banging open, itching for a fall that

would drop a man to death, his neck broken and stretched horribly, his head bending down his side, with a black bag at least making his death-distorted features private.

Once before the ceremony began, the executioner — who had got himself drunk to tackle his task — tried the device. It jerked open so hungrily that he recoiled in horror. He twisted his neck as though he himself had just been sprung. He pulled out a large handkerchief to wipe the sweat off his brow. He wiped it off, but it came back. Nervously, his whole body twitched. His finger pecked at the railing, futilely.

The shock had apparently cleared his mind and brought him against reality. He would have to go through with it. Man's Law is inexorable. Only God's law is merciful.

A red sun burst forth. Impatiently, the crowd called for its victim. The Law's victim.

A young little Negro marched up the wooden steps to his death, unflinching. Spectators wisecracked and made jibes at him.

He prayed for a moment with a priest, and was prepared to die. Impersonally, officials strapped him. It was a useless gesture. He was frozen stiff, so that he did not even tremble.

The hangman trembled the most. A paralytic tremble. Helplessly, he stood by while the black hood and the fat-knotted noose were adjusted by the humane expert.

At last the signal came for death. But the executioner could not move, though his hand was on the lever to release the grim-shut jaws of death. Excitedly an official nudged him, again and again, while tense seconds passed.

Then he pushed the hand.

The jaws snapped, a body shot down, and a rope hung tense. There, below the platform, dangling above the ground, was the thing that had been a man, no matter how worthless. The neck was broken, too, and stretched

horribly, the head bending down to the side, with a silent black bag hiding a doomed man's last expression

The crowd muttered approval, though one or two women fainted. Half the spectators, satiated, moved to leave. The others rushed to the gallows.

The black bag was off the sagging head before the body stopped its breathing. The morbid wanted mementoes.

On the platform, minutes after the jaws snapped open, the hangman's hands clenched the rail as he stood horrified.

A short time later Owensboro was again a civilized community.

NINETEEN MONTHS OF HIDING AND SPENDING

BY FRED RUSSELL

Nashville Banner, May 17, 1936

THE story of Tom Robinson's capture broke on the night of May 11, 1936. Mr. Russell had known Robinson in college, and noting that the kidnapper was to be brought by plane directly to Louisville for trial, suggested to his editor that he should be sent to Louisville to get an interview, which was done.

Mr. Russell knew that reporters, as such, would not be allowed to talk to the prisoner, but he is a licensed attorney, and he persuaded young Robinson's father to allow him to serve as associate counsel. Other papers, learning of this, tipped off the officers, but no protest was made at the time.

Tom was brought out of his cell and taken to the courtroom, where he pleaded guilty and was sentenced in less than two minutes. Everyone was so surprised by such a quick conclusion that the deputies forgot all about their idea of preventing an interview; the reporter-attorney joined the family group, and when young Robinson was marched back to his cell walked in with him and had the conversation detailed in the story.

The National Headliners' Club gave this interview its 1936 award as "the best feature story in the domestic newspaper field." It was handled by the United Feature Syndicate as well as by the *Banner*.

DURING the 579 days that elapsed between the afternoon of October 10, 1934, and the night of May 11, 1936, millions of Americans tossed aside their newspapers with this mental inquiry: "I wonder where that Tom Robinson is and what he's doing?"

It was a fascinating and unfathomable question how an amateur criminal could completely escape the dragnets of the law when G-Men, detectives, policemen and

Sheriffs in every part of the land were out to hunt him down. Hundreds of times I asked myself the question about Tom Robinson's whereabouts and "howabouts" during those nineteen months. At last, I have the answer, and the only authentic answer. It is from the mouth of Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., himself.

I have the answer because ten years ago Tom Robinson wasn't Public Enemy No. 1, but a tennis-playing, fun-loving boy friend of mine who was preparing to enter Vanderbilt University School of Law. I knew his parents then. I liked and respected them, as I still do. It was natural that I should accompany them to Louisville Wednesday for his hearing and sentence. It was natural that this boy, who had so closely guarded every word for almost two years and now was headed for the silence of an Atlanta cell, should smile widely, handshake briskly and open up and talk to the only old friend, outside of his family, he had seen since that autumn afternoon in 1934.

Where did Tom Robinson go immediately after the ransom money was delivered to him in Indianapolis on the late afternoon of October 16, 1934?

In his automobile, a Ford V-8 with the license tag changed, he headed for Springfield, O., driving through Newcastle and Richmond.

"By reading the papers, I knew they were scouring that section for me," said Robinson. "I decided to leave my car in Springfield. I took the late night bus for Toledo."

The next morning, October 17, Robinson went directly to the railroad station and waited there, reading newspapers and magazines, until time to board a train for Cleveland. Undecided, he stayed at Cleveland two days, attending movie after movie, before going by rail to New York. Tom first went to the Knickerbocker Hotel, of course registering under an assumed name. "I don't re-

member what name I used there," he said. "It must have been either John Ward or Thomas Kennedy."

Within a week he moved to the fashionable Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue. There the big test came. For the first time, the ransom money was to be spent. One of the \$20 bills was changed at the desk. There was nothing else to do. He was out of "honest" money. He was willing to take that chance early. Anyway, the newspaper stories hinted that he was in the Middle West.

It was misery, unbearable misery, for two days. Every walk around the city had its dreaded return to the hotel. Would officers be waiting in his room? Was he being shadowed at the very moment?

Young Robinson had to do something to break the tension. He had to forget. So he took to the night clubs. That necessitated more money — more ransom money. He spent it freely, even carelessly. That was the start of a 19-month spree in which Robinson spent more than \$45,000. To this day, not \$10 of the Stoll ransom money has been traced.

The money couldn't be traced, and for the first time it has ever been published, I'll tell you why. The source of my information cannot be revealed.

When the package containing \$50,000 in \$20 and \$10 bills was expressed to Nashville in October, 1934, the numbers of the bills were recorded at Louisville. But that was all, just the numbers. Practically all those bills were national bank notes, and someone neglected to record the name of the bank along with each number. Eleven thousand national banks in the United States have issued paper money and there are hundreds of duplicate numbers in all denominations of bills. These bills can be distinguished only by the name of the bank, and they didn't have the names of the banks that issued Robinson's currency. So one can easily understand why the young

Tennessean play-boyed his way all over New York City in November and December of 1934 and never was questioned. It was just like spending good salary money.

Young Robinson didn't grow overconfident, though. By the middle of January, he thought a change of scenery might be healthful, so he entrained for Philadelphia and from that point took a plane to the West Coast.

"I don't know why, but I just thought it would be safer to get on a plane at Philadelphia rather than Newark," he explained. He said he landed in San Francisco.

His intention was to take a boat to Honolulu and perhaps proceed to the Orient. That's when he gave himself the only demerit for dumbness. He had overlooked the little matter of a passport, and of course that was too dangerous to tackle. He abandoned the idea of an ocean voyage.

Instead, Tom stayed around San Francisco for a while. As a boy he had read stories about the Barbary Coast and Telegraph Hill. He enjoyed getting close to those places. After a few weeks, he moved to Los Angeles and stayed there most of the spring. He took some precaution, always staying in the larger hotels where there was less chance of being noticed.

"I made it a point never to form any real acquaintances," said Robinson. "I believe those people in California thought I was a wealthy young fellow who just liked to travel."

The wandering spirit came again in the summer and Tom decided to try Nevada for a few weeks. He visited Reno.

"I believe Reno was the easiest place in the country for a fellow like me to get by," he said. "The city is always full of visitors and strangers. No one notices anyone else."

In July, Tom returned to Los Angeles for another stay at the same hotel. Frequently he attended movie premières to get a glimpse of some star in person. He yearned

to visit a movie studio but deemed it unwise. August found him on the road again, riding a train bound for St. Louis. That city was the nearest point he came to Nashville, his home. He never was in Memphis, as reported on many occasions.

"Say, here's a real funny one," Tom said. He grabbed hold of my arm and his eyes gleamed with excitement, just like a little boy. "I can't tell you where this happened, but last summer a Sheriff showed me his hat with a bullet hole that Dillinger shot in it. He even tried it on me and never realized who I was."

From St. Louis Robinson went to Cleveland, riding the train again. Late in September, almost a year after the kidnaping, he drifted to Topeka, Kan. He read the newspapers daily and knew that the trial of his wife and father was being held in Louisville.

"I bought a radio and put it in my room at Topeka," Tom said. "I listened for the news reports each night. When I heard that they had been acquitted, I really got tight."

Young Robinson insists that his kin were absolutely innocent of any connection with his crime. He admits now that he might have given up at Topeka had they been convicted and drawn heavy sentences.

Tom liked New York and he returned there again last October, staying at another fashionable hotel. He acted just as an ordinary, affluent, young gentleman and never was suspected.

"I walked the streets of New York and Brooklyn every day," he said. "I had no disguise. Nothing ever happened. I worried less and less about being caught."

Robinson was asked if in the entire nineteen months he ever saw anyone he knew.

"Just one time," he answered. "It was the last time in New York. It was on Broadway one night and I almost

bumped into him, but he never did recognize me. He was R—— Y—— of Nashville.”

Tom said he was not scared by the incident, having a feeling that the man probably would have helped him had he made known his identity.

“I often thought of home, but it would have been crazy to write. I had no idea of coming near Nashville again.”

It was in New York that Robinson met the girl who was with him at the time of his capture in Glendale, Calif. He insisted that she was entirely innocent and never knew his real identity.

“She was a good kid — absolutely all right,” Tom told me, at the same time refusing to give her name. “I was hungry for home cooking and she liked to cook. We left New York in January and drove all the way to California.”

After a brief stay in Los Angeles, they rented a small house in Glendale. Tom said he liked the freedom of that home. I asked him what he did those last few weeks at Glendale.

“I just piddled around the yard a lot and nearly every day worked on my car,” he answered. “We took a lot of trips in it but always came back home at night. She always bought the groceries and I didn’t stir around town much.”

Young Robinson admits now that he grew ill at ease in Glendale. He feared the neighbors might talk. Twice within less than a week before his capture last Monday night he had premonitions of danger.

“The first came on my birthday, May 5. I was 29 years old that day. For some reason, I was unusually nervous all day. My teeth were hurting me a lot — the pain was awful — and I realized I could get no relief. I wouldn’t think of going to a dentist. I guess you could say I was depressed.

“Last Sunday, Mother’s Day, I had thought about my

mother all day. I really had some kind of feeling that I would see her soon. I sure didn't think it would be just three days, though."

Robinson admits that he intended to leave Glendale around the fifteenth of the month to come back East. The G-Men made their surprise call on the night of May 11.

"I have no idea in the world how they were tipped off," Tom answered to the last question I asked him. "I'll never know. I'll swear that's wrong, though, about any Pasadena drug clerk tipping them off. That's impossible.

"Fred, you can put it in the paper that since this thing has happened, I never once have disguised as a woman. That's the truth. This is a real mustache. I couldn't have grown one like it in three weeks. You know that."

As I left, Tom pointed to his feet.

"How could I have bought women's slippers for these No. 11's?" he laughed. "Why, the shoe salesman would have nabbed me before I could have laced 'em up."

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THE UNCLES TURN ON THE HEAT

BY ROBERT V. JOHNSON

Houston Post, February 19, 1936

THE writer of this story covered the narcotic raids in Houston in which Joe Luke was arrested as a ringleader and wholesaler of drugs, and later covered the two Luke trials and the trials of three of his witnesses for perjury. Luke is now serving a four-year term in Leavenworth, though the witnesses received suspended sentences.

Out of this work grew the following story, which was intended as a popular explanation of the Government's fight against narcotics. Most of the material was obtained in two days, but the story employs a background of experience which is the result of covering federal and courthouse runs.

It will be noted that a considerable part of the story is in the form of an interview with "Pat," an ex-addict. Mr. Johnson writes that "Pat" was back "on junk" within a month. "I met him on the street a few weeks ago. He was a physical wreck. I asked him why he had resumed the habit. 'Damned if I know,' he said."

THE "Uncles" have "turned on the heat" in Houston.

To the average person this announcement probably is gibberish, but in the back streets of the city, where the so-called dregs of humanity have been wont to congregate, it means panic such as the average person in his wildest nightmares could not experience.

Translated from the argot of the underworld, it means that federal narcotic agents have been active. It means that narcotic addicts have been cut off from their source of supply — their "connections," as they would say.

A large number of the addicts and peddlers have fled to the murky neighborhoods of other cities. Known haunts

which were surveyed Monday were practically deserted. Agents of the narcotic bureau, which is a branch of the treasury department, said the town is "tight" and those who have not been nabbed are in hiding or have left the city.

The news that the "uncles," as the federal narcotic agents are known in the underworld, were making raids in Houston was inked on front pages of the nation during the past 10 days. It became known that H. J. Anslinger of Washington, federal commissioner of narcotics, personally directed the six-months investigation which culminated in the raids. It was revealed that two undercover men had risked their lives for months while posing as fugitives from justice to obtain the information on which the raids were based.

And then in a few days a dozen persons were taken into custody and charged with violation of the Harrison narcotic act.

But why all this fuss about narcotics? Why does the government spend thousands of dollars a year to stamp out the illicit narcotic traffic? And what kind of life does an addict lead and why is he dangerous?

The *Post* investigated. Addicts — "dope fiends" they are called — were interviewed. The federal agents, a non-committal group of men, were questioned. The views of judges were asked.

And the answers were all pretty horrible. Some of them could not be printed.

The consensus of opinion was that cancer and tuberculosis are minor maladies compared with the narcotic habit.

Pat, a former addict, told about it. Pat is not his real name, but it fits him. He recently returned from the federal narcotic farm at Lexington, Ky., where he was cured. He says he is "through" forever.

Pat has had a fair education and is intelligent. But when he speaks of the narcotic traffic and the men who use the "stuff," he often lapses into the argot.

Pat went to Lexington as a "self-starter," an addict who enters the institution voluntarily to be cured. And the officers to whom he gave trouble when he had the habit now are hunting a job for him.

The federal narcotic farm is six miles from Lexington and has a population of approximately 1000 addicts, of whom 800 are convicts and 200 "self-starters," or "committees."

"But it's just like a hospital. It ain't like a pen at all," Pat said. "Every 'dope' in the place has a room and the doctors and nurses try to make it as easy as possible.

"I had a four-year habit. I tried to take the cure several times, but I never had any luck until I got to Lexington. Before I got there I used to suffer a lot, but when they put me on the cure I didn't miss any meals and I slept at nights.

"You couldn't realize what that means to a guy that's got the habit."

Pat said the "cure" (medical treatment) required from 10 to 14 days, but that addicts were kept at the farm a minimum of six months.

"They got to keep you there that long or you'd be right back on dope," he added. "And then they won't let you go unless you have a job in sight."

Inmates of the farm, he continued, are given light work in the fields or in the tailor shop and barber shop of the institution. In addition, there is a construction gang, in which are placed the most physically able men.

"How many go back to the habit after leaving the farm?" Pat was asked.

"Doctor Kolb (the medical superintendent) said one time that he'd be tickled to death if 2 per cent were cured

permanently, but I think the percentage is higher than that. However, I don't know."

Federal officers were pessimistic. Some agreed that five out of 1000 addicts might remain permanently cured of the habit.

"We've got to stamp out the illicit narcotic traffic before we can make much headway toward curing the addicts," one observed.

"How does an addict become an addict?" Pat was asked.

"Well, most of those at Lexington started about the same — by trying it out and then finding they couldn't quit," he said.

"Maybe you go out on a 'drunk' and you wake up with a hangover. Someone tells you to try a shot and it makes you feel fine.

"You try it again when you're sick or when you're out on a party. And then you try it again sometime, and you wake up, and you think 900 Indians are on top of you. Then you know you've got the habit.

"You can't get over it. You get worse and you've got to have the dope. You'll lie, steal and even kill sometimes to get it.

"Show me a man who uses dope and I'll show you a man who's got larceny in him. There ain't no two ways about it. When the panic hits you and you've got to have it, you'll do anything to get it.

"Maybe you get throwed in jail. After a while you feel you got to have a shot. If you haven't got a 'plant' on you, you're out of luck."

He paused to explain that a "plant" is a supply of narcotics hidden in the clothing or affixed to the body with adhesive tape.

"You'll take a razor blade or a piece of glass and slash your arm," he continued, rolling up his sleeve and showing a scarred forearm. "You let it bleed for a while and then

fall over, pretending to be dying. The jailer will come running and if you're lucky he'll send you to the hospital where the 'croaker' will give you a shot."

He said a variation of this trick is sucking blood into the mouth from an arm and then pretending to have a hemorrhage from the lungs.

The addict who is unable to obtain the narcotics by these tricks is in "a bad way," he added.

After a number of hours, the number depending on the individual addict's case, the addict loses control of his bodily functions. He is unable to stand. He is unable to retain food and is in pain.

"You moan and groan and jerk," Pat said. "Hell is a Garden of Eden in comparison. Yes, sir, I'm glad I went to Lexington."

He said inmates of the narcotic farm are permitted to play games, such as baseball and cards.

"At the Fort [Leavenworth penitentiary] they won't let you have cards," he added. "And at the Fort they 'rack you up' [place in cells] at six, but at the farm you can stay up until 10.

"That's why the convicts like to come to the farm. Every one is treated alike and they really try to make you satisfied and show you that you can get well.

"Why, even when some of those 'dopes' kick about their rooms, they change them for them. They give them hot baths and alcohol rubs and the 'screws' [guards] don't carry guns or blackjacks.

"When some of those 'dopes' come in there and tell the nurses they got a mare on the track and own a six-story building, the nurses just listen and say, 'that's fine.' And all the time they know the 'dope' is just some boot and shoe from some one-room dump."

He paused to translate that "mare on the track" means to have a girl working for them, a mark of distinction in

the underworld, and that a "boot and shoe" is the lowest class of narcotic peddler or addict.

Pat explained terms used by narcotic addicts.

A hypodermic needle is artillery. "Bangs," "fix-ups" and "geezers" are hypodermically administered narcotics, usually heroin. "Bang in the arm" is the act of making the injection.

An "emergency gun" is a makeshift hypodermic needle, usually consisting of a medicine dropper and a needle. This outfit costs 20 cents and is the "artillery" of a "boot and shoe" addict.

"Bernice," "burnese," "C," "coke," "snow," "happy dust" and "heaven dust" are names for cocaine, which usually is taken by inhalation through the nose. To "go on a sleigh ride" is the act of inhalation. "Snifters" and "snowbirds" are cocaine addicts.

"H" is heroin, strongest narcotic and the one most widely used in cities. "R. F. D. dopes" are rural addicts, whose customary drug is morphine, known as "M." A ration of morphine is a "slumber party."

"Mud," "black-stuff," "hop," "O," "tar" and "li-yuen" are names for opium. An attendant at an opium den is a "chef," and the process of smoking opium is "kicking the gong." An opium pipe is a "saxophone."

Federal narcotic agents are "gazers," "uncles" and "whiskers."

"Joy popping" is taking the first "shot" for the sense of exhilaration it gives.

In this connection, another addict explained that a confirmed addict does not take narcotics for exhilaration. He takes them in order to feel normal. After becoming addicted to the habit, there is no feeling of intoxication derived from the drugs.

The confirmed addict must have a "shot" every four hours or so and the average dose is said to be sufficient to

kill a person who has not become immunized through constant use.

"I've taken 10 or 12 grains many times," the addict admitted.

Heroin and morphine are derived from opium. Cocaine is a precipitation of the leaves of the coca plant which flourishes in Peru.

Heroin was first made by German chemists and was derived from morphine. It was believed to be a "cure" for the narcotic habit, and also was widely used in cough medicines.

On investigation by United States government laboratories, the drug was found to be approximately twice the strength of morphine.

Today addicts pay \$1 or more a grain for it, even after it has been "cut" by mixing with sugar or powdered milk. It is sold principally in capsules.

After purchasing heroin the addict empties the capsule into a broken spoon or top of a tobacco can in which has been placed a small piece of cotton. The spoon or can top is heated with a match to dissolve the heroin and the point of the needle is placed in the cotton and the mixture drawn up.

The addict binds his arm, finds an artery, makes the injection and then swings his arm to facilitate assimilation of the drug.

The addicts said a heroin user is unable to obtain relief from other narcotics. Heroin is the narcotic most frequently seized by federal officers here. Opium is said to be used chiefly by Chinese in larger cities and by "big time" gamblers and race track followers. Most of the "small time" thieves and murderers are heroin users. The drug in tablet form is known as "courage pills."

County Judge W. H. Ward, who is judge of lunacy court, said a large number of the insane persons who appear before him are narcotic addicts.

What type of men are engaged in stamping it out? All are college graduates and all must have degrees in medicine, law or pharmacy and must have had a year or more in police work before they are permitted to take the civil service examination.

They must be physically fit and capable of "shooting it out," if necessary. They must be actors capable of mingling with the underworld characters they are tracking without being discovered.

They are shifted from city to city at a moment's notice. They start in the service at an initial salary of \$2600 a year and win promotions on merit. After 30 years' service, they may retire on a pension. Their names seldom appear in the papers.

THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

BY PHILIP KINSLEY

Chicago Tribune, November 18, 1935

GETTING the facts for the following story was a matter of historical research, delving into the newspaper records of this famous case (which were found in the *Tribune's* morgue), and talking to the lawyers to get the backgrounds. The city editor, realizing that the case was an unusual one, gave Mr. Kinsley a day or two to dig up the materials, but once the facts were assimilated, the story was written easily and quickly.

Other papers took the "tone" of their coverage from the initial story here reprinted, and the trial received much attention. It dragged along for months instead of the "three or four weeks" expected, and not until February 1, 1936, were eight of the defendants convicted.

"I hope the reporting of the trial affected prospective purchasers of Drake stock," writes Mr. Kinsley, "but I doubt it. The people seem to me incurably gullible."

WHEN Sir Francis Drake, romantic English buccaneer of the 16th century, sailed the Golden Hind around the world, looting Spanish ships and islands, he sowed the seeds of a legend that is still having its social effect.

Today, before Federal Judge Earl Major of Springfield, sitting in the United States courthouse in Chicago, 42 defendants will go on trial in the latest effort to stop the swindling of the people of this country in the name of a mythical Drake estate of 27 millions or billions — it makes little difference which amount is claimed.

For 200 years poor people in Europe and America have been contributing to some band of Wallingfords who have

played upon mystery, credulity, and the eternal desire for riches. For the last two years Chicago has been the center of operations of one group that has taken \$1,350,000 away from "investors" of the central states since 1918. For a time they took \$6,000 a month from Iowa alone. There are said to be 2,000 victims in Quincy, Ill. Minnesota and Missouri have been fertile fields. It is in Missouri that the legendary heir to a legendary estate was supposed to live.

The lure of a \$5,000 return for every \$1 invested has kept various promoters of this ancient scheme living in luxury for decades. The chief defendant in the current trial, Oscar M. Hartzell, known in London's smart night clubs and hotels as "Baron" Hartzell, got \$2,500 a week for years from this mine of innocence in the United States. Hartzell, now an inmate of Leavenworth prison, to which he was sentenced for 10 years as the result of a similar trial in Sioux City, Ia., will attend this trial under guard.

Despite Hartzell's conviction and all the warnings that federal and state authorities could issue, despite newspaper exposures and all that official England could do to prove that there is no Drake estate to divide, the merry fraud goes right along. The people insist upon putting their money into it.

The Madison, Wis., Chamber of Commerce has informed Postal Inspector Robert E. Lewis in Chicago within the last few days that there seems to be no way to stop the swindlers in that state. They are not using the mails, a method which has proved the downfall of the Chicago group. It is in vain, it is reported, that the Wisconsin authorities have shown the "investors" the prison picture of Hartzell and produced a statement from the warden that he would not be up for parole until Oct. 3, 1941.

Hartzell's rise to wealth through this method will be one of the interesting phases of the trial, in which Arthur

Bishop, a Scotland yard inspector, who trailed Hartzell in London for years, finally securing his deportation, and Charles Challen, a London barrister, will be government witnesses.

Hartzell, it appears, was a former Missouri farmer who was drawn into the scheme first as an investor. Fearing he would lose his money, he went to England and what he learned there of the promoters led him to get on the receiving end of the money and live the life of Riley for 13 years. He was arrested in the Croydon hotel, Chicago.

The late Robert T. Lincoln, ambassador to England, warned the people of this country in the 80's against the Drake Estate association scheme. Charles G. Dawes, while ambassador to London, got into the poor graces of Hartzell, judging from the following cablegram which Hartzell sent to this country to his agents:

"Damn Consul General Halstead and meddling Ambassador Dawes for their ignorant misleading communication and damn all fools who listen to them after I have explained the facts about the important order transferring to me property that belonged to the late Sir Francis Drake."

The British witnesses and Inspector Lewis, who made an investigation in England, will testify to the non-existence of any Drake estate. The supposed estate has been surrounded with great mystery by the present promoters. It has been tied up in the ecclesiastical courts, awaiting the gold seal of the king of England, awaiting orders in council, identified with the English war debt, a subject of secret negotiations with Andrew W. Mellon, while he was ambassador, and subjected to a great variety of mysterious delays. The only fact in it all was the delay.

Among the defendants with Hartzell are his brother, Canfield, who "carried on," it is charged, after his brother's imprisonment; Otto G. Yant, 616 Rush street; Joseph

H. Hauber, alias C. W. Williams, 611 Rush street; Lester Ohmart and Delmer C. Short, 19 E. Bellevue place; Minnie D. Hinz, 539 Oakdale avenue, and others from Wisconsin, Iowa, South Dakota, Texas and Minnesota.

Assistant United States Attorney Austin Hall is the prosecutor. There will be 220 witnesses and the trial is expected to last three or four weeks.

A defense motion to come up today will seek the return of \$60,000 which the government agents took from the offices of the promoters in Chicago at the time of their arrest.

Since Hartzell's imprisonment the fraud has been carried on under the name of "Hartzell Financial Transactions," with the sale of notes. Yant, a former bank cashier of Mallard, Ia., has been the signer of these notes, which are admittedly a "share" in the Drake fortune. The defendants will be represented by Attorneys Edward J. Hess and George Crane, who once sought to withdraw from the case. Mrs. Hinz will have two attorneys in addition, Thomas Sullivan and Frank McAllister.

THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKES

BY WESTBROOK PEGLER

United Feature Syndicate March 31, 1936

THE series of articles which Mr. Pegler wrote from London and Dublin during the Spring of 1936 exposing the workings of the Irish Free State Hospitals Sweepstake lottery attracted wide attention. Without losing his good humor, the famous sports writer gave the facts; and the facts themselves were sufficient as an attack on the whole system.

One of the repercussions of the series was a statement of Leo T. McCauley, consul general of the Irish Free State, attacking some of Mr. Pegler's allegations. To this the columnist replied on April 20. Whether an exposé such as this has much effect on buyers of lottery tickets seems doubtful, but it should awaken intelligent public opinion to the need of action in the United States similar to that already taken in England.

The story presented here was the second of the series. The one about the promoters — which Mr. Pegler claims here he is “too lazy” to dig out — appeared a day or two later, the writer apparently having overcome his inclination to sloth.

London, England

THE British law forbidding all publicity regarding the Irish Free State hospitals sweepstake has compelled the supervision of tickets which otherwise might be sold in England, Wales and Scotland. These tickets sell for 10 shillings sterling, or approximately \$2.50. An opportune ruling by James A. Farley rescinding the American postal rule against the mailing of publications carrying mention of the sweepstake has been a great help to the operators of the gamble, for this offhand decision of the postmaster general has tended to offset the British verboten.

Your correspondent happens to know that Mr. Farley had no such thought in mind, however. Shortly after the coronation of Mr. Roosevelt in 1933 your correspondent phoned Mr. Farley to explain that Walter B. ("High Hat") Brown, who was Herbert Hoover's postmaster general, had forbidden mention of the sweepstake in the American press and to ask if he intended to enforce the same regulation. Mr. Farley said: "No; this is a new administration and a new deal," and in this informal spur-of-the-moment manner expunged from the book a restriction which had been criticized as an infringement on the freedom of the press but which had been secretly enjoyed by the three big American press associations, nevertheless.

The job of checking the lists and sifting out the American names when the drawings are made in Dublin three times a year is not only laborious and a headache for the London reporters but a matter of considerable expense. These names and addresses must be cabled over to the states, and the staffs of the London bureaus and the auditors back in New York will not thank your correspondent for having suggested the concession to Mr. Farley.

This ruling was made prior to the adoption of the British law against the publication of lottery news, and although Mr. Farley's action has been a great comfort to the land where his fathers died, he could not have known at the time that he was opening a substitute market for the tickets. The United States is not likely to take up all the shrinkage in receipts due to the British prohibition, but the new freedom at home has stimulated American sales, and the British law has been no such disaster as it otherwise might have been.

The management of the sweep now conducts a strong ballyhoo in the American papers and stands ready to provide free first-class transportation, food, drinks and entertainment to almost any accredited representative of

an American newspaper who is willing to make the voyage to Dublin and cover the draws, which are conducted between March and October.

These junkets are great souse parties, and the press representation generally includes a considerable proportion of gate-crashers and other phonies who are not newspaper men at all but casual friends of editors and publishers with nothing better to do than go a long way to get drunk. There are those who will argue that there is nothing better to do, but there is a time and place for everything, and this dispatch cannot break off at this point to debate the question.

The worst handicap to the sales promotion in the United States is the risk of fraud. The sweepstake is a racket in itself when it commits a deliberate and official invasion of the United States under the auspices of the Free State government, contrary to the laws of a friendly country, and the American racketeers with splendid patriotism have preyed on this foreign racket by selling thousands of counterfeit tickets on every draw.

Moreover, in any country so far away the venders of valid lottery tickets have a temptation to keep the money themselves, neglecting to forward to Dublin the names and addresses of their clients. The tickets are sent free to the agents, but sales do not become valid until the cash is received in Dublin and the management has sent an official receipt to each purchaser. Your correspondent has bought perhaps half a dozen tickets in the last few years and has never received a receipt — a fact which creates a suspicion of foul play.

If an agent sells a hundred tickets and forgets to send the money to Dublin he gains \$250, and his clients are not represented in the drawing because the counterfoils of their tickets are not placed in the drum. The American racketeer is comparatively safe in selling counterfeits or

in holding out the receipts for genuine tickets, because the client himself cannot come into court with clean hands. Nevertheless, American sales are rising as an offset to the decline of business in Great Britain.

There have been seventeen sweeps since the lottery began, in 1930, and the total gross receipts have risen to \$233,457,000. From this awe-inspiring sum a fund of \$46,170,000 has been allotted to the fifty hospitals of the Irish Free State, but a few years ago the government stepped in to collect a tax on the hospitals' share of the money and to assert a supervising authority over the hospitals' fund. Up to that time about \$20,000,000 had been distributed to the hospitals, but since the government took charge allotments of money have been held up pending an investigation of the requirements of the various applicant institutions.

In the meanwhile a mass of about \$25,000,000 has accumulated, notwithstanding the deduction of the government tax, which amounted to about \$755,000 on last Friday's sweep alone. The tax is said to have yielded the government approximately \$5,000,000 in the years 1932 and 1933, when the gross receipts were just a little short of \$100,000,000. This period included the greatest kitty of them all, the Derby sweep of 1932, which drew \$20,600,000.

Your correspondent declines responsibility for these last figures, however, as they are taken from old clippings in the morgue and are unaccompanied by any explanation of the promoters' forbearance. The story of the promoters — one of whom, Richard Duggan, a famous Dublin book-maker, is now dead — obviously is a swell piece, but your correspondent is too lazy to go to Dublin and dig it out.

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KANGAROO COURT

BY ALLEN DOWLING

Omaha World-Herald, September 27, 1936

CITY EDITOR B. F. Sylvester had heard a report that a man just released from the Douglas county jail in Omaha had been forced by a kangaroo court to pay his fellow inmates three dollars which his family needed for food and fuel. Mr. Dowling was assigned to investigate jail conditions, and, without collusion of police or courts, got himself landed behind bars on a complaint of drunkenness signed by a colleague on the paper.

Results of the story made the effort, and whatever hardship was involved, seem thoroughly worth while. The story appeared on a Sunday; within twenty-four hours three separate investigations were underway by the city, county and federal governments. The last-named was interested because the county jail has a contract for the care of federal prisoners, and a special investigator flew from St. Paul to study the Omaha conditions for the federal government. The "court" was immediately abolished and the officers of the "court" were punished.

The *World-Herald* followed up by studying the foods served at the jail, indicating profits to the sheriff totaling more than \$26,000 annually. Mr. Dowling wrote the follow-up stories. As a result of ensuing investigations, a new "cafeteria" system was installed and better foods served. Also a new set of rules for the jail was specifically recommended by the federal investigator within a week.

Mr. Dowling received many threats of physical violence, presumably from the prisoners who were punished for their parts in the "court" proceedings, but he was still enjoying his usual health when last heard from.

TERRORISM of county jail inmates by a prisoner-operated kangaroo court continues, despite Sheriff Hopkins' promise to end it.

At the hour his statement appeared in street editions of the papers Friday, I was being flogged by the "court's" official "strapman" in county jail cell-tier three. Lying on my cell bunk shortly afterward, I read the sheriff's pronouncement.

I went to jail to see what a kangaroo court is. The story of Peter Bonacci, 19-year-old Omaha father, prompted that interest. Bonacci told District Judge Rhoades that Wednesday he had been "assessed" his last \$3 by a county jail kangaroo court, and thus had been prevented from contributing to support of his wife and infant son.

I learned that the Bonacci incident did not reveal all the widespread oppression of inmates, mostly by prisoners serving long terms.

I "surrendered" Friday morning to South Side police under the name "Harry Jensen." I wore a 30-hour growth of beard and old clothing. They booked me for drunkenness and I drew a two-day jail term.

Police took me to county jail. I was registered and searched. The jailer turned me over to a trusty, whom I recognized as William Sheets, prominent in the 1934 street car strike and an organizer of the Employers' Protective association. Sheets is serving the fifteenth month of a 25-month sentence for complicity in a street car holdup.

Sheets led me to a room where I took off my clothes and bathed. I put on the denim trousers and cotton shirt issued at the jail. My clothes were tossed into a bag.

"We stick your togs in that there machine," Sheets told me, pointing to a barrel-like disinfecting apparatus. "And, believe me, they won't be much good when they come out. Why, it'll ruin your leather jacket."

I asked what I could do.

"Well, for half a dollar I'll stick your stuff on a hanger," Sheets said. "Clothes on hangers don't have to be 'de-loused.'"

"I can get my clothes pressed for that," I said.

"Okay; if you want your clothes ruined, go ahead, but I'm just telling you," he warned.

So I signed an order slip, directing the jailer to pay Sheets a half dollar of my impounded funds. Sheets had written out the slip for me before I agreed to the charge.

"Where does that money go?" I asked.

"To me," he said.

A deputy jailer took me to cell-tier 3. As I entered, 36 inmates eyed me eagerly. The kangaroo court "sheriff" gave me a shakedown search. Amid cries of "Call the court!" and "Let's try this guy!" I underwent a careful inspection. My package of cigarets was quickly distributed in the crowd.

The kangaroo court "clerk" came up. He asked me to sign another order slip. Two dollars he wanted. It was to go for tobacco and writing materials for prisoners, he said.

I told the "clerk" I needed my money for my family — a plea similar to young Bonacci's.

"Well, we all got our obligations," he said, "but everybody pays this two bucks."

"If you don't pay," he continued, "you'll get beat with a strap, you'll always be in trouble with the 'judge,' and all the boys'll look down on you."

The "judge," who was boss of the cell tier, came up after the "clerk" left.

"We've all chipped in," the "judge" said, "and, by God, you'll kick in, too!"

I repeated my story about my family, told him I was

jobless. The long-termers laughed. Lunch hour forced postponement of "court" proceedings.

The "judge" took a seat on a stairway leading to the upper row of cells. His "court" staff surrounded him. There was a "prosecuting attorney," but none for the defense. Other inmates lined up on four benches in the cell corridor. They were silent.

The clerk read a charge that I had "entered cell-tier three without permission." I pleaded not guilty.

"By God, you are guilty," said the "judge." "What do you want, pay the two bucks or take a beating?"

I told him I wanted neither.

He shouted: "Give me that strap!"

Attendants handed him a heavy leather strap, obtained earlier from a trusty.

"George," he pointed to one of the prisoners, "give this guy 40 smacks with this, and put 'em on, too." I protested.

One! Two! The strap stung my back.

"Count 'em, son," a prisoner chirped.

"Harder," ordered the "judge."

(I am told that at this point the prisoners sometimes sing the "Song of the Volga Boatman," with the loud parts drowning out the cries of the victim, but in this case no voice was heard save my own.)

Three — four — five!

Each blow stung more. It began to hurt.

Six — seven — eight!

"I'll sign, I'll sign," I shouted.

Another blow fell before the "strapman" understood.

The "clerk" handed me the order slip. I signed, and it was given to a trusty. He relayed it to the jailer and the \$2 came back. The clerk pocketed the money.

I talked to most of the prisoners. Long-termers said, to a man, that the kangaroo sessions were all right. Among

others there was resentment. All inmates said they had paid similar "fines." Those without funds worked out their "fines" at 5 cents a day by cleaning the corridor and doing odd jobs at the order of the "judge." Some prisoners said the "court" officials gambled with the money and used much of it for things they bought for themselves.

One prisoner told of a Negro inmate who did not pay a "fine." The jailer had brought the Negro in for one day. "Now don't kangaroo this fellow, boys," the prisoner quoted the jailer as saying.

A colleague from the *World-Herald* called at the jail, but was denied permission to talk to me. A suspicion that I was a reporter reached the inmates via "grape-vine." I was threatened with "plenty trouble" if this was true. They threatened me with initiation into the Owl's club. That "makes you so sick to your belly, you can't talk." I was released on pardon at 4 P.M.

Sheriff Hopkins' statement told of signs to be posted in the cells, and warnings. There were no signs when I was there. No one spoke of warnings. The Bonacci story was common jail talk. Long-termers defend the kangaroo court as they might a sacred ritual. It belongs in every jail, they say.

HE VOTED NINETEEN TIMES IN ONE ELECTION

BY MAJOR H. STEPHENS

Evanston News-Index, April 3, 1935

THE idea for this story originated with Editor Curtis D. MacDougall, who was convinced that the Illinois registration system was thoroughly inadequate. A movement was underway for a permanent-registration law.

There were three steps in the preparation for this stunt: (1) A young man unknown in Evanston was imported for the job; (2) addresses of all election officials were checked so that the "voter" would never make the tactical blunder of giving as his own address the home or close neighborhood of an official; (3) the chief of police was informed of the stunt in order to avoid trouble if anything went "haywire."

With the story appeared a strong editorial favoring a new registration system, as well as some pictures which had been shot by a *News-Index* cameraman who "accidentally" appeared at two or three of the polling places at times when Stephens was about to vote. For a week after the election the paper, having checked polling books, kept publishing pictures of vacant lots named as addresses by various voters.

The story attracted much attention and was very effective. MacDougall and Stephens were invited before a legislative committee at Springfield, and this story doubtless played a part in causing the enactment the next winter of a permanent-registration law.

As the story appears here, the detailed account of the visits to the various precincts is given only in part, and the reporter's affidavit that he cast the ballots as related is omitted.

I "VOTED" yesterday in 19 Evanston precincts.

I did so to discover whether it is as easy for an outsider to mark an Evanston ballot as I had been told.

I am not a resident of this city, never have lived here, and am in no way, except by inclination, qualified to vote here. My home is in Chicago.

When I say that I "voted" 19 times, I do not mean that I marked the ballots in favor of any candidate. I simply retired to the voting booths, wrote "Evanston News-Index" across the face of the ballots, and slipped them into the ballot box.

The fact that Chief of Police William O. Freeman knew beforehand of my activities in no way eased my path. The result was the same. He lifted not a finger, either to help or to deter me.

When I was first told that Evanston had no system of registration whatsoever, I was, frankly, dumbfounded. We in Chicago are accustomed to look up to this city as somewhat of a model in city management. Yet I would not dare to attempt to vote where I was not qualified for that function in Chicago.

"All you have to do is give your name and address," they told me. "It is necessary only to have lived in the city for 30 days, for 90 days in the county, and for a year in the state." I remained skeptical, thinking there must be some "catch" to the arrangement.

But I was wrong. Today I am firmly convinced that anyone with a modicum of intelligence can vote as many times as he pleases, anywhere in Evanston. The only equipment needed is a map of the city with voting places marked, eyes to pick addresses with, an ability to think up false names, and a bold front.

I went into 21 precincts yesterday, scattered through seven wards. In 19 precincts I simply stated my name and address, both entirely fictitious as far as I was concerned, and with little further ado, was handed ballots.

It is entirely possible that I could have bluffed through a "vote" in the two precincts in which I failed, but I did not wish to attract undue attention, or deviate from the standard I had presumed for the average "floater."

My first failure, at the voting place in the City Hall, occurred after I had cast ten ballots, and was due entirely to my own stupidity. Probably I was not alert because of my previous slipshod treatment.

At any rate, I sensed a difference almost immediately in the manner of the precinct judge, a woman. "Where do you live?" she asked sharply.

I was ready for that question, of course. "The Homestead hotel," I told her. She did not look at all satisfied. "And how long have you lived there?" she wanted to know.

By this time, I knew she was suspicious, so I purposely brought the interview to an end with the answer that I had lived there about a week, and had previously lived at another hotel in another precinct for about five weeks. She immediately, as I had expected, told me to see the officials in the other precinct. Professing regrets at my ignorance of the voting laws, I took my departure.

Thereafter, I cast my ballots in comparative calm in five more precincts before I ran into my second and last failure, this time in the sixth precinct of the Seventh ward, in the northeast corner of the city. The polling place was in the Orrington school.

I was proceeding in my usual manner with my fictitious name, Harry Bowman, and my equally fictitious (for me) address, 2729 Girard avenue, and was reaching for a ballot when one of the officials, a woman again, asked me how long I had lived in the precinct. I gave her the stock answer of "a little over six weeks," and was again about to proceed when apparently as an afterthought, she asked me who my neighbors were.

This was a new question I had not been asked before, and for which there could be no answer. After hemming and hawing for awhile, I replied that really, I had been there so short a time that I had not had a chance to become acquainted at all, then added that my mother knew some of the neighbors.

However, she was not to be put off. She began questioning me as to the architecture of the surrounding houses and the topography of the surrounding terrain. This train of questioning soon resolved itself into leading questions by the official, while I answered "yes" to everything.

Perhaps I should even have passed through this ordeal had she not, with what I suspect was malicious forethought, asked me to repeat my address. In the stress and strain, I found it had completely slipped my mind. Followed more hemming and hawing on my part, while the policeman in the room finally began to pay some attention to me. At last, I succeeded in looking down at the registration book and reading my presumed address.

The policeman was frankly suspicious by this time, as well he might have been. I rather lamely tried to laugh off my embarrassment with the remark that perhaps it was not so important whether or not I voted this time.

When that remark fell flat, I could see but one course open to me. Putting on a great show of dignity, I announced that I would come back later with my mother, and that she could tell them all they wanted to know about the neighbors, the surrounding architecture, and the topography of the region.

The official agreed that that might be a good idea. I left hurriedly.

Several comical incidents cropped up during my "tour" of the city. In the First precinct of the First ward, the judge (yes, a woman; why are they so suspicious?) after writing the name I gave her, and my fake address, 1919

Orrington avenue, asked me which side of Orrington I lived on, since only one side is in the precinct.

I, of course, had no idea of even where Orrington avenue might be. The suspense was ended, finally, when she said, "Of course, if you live on the west side of the street, then it will be all right." My memory immediately staged a comeback; yes, of course I lived on the west side of the street. There was some further hesitation about my length of residence before I was allowed to vote, but it was the judge's last remark which will remain always in my memory:

"I'm sure it will be all right," she exclaimed. "You have such an honest face!"

Since I was making up my names as I went along, I soon found myself pressed for believable combinations. At the last second, just before entering the fourth precinct of the third ward, in a garage at 811 Chicago avenue, the name "Franzen" leaped into my consciousness, from where I had no idea.

I was not long kept in the dark. After giving that name, and my address at 820 Judson street, wherever that may be, and entering the voting booth, I saw my pseudonym leaping up at me from the printed ballot.

Evidently, glancing at so many ballots without really reading them had implanted the name in my brain. I could only remember to feel grateful that I had used "John" for a first name, instead of "Stanley."

And, just to cap the climax, I found myself using the name "Frank Pape" a little later, in the seventh precinct of the Third ward. After that I was tempted to try "George Washington" or "Paul Revere" or "William O. Freeman" but finally decided that that would be tempting fate just a little too much. I still believe that there was a good chance of passing those names at many polling places yesterday.

I was at first afraid of experiencing some difficulty because of the proximity of some precinct voting places. However, after voting in quick succession in the fourth, fifth and seventh precincts of the Third ward, all close-grouped on Chicago avenue, my qualms left me. Indeed, I welcomed grouping, since it saved time and energy.

I found it hard to keep from computing the results if a man were to go into this fake voting business on a large scale. I could, by lifting a finger, have added 19 votes to the total of any candidate I wished to help.

"Now," I thought to myself, "if one person could cast 19 votes why could not 50 men be equipped with addresses and do the same? Their combined total would be 950 votes. Following the same line of thought, 100 men could manufacture 1900 votes. Surely the opposition would need all its strength and popularity to combat such a force. And why limit it to 100 men? As a matter of fact, each man could vote in the neighborhood of 30 or more times in the 11 hours the polls are open."

After that, my imagination began to run wild, and to conceive of total votes larger than total population. "And of course," my saner self asserted, "people do not do such things in Evanston. Remember where you are. This is not Chicago."

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Celebrations and Parades

ACADEMIC PAGEANTRY IN THE RAIN

BY RICHARD O. BOYER

Boston Herald, September 19, 1936

THE Harvard Tercentenary Celebration was well covered by the press. On the final great day, a large crowd of reporters represented individual newspapers and the press associations. The Harvard News Office, publicity bureau for the University, furnished every facility, and supplied every address, every citation for an honorary degree, and every possible fact that could be provided in advance.

Nevertheless, it was a hard event to cover. The embarrassment of riches, with so many speakers, citations, and features, presented one difficulty. The rain presented another. It was a deluge of such proportions that note-taking was impossible. The reporter, says Mr. Boyer, had to *remember* "the multicolored hues of academic gowns, the incidents, the positions on the platform, the extemporaneous remarks, and all that bright, sudden stuff of the moment that cannot be charted in advance." He continues:

"Once back in the office and starting to write, I recall a feeling of dismay at the number of releases and addresses. The story required organization, it seemed to me, keeping three motifs in mind: first, the contrast between the windy wetness of the morning outdoor assembly and the snug, dark dryness of the packed little theater of the afternoon ceremony; second, the contrast between the two dominant personalities, President Roosevelt and President Conant of Harvard with the suggestion of Harvard's attitude toward the nation's chief executive; and third, the giving of a more or less complete record of what went on, not forgetting that the visual, or picture, approach is just as important as what was said.

"I had plenty of time and took, I believe, about two hours."

WITH a motion to adjourn until Sept. 18, 2036, the Tercentenary Celebration of Harvard, centering the attention of the world on Harvard Yard, formally ended yesterday after 15,000 had been drenched in a day-long, driving rain and had heard President James B. Conant demand, in a notable address, "absolute freedom of discussion, absolutely unmolested inquiry."

In a day in which gay banners became sodden and flapped in the wind-driven rain like full-blown sails, in which yellow leaves scurried across a tercentenary theater which was a sea of black umbrellas, President Roosevelt shared honors with the head of Harvard. While his rôle, if not his position on the stage, was minor in the impressive climactic ceremonies in the morning, he brought a distinguished audience to its feet for a prolonged demonstration in the afternoon, when he asked for vision and tolerance.

The last day of the year-long celebration of the founding of Harvard 300 years ago, whose theme throughout has been personal and academic liberty, was sufficiently inclement to have tried the fortitude of the Puritan founding fathers. Its high points were crystallized in two personalities, Dr. Conant and President Roosevelt, and in the contrast of two scenes, that of the rain-drenched theater in the morning, and shadowy, gloomy Sanders Theater in the afternoon.

The sound of the wind, sighing through the foliage of ancient elm and beech until it sounded as the surf, the debonair carelessness of gaudily hued dignitaries who had come from the ends of the earth for degrees and a drenching, were perhaps the high spots of a morning session that was as weird as it was impressive and chilly. The sustained and spontaneous ovation given Franklin D.

Roosevelt, '04, by men many of whom disagree with him was perhaps the most exciting event of a gray, wet afternoon.

Yet there was a quality present more impressive, perhaps, than the endurance of the crowd, more impressive than the scene with its wildly blowing branches, its flapping banners, its drenched top hats, its fading banners, and its galaxy of color emanating from academic gowns which shone like a rainbow through the gray fury of the down-pour.

It was a quality — more properly, a personality — that transcended the moving scene which occurred when 62 of the world's great benefactors — those who had lessened suffering, ignorance, boredom — were presented with honorary degrees.

It was a quality which dwarfed the splendor of multi-hued class banners and the jauntiness of octogenarians who walked in the rain in formal dress, sometimes waving their canes in time with the music emanating from the band, a quality that set the motif for a strange scene whose center was the nation's President sitting in solitary wetness in a red plush chair in the middle of the stage.

This quality came from the words of President Conant, who in a speech perhaps as great and surely as brave as that of Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1837, set the motif and struck the theme of the final day's celebration. His address asked for an American culture, one which would not be afraid to ask the origin and place of the capitalistic system, one which nourished heretics and was permeated by a tolerance sufficiently great to encompass the unpopular.

"For the development of a national culture based on a study of the past, one condition is essential," he said. "This is absolute freedom of discussion, absolutely unmolested inquiry. We must have a spirit of tolerance

which allows the expression of all opinions, however heretical they may appear. Since the 17th century this has been achieved in the realm of religion.

"It is no longer possible for some bigoted Protestant to object if any person within the universities or without expounds sympathetically the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is no longer possible for a member of the Roman Catholic church to take offense at a critical discussion of Galileo's trial. Statements believed to be erroneous are met openly and fairly by counter arguments. But there is no persecution; there has been an end to religious bigotry in this country, and there are no signs of its return.

"Will the same conditions prevail in the future when political and economic problems are examined? Unfortunately there are ominous signs that a new form of bigotry may arise. This is most serious, for we cannot develop the unifying educational forces we so sorely need unless all matters may be openly discussed. The origin of the constitution, for example, the functioning of the three branches of the federal government, the forces of modern capitalism, must be dissected as fearlessly as the geologist examines the origin of the rocks. On this point there can be no compromise; we are either afraid of heresy or we are not. If we are afraid, there will be no adequate discussion of the genesis of our national life; the door will be shut to the development of a culture which will satisfy our needs.

"Harvard was founded by dissenters. Before two generations had passed there was a general dissent from the first dissent. Heresy has long been in the air. We are proud of the freedom which has made this possible even when we most dislike some particular form of heresy we may encounter.

"In a debate in the House of Commons, Gladstone reviewed the history of Oxford and spoke of the lamentable

condition of that institution during the reign of Queen Mary. Quoting a historian of that period he continued: 'The cause of the failure is easy to discover. The universities had everything, except the most necessary element of all — Freedom: which by the immutable laws of nature, is always an indispensable condition of real and permanent prosperity in the higher intellectual cultivation and its organs.'

"With this conclusion all who cherish our heritage must agree: without freedom the prosperity most important for this country cannot be achieved — the prosperity of our cultural life."

Equally felicitous, if not as important and forthright, were the words of President Roosevelt in packed Sanders Theater, a space so packed in fact that many literally had to fight to get in, or at least push and shove in a manner that approximated combat. The dark, tiny theater in massive Memorial Hall, with its Gothic lines, its stained oak beams, its stained glass windows, its arched spaces behind the stage, each one framing the word, "Veritas," was as picturesque in its way as the element-whipped scene of the morning.

The President seemed somewhat lonely in the morning ceremonies, a solitary, dignified figure who did not even speak, but at the afternoon session he was the hero. The introduction of Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, who presided at the afternoon's alumni meeting, was terse. "It would be presumptuous of me or any one," he said, "to speak long concerning the next speaker. Gentlemen, the President of the United States!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the assembly was on its collective feet, each member moving simultaneously, as if the gathering were motivated by a single will. Although many of those present were Republicans and anti-New Dealers, they were applauding not

policies but a Harvard man who was President of the United States. And the applause mounted and continued and maintained a steady level and finally reached climax after several moments.

"The nation," he said, "needs from Harvard today, men like Charles William Eliot, William James and Justice Holmes, who made their minds swords in the service of American freedom. They served America with courage, wisdom and human understanding. They were without hatred, malice or selfishness. They were civilized gentlemen.

"The past of Harvard has been deeply distinguished. This university will never fail to produce its due proportion of those judged successful by common standards of success. Of such the world has need. But to produce that type is not, I am sure, the ultimate justification that you would make for Harvard. Rather do we have search for the atmosphere in which men are produced who have either the rare quality of vision or the ability to appreciate the significance of vision when it appears. Where there is vision, there is tolerance, and where there is tolerance, there is peace. And I beg you to think of tolerance and peace not as indifferent and neutral virtues, but as active and positive principles."

President Roosevelt, who left for Washington on a special train at 5.10 P.M., was followed by many others, including James R. Angell, president of Yale, who took his fling at the teachers' oath bill of this state, declaring that Connecticut's governor would not even consider such a law.

All in all, with almost every speaker either rapping such restrictive legislation, or emphasizing personal and academic freedom, it was a bad day for Gov. Curley, who favors the teachers' oath law. Yet he made a fine speech and was warmly applauded.

Twice there came from England, whose Cambridge was Harvard's progenitor, tidings that told of Britain's interest. In the morning there winged the Atlantic and sounded in wind blown Harvard Yard the bells of the Southwark Cathedral, once heard, it is believed, by John Harvard, for he lived near them. In the afternoon the voice of Stanley Baldwin, prime minister of England and chancellor of Cambridge University, leaped three thousand miles and told of its pleasure in Harvard's anniversary.

The rain, which gave the morning session extended yet all too brief an interlude, pattered and rattled against the leaves and grass, caused umbrellas once more to mushroom above the heads in the Tercentenary Theater, just as the 62 honorary degrees were being presented by President Conant. Already the crowd was characterizing his speech as historic and an "educational landmark," when he rose again to give the degrees in ceremonies which ascended to the emotional despite rain and dignity.

The world's greatest scholars, the world's greatest scientists, the world's most famous men of letters, seemed such simple people, so genuinely pleased at being honored as they rose in robes so flamboyantly decorative that they contrasted oddly with the plain, human faces above them. While the rain pattered on the slate-gray roof of white-steeped Memorial Church in the background and slowly increased in tempo, the ceremony went on as deliberately as if sunshine were glinting the colors of the 80 gonfalons which encircled the theater.

As President Conant called out each citation, as the crowd began to applaud, a young man in scholar's gown would take the red-leather-bound certificate and walk the length of the long stage to present it to a recipient, who rose, faced the crowd and bowed. The citations in themselves were exciting stories. They were such as these:

"Kiyoshi Shiga: Doctor of Science. The discoverer of

the cause of epidemic dysentery, a valiant and effective fighter in the international struggle for the prevention of disease."

"Hu Shih: Doctor of Letters. A Chinese historian, the inheritor of the mature wisdom of an old civilization, who guides with courage and understanding the spirit of a new age."

"Hans Fischer: Doctor of Science. A master builder of molecular structure, whose labors tell us why grass is green and blood is red."

"Dennis Holme Robertson: Doctor of Letters. An academic man who has thought deeply concerning industrial and banking problems, his writings have left their mark on modern economic theory."

Name after name was read out. Englishman, Scotsman, Frenchman, German, Austrian, Japanese, Italian, American and men whose birthplaces dot the world: chemists, anthropologists, biologists, mediaevalists, archaeologists, constitutional authorities, economists, and writers received their degrees from Harvard. And it was these men who were largely responsible for making the tercentenary's conference of arts and science such a success that plans have been suggested to continue for the world's benefit such congresses of the intellect, such exhibitions of the essential unity of all knowledge.

The rain started about the same time the morning ceremony got underway at 10.30. Through each of the seven gates marched the silk-hatted graduates, their classes ranging from 1860 to 1936. The first graduates had to be helped, and their steps and voices were quavery with age. In the class of 1880, however, the graduates were a bit jaunty and more than one old fellow bowed and waved as he marched proudly down the aisle. Each class had a banner, the base of which was red, the top bright with such class colors as green and white, blue and white, and black

and orange. After the last graduate had gained his seat, after the rain was coming down ever faster, and the wind made dignitaries clutch silk toppers, the academic procession began down the center aisle from Widener Library to the stage, ivory in color, festooned with lines of evergreen and vibrant with color that defied precipitation.

Yet the rain fell on the ermine-trimmed canary and purple, topaz and green of academic robes as freely as if the robes had been gunny sack. It fell on the epaulets of generals and admirals, it dripped from their swords, ran down their plumes, and even spattered the military men themselves with as much freedom as if they had been street sweepers. The President, surrounded by aides and secret service men, walked on the stage and the rain spattered upon him with as much abandon as if he were a Republican. It fell on the corporation, the board of overseers, on President Conant and all the world's great with a fury that increased as the ceremonies progressed. But it had been announced that short of a cloudburst, the outdoor program would proceed.

The sheriff of Middlesex, John McElroy, in accordance with ancient tradition, banged his gavel upon the rostrum and the meeting was called to order. There was an invocation by Dean Willard L. Sperry, a Latin oration in salutation by Edward K. Rand; an address, graceful, eloquent and forceful, by Samuel Eliot Morison, Harvard's historian, who was a handsome figure in his red and blue robe. Gov. Curley extended the state's greetings, and then laudatory addresses were delivered to the representatives of Paris, Oxford and Cambridge Universities in which President Conant said that "Cambridge was the mother of our founders."

Then the poet laureate of England, John Masefield, who traveled 3000 miles to deliver his tribute in verse, in-

toned lovely lines which, referring to John Harvard, concluded:

His act has brought us here; his dead hand brings
These thousands in his honor and his praise.
Which of our many-peopled planet's kings
After three hundred years so surely sways?

In admiration and devout consent
Of gratitude to him, our thousands come
From Asia's edge, from this new continent,
From Europe's all, and from his English home.

Would that his human eyes, untimely dead,
Freed from that quiet where the generous are,
Might see this scene of living corn made bread,
This lamp of human hope become a star.

As time for the afternoon alumni meeting neared, the rain increased in fury, making it clear that it would have to be transferred from the yard to Sanders Theater. Here, in the dim, cathedral light, after the addresses of Judge Learned Hand and others, President Conant made his motion of adjournment. In it he paid tribute to Jerome D. Greene, '96, director of the tercentenary celebration, "the man whose loving care has been reflected in every detail." And then Dr. Conant turned toward Dr. Lowell and solemnly said:

"Mr. President, I move that this assembly of the alumni be adjourned to meet at this place on the 18th of September, 2036."

EASTER SUNRISE ON MIAMI BEACH

BY PAULINE CORLEY

Miami Herald, April 13, 1936

MISS CORLEY, church and literary editor of the *Herald*, was once a stenographer, and thus she was able to report verbatim passages in the sermon which is a part of this story.

"I was a little late to the service," she writes, "and had to get my friends on the police force to pass my car through the roped-off streets in order to get near the platform. I had forgotten my coat, too; and as it was the coolest Easter Sunday morning in many years, I sat on the damp sand and shivered until I was afraid I should not be able to read my notes. I had to be thawed out with hot coffee when I got home, and during the thawing process I got my story written and took it down to the office for Monday morning's paper. It took about an hour, I suppose.

"Then the copy desk, in the interest of space-saving, deleted what I considered the best paragraph, and I made pained and quite useless outcry when I saw the paper. I wish I could remember that paragraph. I would send it to you now."

Alas, copy desks are always like that!

THOUSANDS of persons united at the Easter sunrise service on the sands of Miami Beach yesterday in a common aim and a single impulse, that of thanksgiving to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts.

The crowd was variously estimated at between 35,000 and 50,000.

The beauty of the tropical setting and the inspiration of worship united to leave with each of the thousands who participated the imprint of a memorable experience.

They gathered in the before-dawn dimness of Easter Sunday, packed closely about the speakers' stand and

spread for blocks to the North and South, almost to the farthest limits of Lummus park.

Many had arrived before the orchestral prelude began at 5.45 A.M.

Most of the multitude stood silently facing the East and waiting. There was an air of expectancy, almost of tension, as though on this of all mornings the miracle might not be made manifest. The cool, still gray on the horizon began to soften and to warm, and the joyous closing movement of the prelude foretold the coming splendor. Apparently out of the mighty ocean it rose, the disc of golden flame, and as

The crimson streak on Ocean's cheek
Grew into the great sun . . .

a fanfare of trumpets, "Christ Is Risen!" announced the dawn and bore upward with its peal of triumph a sigh from thousands of throats.

Swiftly the great chorus choir broke into "In the Beginning God created the heavens and earth . . . and said, Let there be light!" and the sonorous voice of Dr. J. C. Pelgrim was lifted in invocation.

As the sun climbed steadily and the glory in the heavens increased, the order of service proceeded with the majestic anthem, "Unfold, Ye Portals," from Gounod's Redemption; a prayer offered by Dr. A. E. Gammage, orchestral selections from Parsifal, the Biblical account of the Resurrection read by Dr. Robert C. Holmes and congregational singing of the hymn, "When Morning Gilds the Skies."

The sermon, "The Easter Victory," was preached by Dr. Glenn C. James. He began by quoting the poem:

He died!
And with Him perished all that men hold dear;
Hope lay beside Him in the sepulcher,
Love grew corpse cold, and all things beautiful beside
Died when He died.

He rose!

And with Him Hope arose, and life and light.

Men said, "Not Christ but death died yesternight,

And joy and truth and all things virtuous

Rose when He rose."

"Man's greatest foe has been death and his greatest fear has been of the future," Dr. James said. "If a man die, shall he live again?"

His tones rising to a vibrant pitch, Dr. James declared that "Nothing but a shout of victory can describe our Easter faith. Nothing but a promise of life can satisfy the hungry soul.

"We have that shout of victory, given long ago, and resounding down the corridors of the centuries. 'He is not here, He is risen.' Miracle of miracles!

"We have that promise of life from His own lips when He says, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' To understand the beauty of this Resurrection morning, we must see it against the dark background of Friday.

"Hope was lost, Faith had died, and Love grew cold. All things died when He died, and they were placed beside Him in the tomb. Much of our world today is dark, because Jesus has been left in the tomb. To them He is still dead."

Triumphantly he concluded, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is life and light that we want. It is life and light that He gives us on this glad day. In Him we have victory over sin and self. In Him there is hope for the heartbroken. In Him our faith is made new, for He walks with men today along the way. In Him we have victory over death, for His grave is empty!"

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Perry T. Taylor, and the musical program was concluded by the anthem, "Gloria," from the "Twelfth Mass," by Mozart,

and an orchestral postlude march from the "Prophet" by Meyerbeer.

The service was sponsored by the Miami Ministerial Association and the music was conducted by Dr. C. C. Nice, director of the Federal music project. The speakers' platform and amplifying system were provided by the city of Miami Beach.

GRAND ARMY PARADE

BY CARLETON CADY

Grand Rapids Herald, September 12, 1935

THIS story was one of several which Mr. Cady, who was the only reporter covering the Encampment for the *Herald*, wrote for the issue of September 12. There were also stories of the evening "campfire" session, a forecast for the next day, accounts of auxiliary organizations, and features on individual veterans. In other words, this is a sample from the grist of a reporter's busy day.

Mr. Cady writes that the lead came from a casual remark by Col. John G. Emery, past national commander of the American Legion, who was chairman of the committee in charge.

OLD soldiers never die — they just fade away. Someone said that yesterday after the Grand Army of the Republic had marched down Monroe ave. under the warm September sun and the azure skies of early autumn, and it seemed appropriate.

Polished buttons gleamed and the heavens reflected the blue in which they once fought.

They were the same old soldiers whom newer generations have always known. To the men who were boys 10 years ago — and 20 and 30 and 40 years ago — those men who were boys in their country's darkest hour and, as boys, marched away to save the Union, were little changed. They marched as smartly, as eagerly, as memory said they should. Their glance followed the Stars and Stripes as loyally as ever, and if eyes were dimmer than they had been, there was no hint of it. They were the same old soldiers who, for generations, have been the living example of American patriotism.

If there was pathos in yesterday's parade, it was not in those 160 men who marched down the rough-paved street past the reviewing stand, but in the vacant places in the ranks — the files that have faded away.

But it was still the Grand Army of the Republic.

The army corps of 1861-65 may have dwindled to squads, and brigades may have been represented by a single last man, but the spirit of those who marched was as staunch and sturdy, as loyal and as heroic, as ever it was.

Along the sidewalks and curbstones, mounting in rows on seats beside the reviewing stand, thousands cheered.

There were those in the crowd who remembered when "Father Abraham's" call was answered, who remembered battle-scarred homecomings. There were those whose thoughts were of the empty files.

But the marchers themselves, it was evident, were living in the present. It was their day. In hotels and meeting rooms, they have been accompanied during the encampment by their auxiliary organizations whose memberships out-number them 50 to 1 — Commander-in-Chief Alfred E. Stacey reports less than 6,000 G.A.R. members to more than 300,000 in allied groups — but the parade was their own. General orders for the day specified, "Women, children and civilians will be prohibited from participating," and the orders were obeyed.

It was strictly military, as was appropriate. There was no discordant note of civilian incongruity.

The sole concession to nonagenarianism was the cadence established in the general orders, 90 steps to the minute, only a little slower than the cadence of troops on active duty.

Shrill fifes and thundering drums set the pace, just as they did in the Civil war. Now and then a drum and bugle corps of younger veterans of later battles gave vari-

ety to the music which is strange to the ears of today.

Stirring music of the 126th Infantry band led the parade, and then, after an interval, came the guard of honor from Pennsylvania.

Sons and grandsons of the grand army men marched as the reincarnation of the boys of 1861-65, wearing the trim blue uniforms and jaunty stiff-brimmed kepis of the Union's civil war army.

Said an elderly woman in the reviewing stand: "Those boys look just like our boys did when they marched away to the south."

The Sons of Union Veterans, led by their fife and drum corps and with the platoon of rifles, furnished the note of contrast. For behind them, after Commander Stacey and his staff had ascended the reviewing stand to receive the salutes of the fading army, came the troops of long ago, aging, sometimes limping, but with buttons shined, with kepis at a dashing angle, with black campaign hats properly military.

In the order of their seniority, the departments marched. Illinois with two full squads, 16 men, following their colors, Wisconsin with a full rank and two vacant places in the second, Ohio with an even dozen. Pennsylvania's heroes marched in the uniform their sons had copied, 14 all told. New Yorkers, prim and spruce, were true to their traditional fine appearance.

A few of the departments were represented in the marching column only by their colors; but only a few. The department of the Potomac, Maryland, Delaware, Alabama, North Dakota sent their colors ahead while their veterans rode in the automobiles that followed. Guardsmen of the 126th infantry, Boy Scouts and Sons of Veterans formed the color guards for these.

But the other departments were represented by some of their contingents on foot. Massachusetts men to the

number of 10 were in line, California and Nevada, with 10, Maine with 10, Kentucky with 7. Kansas with 7, Iowa with 6. Some sent only one to carry the flag or to march as its guard with a younger man.

Michigan, although ranking 18th in seniority, marched last in line, led by a fife and drum corps of 20 men.

It took a full half hour for the marchers to pass, and another quarter hour for the long line of closely-spaced automobiles carrying the veterans who had been dissuaded from risking the blocks of newly torn up pavement, hurriedly patched for the occasion.

But not willingly did the others ride in automobiles. Only those whose manifold duties as officers of the G.A.R., who felt the necessity for going into the opening business sessions fresh and rested, consented without argument to save their steps.

Shorter than have been most parades, this march of the grand army was witnessed by throngs rivaling those of the longest. From Sheldon ave., where the column formed, to Huron st., where the marchers left Monroe ave. to disband, spectators jammed the sidewalks from store fronts to curbs and overflowed to the pavement. At Campau Square the bleacher seats erected for relatives and friends of the old soldiers were filled to capacity.

In the crowds were the members of the allied organizations, representing virtually all the states of the Union, and as the men of their states approached they were greeted by the familiar words and tunes of their state songs.

In the crowd also were Grand Rapids school children, for whom classes were dismissed to enable them to pay their respects to the veterans whose heroic deeds they have studied and to give them the graphic lesson in history offered by the men who since 1860 have been America's foremost examples of patriotic idealism expressed in practical deeds of service.

Drawing not the least of the attention of the spectators were the Negro veterans.

Their presence, as militarily correct as their white comrades' and wearing the uniform as proudly, recalled to the spectators that the war had been fought not alone on the issue of preserving the Union intact, but to free the slaves. For they had been slaves, and they had escaped to fight for the freedom of their race.

Among the musicians in the parade were two members of the G.A.R., J. F. Richardson and F. F. Layton of the Wichita fife and drum corps. Among the Civil war veterans who carried the colors in the parade were L. L. Baker of New London, Conn., E. W. Phillips of Wichita, and John Little of Pittsburgh.

Many more than the 160 old soldiers who turned "eyes right" at the reviewing stand will be able to say that they marched in the 69th encampment parade. The others started and, by pre-announced intention, dropped out early to finish the trek by motor.

But the 160 counted at the end of the route were of stern stuff. Thoughtful friends had provided cars to pick up any who might have over-estimated their strength; but those cars finished as they had started, without passengers.

Only one man failed to do what he had set out to do. Perry Starrett, 90, of Des Moines, collapsed. He was taken to a first aid station — the only man to go to one during the parade — and then was taken to St. Mary's hospital by Dr. Fred Miller, Legionnaire in charge of first aid stations. There he revived quickly and demanded to be taken back to finish the parade with his comrades.

That, too, was typical of the spirit of the Grand Army.

Old soldiers do not quit. — They are out of the fight only long enough to get ready to come back.

WAR AND PEACE ON ARMISTICE DAY

BY LEV FLOURNOY

Columbus Citizen, November 11, 1935

NOVEMBER 11, 1935, was one of those days when the news from Ethiopia and Italy seemed especially discouraging to those who had once waged war to end war. Parades that day marched in mist and murk which seemed to some both spiritual and material.

Mr. Flournoy, after watching the parade at Columbus, came back to his office, took the morning U.P. duplicates, selected some of the war bulletins from them, and wove parade and war together. "It was important," he writes, "to weld the two stories in a manner that would not offend those people whose loved ones were victims of 1917-18, but it didn't seem quite right to do a story on a celebration of a peace without pointing out that the peace for which many had died did not exist."

ONCE again today the men of Columbus who died for — whatever it was they died for — in the wars got their little moment of awesome and tender silence. It came at 11 A.M. as the city's 17th annual Armistice Day parade moved through Columbus downtown streets while 30,000 watched.

United Press dispatch to The Citizen: Nov. 11. — General Rodolfo Graziani took Sasa Baneh today after an advance of more than 90 miles.

It was a good parade. Led by the regulars from Fort Hayes, the National Guardsmen and the student corps from Ohio State University, its first few sections were an impressive display of armed power. The legionnaires who followed, in their respective post alignments, were not so much suggestive of power. Their day is done. The children, in a stair-step column of squads, brought ecstatic

cries from women watchers. Their day hasn't come yet.

Rome, Nov. 11. — Mussolini said: . . . "in one month we have settled two accounts (Aduwa and Makale) and the remainder will be settled later."

The spectacle in Columbus' streets managed a certain throaty drama when the bomb sounded. Chugging engines, buzzing conversation, slipping, pounding feet ceased. Everyone, in solemn stillness, faced East. Taps sounded. Looking East, you couldn't see much.

The neon signs barked out from the murky mist. From Broad and High, you couldn't see the traffic light at Broad and Fourth streets.

Harrar, Ethiopia, Nov. 11. — Wounded men are arriving from the southern front, the overflow from field hospitals, American missionaries at Jigjiga report.

Up and down High-st, police held the crowds back while the gaily clad band from Camp Chase post passed. A woman with an overnight case and a baby asked to go across the street. The policeman told her to wait. She said she thought it was a shame that the boys in the CCC got more than the boys in the guard.

"My son's in the guard," she said.

Makale, Ethiopia, Nov. 11. — Italian sources at Rome reported 6000 women and children of Ras Gugsa's people were slaughtered by the Ethiopians.

Chief of Police Fred Kundts and Maj. George Ward, Ohio National Guard, led the marchers. Few people in the watching throngs knew that Chief Kundts and Major Ward were in the 166th Infantry together. They were comrades in arms at Chateau Thierry. Remarkable how both have held their straight-backed soldierliness. The 166th was in the Rainbow. The Rainbow followed the Second Marines at the Bridgehead over the Marne. It was a bloody mess there that July afternoon.

Italian Northern Army, Nov. 11. — . . . the troops' uni-

forms are torn, they have bound their feet in cloth, their sun helmets are mud-stained. Eastward they move to Harrar.

Eastward in Columbus you couldn't see beyond Fourth-st., so the marchers didn't know what was going on still farther eastward where the Italian army marches on the peaceful garden of Harrar. But eastward they did know there was Memorial Hall, where the 17th annual parade would end. Eastward they headed, heads up, in perfect precision. At Memorial Hall are the names of the men they honored today. The men to whom they gave the silent moment. One minute every year. Seventeen years, 17 minutes.

Harrar, Nov. 11. — Groups of crying men and women gathered at the hospital to await more wounded. The men said the Ethiopians suffered considerable losses.

The parade was three hours in passing. This afternoon and tonight there will be many memorial services. In some spots there will be Armistice Day dances and celebrations. At Ohio State University, Harold H. Peat, famed as "Private Peat" after 1917, and an author, will speak. His subject will be "The Inexcusable Lie."

A Group of Miscellaneous Features

THE MOST UNIMPORTANT STORIES

BY MAX WAYS

Philadelphia Record, December 31, 1935

A COMMON New Year's feature for several years has been a list of "the biggest news stories" of the preceding year. It has become customary for the press associations and many of the newspapers to draw up such lists. While the *Record's* editors were engaged in this pleasant pastime for New Year's of 1936, Mr. Ways got the idea of a recapitulation of the most *unimportant* news of 1935, and the following story was the result. It was widely reprinted.

In this connection, it may be noted here that there was general agreement on the war in Ethiopia, the Hauptmann conviction, the Rogers-Post crash, the assassination of Huey Long, and the invalidation of the NRA, as the leading 1935 stories; while for 1936, the abdication of Edward VIII, the Spanish civil war, the national election, the execution of Hauptmann, and the eastern floods were named by practically all choosers. The lists generally consist of ten events, but in both years there was nearly unanimous agreement on five.

THE year of 1935 was wonderful. History may remember it is the third year of the New Deal or the First Year of the Second World War. But there are collectors of trivia who may remember it either wistfully or with horror for many a tale of behavior or misbehavior, some in the headlines, some not, but all of them alive with the intriguing dizziness of Genus Homo.

The shah of Persia changed the name of his nation to Iran on the ground that it had always been Iran, not Persia. Just a typographical error uncorrected for a few centuries, apparently.

While a nation's editors wept heart-brokenly, Mary Pickford divorced Douglas Fairbanks on all the front pages of America.

A Chicago jury awarded \$20,000 to Mrs. Annabell Waring, a medium, on the ground that her psychic powers had been knocked out of her by a street car accident.

Annette Dionne, first of the quintuplets to cut a tooth, cut a tooth. This really belongs with the 10 most important stories of the year but the editor said to list it here.

Germany dropped from its traditional position as the world's leading exporter of beer. Great Britain is now first, Japan second. The Third Reich marches on — in third place.

There was an outbreak of spiders killing garter snakes by enmeshing them in webs. These battles took up nearly as much attention as the fall of Aduwa did later in the year, but not as much space as the robin who pecked himself to death thinking his reflection was another robin.

Scotland, stirring with a revival of the nationalist spirit, held a competition for the best bag-pipe playing. The winning team was 100 per cent Jewish.

Herbert Hoover published a book called "The Challenge to Liberty."

The police of Santiago, Chile, printed and distributed to couples in the public parks a card reading "You are requested to restrain your ardors."

Frank Grigoris, a down-at-the-heel sandwich man found in Wall street a wallet containing \$42,000 in negotiable securities. He gave it to the nearest cop, who was also honest and returned it to a brokerage house, which gave Grigoris a job. Overcome by unaccustomed good fortune, Grigoris walked into the room of his friend, Mike Grewzwacz and said: "I am God. When I look at you, you drop dead." Grewzwacz dropped dead.

Mrs. C. R. Hawkins of Sweetwater, Texas, ran her

automobile into a railroad locomotive. The engineer of that particular locomotive was her husband.

In Hollywood two couples were denied divorces because they had, as the headline writers delicately put it, "swapped mates." The courts will handle a triangle but not a quadrangle.

Mayor Moore of Philadelphia said "Philadelphia has no slums." The next day he was asked if he hadn't been misquoted or if he didn't think that statement a bit sweeping. He said "No" and stood by his original proclamation.

Congressman J. S. McGroarty of California broke all precedent by being deliberately rude to a constituent. In answer to a complaining letter McGroarty called the voter a "jackass" and invited him to take "two running jumps to hell."

John Strachey, the British Communist writer, came to the United States for a lecture tour. Redbaiters induced the government to deport him. He fought the deportation proceedings, which were still pending on the day he was supposed to sail. For a while it looked as if Strachey would be kept in the United States longer than he wanted to stay by the anxiety of the government to get him out. Finally he was permitted to sail without a formal deportation. The government remained intact.

John Dutton, forty, was arrested for marrying a ten-year-old girl in Tulsa, Okla. He had an excuse: "I was trying to break her of tobacco chewing and teach her to be a lady."

Mrs. Ralph Hoover of Willow Springs, Ill., weighed 218 pounds. She reduced to 129. Her husband almost left her, finally induced her to try to get back her 218 pounds.

A man claiming to be Mae West's husband turned up just as her picture "Bell of the Nineties," was to be released. Editors kindly gave reams of space to Miss West,

who couldn't seem to place the gentleman. The point was never settled and the argument died down after the picture didn't need any more publicity.

A bandit broke into a Missouri jail, robbed a prisoner of \$15 and ran out, leaving the door open. The prisoner chased out after him, yelling for a cop.

A new gnu was born at the zoo.

The Japanese minister of railways, Shinya Uchida, is a jiu-jitsu expert. So is Mrs. Sarah Mayer, wife of a British army officer stationed in Japan. Picture editors were delighted to print a photograph of a wrestling match between the two. Uchida was the winner, two falls out of three.

The jury in the Dutch Schultz case disagreed.

The Jugoslavia police in Zagreb made an epochal contribution to the enforcement of traffic on highways and streets. Whenever a motorist is caught in a violation the policeman lets the air out of the offender's tires and the culprit must pump them up again, while thousands jeer.

The most famous baseball player in the world, Babe Ruth, got fired because he attended a party in honor of the most famous ocean liner in the world, the *Normandie*.

Ruth brings to mind other great sportsmen of 1935.

Edward Kottwitz, for instance. He ate 50 ears of corn in a contest at Ortonville, Minn., at one meal.

Also there's Miss Sylvia Bolder, who broke into the news from Los Angeles as the dish-washing champion of the world. Her time for washing and drying 20 dishes and 10 cups is 3 minutes 21 seconds flat. (Try that New Year's Eve.)

An electric eel in the New York aquarium was wired to a neon bulb which he lit three times a day when the keeper tickled him. Crowds came to watch.

Harry Woodburn Chase, chancellor of New York university and a life-long educator, made a speech in favor of

ignorance. He argued that if Samuel Morse had known more physics he probably would never have invented the telegraph.

Dutch Schultz was acquitted.

KING George V of England had a golden jubilee but did not use his golden plates at the official banquets. Guests demonstrated their loyalty and affection by stealing \$250 worth of knives, forks and silver teapots. Police were not asked to look for the loot because the guests were all "too close to the royal family or the government."

A child developed an "upside-down stomach" and immediately became the most famous person in the world until doctors from a score of cities reported cases of "upside-down stomach." In about a week it looked as if practically every one had this complaint and the excitement abated.

The Italian press bureau announced that it would kill Ethiopians by a mysterious death ray from the air. The Italian dictator resented the suggestion that his invasion of Ethiopia was something less noble than a humanitarian expedition.

The Ethiopians announced they would use lions and civet cats against the Italians.

The Italians said they would spread an acid which would burn the bare feet of the Ethiopians.

J. P. Morgan returned from England and announced that things in the United States had come to a pretty pass when a man who made any money was working for the government eight months of the year and for himself four months, because of the high income tax. Mr. Morgan had not for several weeks preceding been working for either the government or himself. He'd been grouse shooting, which left him less than three months to work for himself.

In wicked Paris, Joan Warner, an American dancer, was arrested on complaint of the secretary general and vice

president of the high council of births of the National Alliance for Increasing the Population of France. She was charged with dancing in the nude "after the manner of the burlesque shows in New York and Chicago."

The rebuilding of the Reich continued in Germany with one of its crowning glories of the year being a vigorous campaign in the Nazi press urging the public to stop eating wicked alien lemon sticks instead of good 100 per cent Nordic rhubarb. That small portion of the population able to buy lemons continued to eat lemons.

Barbara Hutton, ten-cent-store heiress and noted title collector, was reported reduced to her last \$5,000,000. She looked very wistful in the photographs.

The twenty-month-old daughter of an Iowa dentist won fame by proving she knew 600 words, which is five times as many as most babies her age know. Among the words she knew were "rhumba, belch, nuts and nertz."

Dr. Alexis Carrel, one of the greatest scientists in the world, proposed to shut bright young men up with books for 25 years and when they knew everything in the books, to turn them loose as absolute dictators of the world.

"Jafsie," the "grand old man" of the Lindbergh case, put an ad in *Variety* announcing that he was available for vaudeville engagements.

The United States and other maritime nations signed a solemn treaty for the protection of whales. Under the terms and conditions thereof, congress will pass an act enjoining the navy and the coast guard of the United States to exercise the utmost vigilance in protecting whales from whalers.

John Barrymore and Elaine Barry pursued each other in what newspaper headline writers called a "romance" across the nation's front pages.

Retribution, but not justice, caught up with Dutch Schultz when his career of crime was ended, not by police,

but by fellow gangsters who mowed him down in a public eating house.

Early one morning Mayor LaGuardia of New York drove to market. Trumpeters called merchants and customers to attention. The Podesta LaGuardia then arose and solemnly pronounced and decreed that until further notice no small artichokes could be sold in the city of New York because the artichoke racket must be wiped out. Artichoke Racket King Terranova remained at large.

Thus to the dying echoes of the LaGuardia trumpets we close this annual report on the state and doings of Man, Lord of Creation, Master of Destiny, Man the Thinker, the Builder, for this Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-five, it being 721 years since Magna Charta, 531 years since the development of the clavichord, 366 years since the battle of Lepanto, 238 years since the first steam engine, 143 years since the invention of the cotton gin and 17 years after the close of the war to end war.

Excelsior!

BABY BOY SCHMITZ AND HIS MOTHER

BY NAT S. FINNEY

Minneapolis Star, July 18, 1936

A TWO-LINE story of Baby Boy Schmitz's birth at Graceville, two hundred miles west of Minneapolis, came to the city desk from U P. at noon Friday. A reporter was assigned to check how unusual the weight might be, another asked to arrange for charter of a plane. The city editor, who handled the story because of the *Star's* desire to buy exclusive rights to pictures, called Mrs. Schmitz's physician long distance for details and to start arrangements for exclusive pictures. With a staff photographer, Mr. Finney left Minneapolis airport by chartered plane at 1.30 P.M., came down in a meadow at Graceville two hours later, hired a car, interviewed Mrs. Schmitz, doctors, and Mr. Schmitz, who was at his farm 15 miles north of the city, supervised photographs, and contracted for exclusive rights. He returned by plane to Minneapolis and wrote the story that night. The rush was necessitated by the fact that the *Star* has no Sunday edition and an early Saturday deadline. The story and pictures were widely printed nationally, and stories of other large babies continue in the news. Locally the story, we are told, brought no unfavorable comment, despite its somewhat unconventional nature, but a considerable volume of interested, favorable comment. The *Star's* editors believe the story caused the sort of talk that crosses circulation lines. The story's appeal to women is obvious.

Graceville, Minn.

BABY BOY SCHMITZ, weight at birth 15 pounds, 15.2 ounces, height 24½ inches, head 16 inches, chest 17 inches, across shoulders 8 inches, July 16, 1936, Western Minnesota hospital.

In such laconic scientific terms, without a word about Mrs. Veronica Schmitz, the mother, medicine records the

birth of the largest baby ever born alive in Minnesota — as far as a day's check of doctors and records shows.

Today Helen Wilson, superintendent of the hospital at which Baby Boy Schmitz was born, reports baby and mother "coming along just fine." But when Miss Wilson tells you that, there's something about the way she says it that reminds you of somebody cheering his head off in whispers.

There's a whole of a story of motherhood behind the dry-as-dust medical reports, the professional calm of Miss Wilson's words, the simple statement that Baby Boy took six ounces of "nursery mixture" this morning, hollered himself hoarse to get it, and apparently thought it was swell when he got it.

It's not a man's story. It's a woman's story. This correspondent asks the kindly indulgence of all mothers as he tries to tell the story.

Baby Boy Schmitz didn't arrive on time. He is what doctors call a nine-and-one-half-months baby. When he didn't come on time Mrs. Schmitz' doctors got worried — later on in the story you'll understand why. So Thursday they gave Mrs. Schmitz some medicine which starts a mother's labor.

Labor began at 6 P.M. The baby was born at 9.30 P.M. The doctors and the nurses tell you that; but when you look at the records of the hospital you discover that three doctors and three nurses attended the birth of Baby Boy Schmitz.

The doctor in charge (you can't use his name because of the ethics of the medical profession) is a tall, strong chap. He started the delivery with one nurse assisting him, Miss Rose Boylan. Half an hour later he called desperately for another doctor and another nurse. They came as fast as they could.

Another half an hour and an emergency call for another

doctor and another nurse was sent out. They came. Then for an hour and one-half the six of them worked to bring Baby Boy Schmitz into the world alive. Mothers will understand that. There isn't much that a man can say.

When Baby Boy Schmitz was born he wasn't, properly speaking, alive. Life was there, ready to start, but it couldn't start by itself. The tall doctor who had charge put it plainly this way: "They have to cry, you know. You have to make them cry." So the tall doctor, tired, half prostrate from the extreme prairie heat in the delivery room, went to work. He worked for an hour and one-half to get life to really start in that great baby — the largest ever born in Minnesota alive.

He used the prone pressure method of artificial respiration.

"I breathed for the baby with my hands," he put it. "You place your hands on the baby's back like this, and press. Then you release the hands quickly. You keep that up until the baby breathes for itself. It was hard because my arms were so tired." He used hot and cold water baths — quick changes between hot and cold, calculated to shock Baby Boy Schmitz into life. He used ether baths. The instant evaporation of ether gives the baby a sensation of extreme, burning cold. He used an injection of a drug called coramine. He spanked Baby Boy Schmitz. Slapped him. Jounced him. And after an hour and one-half life took a firm grip of Baby Boy Schmitz. Life's clutch stopped slipping, so to speak. Baby Boy Schmitz settled down to some steady crying. Then slept, breathing peacefully. Then woke. Then howled.

"You get to know that howl," Miss Wilson chuckled. Then when she saw this writer didn't get it at all, she said: "Men are pretty dumb. What I mean is that you get to know by a baby's crying when it's hungry."

It was just two and one-half hours after Baby Boy Schmitz' clutch on life stopped slipping that he woke up hungry.

"You can believe it or not," the tall doctor said, "but he took four ounces of nourishment — nursery mixture we call it. I stopped worrying about Baby Boy Schmitz right then. He has eaten and slept like a daisy since then." This nursery mixture is just high grade corn syrup, water and milk. Miss Wilson couldn't bother to say in what proportions. "Every mother knows about it," she said.

All this work over Baby Boy Schmitz leaves Mrs. Schmitz pretty much out of things. When Baby Boy was delivered, Mrs. Schmitz went to sleep.

"It wasn't as bad as you might think," she smiled Friday. "I think the twins were worse, and the boy that died — that was much worse, oh, much."

Mrs. Schmitz, sandy-haired and hazel-eyed, shook hands and smiled at callers. She's a real woman, a big woman. She's five feet 11 inches tall and "weighed" 190 pounds before the baby was born. She has a warm, grand smile, and a soft, strong voice. There is about her both twinkling good humor and deep, warm calm. She's 37, and this was the fifteenth time she has been in child-bed.

"I'm tired, of course. And this hot weather bothers me. But I really feel perfectly all right. The only thing that worries me is that I've got to get back to my garden. This hot weather has spoiled so many things, and we've got to have vegetables to can and cabbage to put down."

Later Mr. Schmitz said that last year Mrs. Schmitz put up 850 quarts of vegetables and two barrels of kraut for the winter. And most of it's gone. It takes a lot to feed 12 children and a baby; and the Schmitz family, what with conditions that affect farmers with 200 acres of land

in western Minnesota, doesn't have even pennies to kick around. The farm is near Dumont, Minn.

Mrs. Schmitz does a job that would make many a woman faint just at the description of it. She has — now — 13 children to care for. Her kitchen garden looks to be a little more than one acre, and she and the youngsters care for it. She has a large flock of chickens — “they are mighty important these days,” she says, “and I hope the skunks don't get the chicks while I'm away.” Mrs. Schmitz' home has some conveniences — not many. It would seem desperately few to city mothers. And then, to top it all off, Mrs. Schmitz helps her husband in the field when the rush of harvesting is on. That is, she has in the past; and she sees no reason why she shouldn't this autumn.

“Not for harvesting,” she laughs, “but later. I'm all right, you know.”

Jacob Schmitz, six-foot-four-inches in his sox, lean and tanned, just turning 40, denies the size of the babies comes from his side of the family.

“Unusual births are in Veronica's family; I mean in Mrs. Schmitz' family. She was part of one the like of which I never heard. She was a twin. She was born at nine months. The other twin was born at six months. I've talked to a lot of people and I never heard of a case like that, did you?”

Jacob Schmitz explains his wife's maiden name was Veronica Cordie, and she was born near Richmond, Minnesota. “Her father was French and her mother German. The red hair (he patted Eugene's red top as he said it) and the freckles come from her side, and I guess unusual births do, too.”

Then Mr. Schmitz tells you about the twins. They are, barring only his strapping youngest son, who won't be named till Mrs. Schmitz is ready, the apple of his eye.

"The twins weighed 11 pounds and 15 ounces for Vernon and 9 pounds and 15 ounces for Veronica. That's pretty near a record, too. We even got a letter from President Roosevelt congratulating us on the twins."

The twins and Baby Boy aren't the end of the unusual birth story, either. Before the twins were born a baby boy that died weighed 14 pounds. The one doctor that tried to deliver the child at the Schmitz farm couldn't get help there in time, and the baby died. Then there's Elizabeth, now 3, who weighed 12 pounds at birth; and Katherine, now 6, weighed 11 pounds — a pretty big baby girl. The rest of the living children are, Laura, 8; Louise, 9; Eugene, 11; Reinhard, 12; Donald, 13; Vivian, 14; Valeria, 15; and Victor, 18. Several of them are in school at Dumont. Victor, the eldest, hopes to get into a CCC camp this fall.

Mr. Schmitz and his wife regard their family as nothing unusual. The country around Bracerville is pretty new country, and large families aren't unusual in new country.

"We have our troubles taking care of them all," Mr. Schmitz says. "But they're all perfectly healthy. Never have to call a doctor.

"For a while in 1934 when we lost our stock because of the drouth the going was pretty bad. I guess we'll make out this year, but it's pretty bad now."

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WHY DON'T THEY DO SOMETHING ABOUT HURRICANES?

BY DALE HARRISON

Associated Press, New York, September 18, 1936

"I FELT," writes Mr. Harrison, "that to make the storm a living thing to readers, it had to be told from the standpoint of its effect on human emotions, rather than by cataloguing unroofed houses and wreckage. I felt that the story must show (1) the New Yorker's apathy (for the storm was far away), (2) the growing uneasiness, felt but unspoken, as the intensity of the winds increased, and (3) the nervousness and fear that came as the hurricane swept down upon millions of persons who, smug in the artificial security of the city, suddenly found themselves at the mercy of nature. In short, I endeavored to indicate a progressive hysteria.

"I am a believer in 'writing pieces' — stories which depend for their appeal upon the manner of their presentation rather than upon any information they may purvey. I believe that now, with the air full of radio commentators and news dramatizations, journalism needs more than ever to go far beyond the mere who-what-when-where-why of yesterday."

New York

A WEEK ago, deep inside the newspaper, it said a "storm of great intensity" was moving upon the South Atlantic seaboard, and people in New York went right on worrying about what was the double feature that night at the neighborhood theater.

Thursday night the newspapers told — on front pages now — that the hurricane was slapping at Virginia and was rolling up the coast — a coast densely populated with cities like Baltimore, Philadelphia, Camden, Newark, New York.

But it wasn't blowing in New York. It didn't look hurricane-y, or inclement. It wasn't even raining. So no one could get excited about a storm.

During the night the temperature dropped a bit. This was annoying. Nobody wants to get out of bed and hunt for more covers in the middle of the night.

Then this morning, just when New York had to go to work, it was blowing a miserable rain. Taxicabs were next to impossible to find; and when you got in them you just got tangled in traffic, and if you took the subway or bus you got soaked before you could get on.

But the hurricane was still just a headline in the papers; just a lot of wind down in Virginia some place.

About noon somebody said: "Wonder how it would feel to be on top the Empire State building in a windstorm," so just for fun they called up the Empire State weather observatory and asked how hard the wind was blowing up there. It was blowing 60 miles an hour.

Gee, that's funny. It isn't much of a wind down here. It practically isn't windy at all. But up there, 100 stories high, it's blowing 60 miles an hour.

The skies blackened. Lights went on, although it was barely mid-afternoon. Men in offices began pacing uneasily up and down, worrying about families that still were in summer cottages along the coast. It was a good thing school opened last week. That brought the children in, anyway.

3 P.M. There may be something in that talk about a hurricane, after all. You can't keep an umbrella straight. The wind turns it inside out. One thing about a storm; you've just got to sit tight and hope nothing happens, and that if it does happen it doesn't happen to you . . .

4 P.M. Sure, you've been in storms before; big storms. There's nothing to worry about. The wind blows and it rains, and pretty soon it doesn't blow any more, and the

telephone and telegraph companies send out crews to pick up the poles, and the city and county officials order the roads cleared, and maybe a few people are dead. But the storm's over . . .

5 P.M. They say it'll hit New York at 6 o'clock in the morning. They say this wind now isn't anything; that you can't really call this a hurricane at all, because the center of the hurricane is still far south. If this isn't a hurricane, what is a hurricane?

They say these tall buildings are built with plenty of "give," so they can sway in the wind. That's gratifying.

And 6 o'clock in the morning is an awful hour for a hurricane to hit a place like New York. It is the dead hour of the day.

Probably everything will be all right. One can get in the house and keep the windows closed, and the shades drawn; and the hurricane will pass on, up east, maybe; up Boston way. Then Boston can worry.

6 P.M. Why don't they do something about hurricanes? What are hurricanes good for, anyway? If they were only something human that you could strike back at. But they aren't. They're just a lot of wind; a lot of wind going round and round; and it comes out here.

Funny. Yeah. Ships at sea — SOS — houses unroofed — homes flooded — people homeless . . . hurricane . . .

NELLIE BLY OF CENTRAL PARK

BY MABEL GREENE

New York Sun, October 17, 1936

ONE of the feature stand-outs of 1936 was the race around the world, using only available commercial means of transportation, of Dorothy Kilgallen (dubbed the modern Nellie Bly), representing the *New York Journal*, Leo Kiernan of the *New York Times*, and H. R. Ekins of the *New York World-Telegram*. The contest was won by Ekins in 18 days, 14 hours and 56 minutes. One of the best stories of the entire event was that of Dorothy Kilgallen's father, James L., of I.N.S., on seeing her off.

Seizing upon the interest in this race, various newspapers put on derbies of their own. The *Los Angeles Herald and Examiner* featured a "strap-hanger race" around the city limits, contestants using only street cars and buses, "Phileas Fogg" Ferguson making it in 11 hours and 16 minutes — 50 minutes ahead of "Nellie Bly" Hupp. Then the *Los Angeles News* sent a reporter around in a taxicab in 55 minutes with an expense account of \$20.75. Sidney Olson, the *Washington Post* "getter-arounder," later girdled the District of Columbia in several days, providing his paper with a series of lively stories.

The *New York Sun* then provided one of the most amusing of the girdlings, developed by Keats Speed, managing editor, and Edmond P. Bartnett, city editor. Here is the *Sun's* own introduction to the stories of the contestants, placed under a picture of the start:

"Three reporters representing the *Sun* attempted yesterday to make a complete circuit of Central Park using only such means of transportation as are available to the general public. The object was to show that with buses, subways, newly timed traffic lights, revised police regulations, it is possible to complete such a journey in fast time without extreme discomfort or great hazard. The contestants were Mabel Greene, Dan Anderson and Robert Strunsky. Miss Greene, riding in a victoria, went up the east drive in the park and down the west drive, completing the circuit in the remarkable time of 50 minutes. Mr. Anderson, using

street cars, buses and subways, started west from Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue, and made a clockwise trip; his time was 1 hour 16 minutes. Mr. Strunsky went in the reverse direction, and used many means of conveyance; according to the first dispatches received from him he was doing an intrepid job, but he has not checked in at the starting point and has not been heard from recently. Here, received too late to bother with yesterday, are their own accounts of their exploits."

All three stories are clever and interesting, but the yarn of the winner, in a moderately subtle burlesque of the Kilgallen style, is given here. The only interesting circumstance connected with getting this story, according to Miss Greene, was the behavior of crowds of small boys who shied sticks and stones at her driver's horse Ned, and squealed, "Oh, lookit the funny lady in the buggy!"

FRIDAY, 2.25 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, aboard a victoria, drawn by Ned, a nine-year-old bay horse, at the start of a race around Central Park.

Yoicks, tallyho and giddyap! My driver, William Quain, a genial Irishman outfitted with the traditional tall silk hat and black broadcloth coat of his coaching profession, plies his whip and we whirl away from the entrance to the St. Moritz Hotel where S. Gregory Taylor, president of the hotel corporation, has just raised the starting gun.

One minute and thirteen seconds later we turn into the East Drive and start north for my circuit of the park. Over the luncheon table of the Cafe de la Paix at the St. Moritz I have just talked over the rules of the race with my two colleagues who are making the same around-the-park trip by commercial means of transportation, and I found Dan C. Anderson, staff correspondent of The Sun, and Robert Strunsky, staff correspondent of The Sun, the friendliest of rivals.

I hope I can beat them, for though they are the two tallest men in the office, this fortunately is not a roller-

skating race or a bicycle contest. They will circle the park by motor-bus, subways and street cars, while I am to stick to horse power, but I always was lucky with the horses.

2.30 P.M., Eastern standard time.

Mr. Quain just pulled Ned up for the traffic light on the East Drive of the park at Sixty-ninth street. I have a run in my stocking.

"I suppose you aren't in any hurry," Mr. Quain said, conversationally. "A race, ma'am? Hmm."

He sighed until the gold buttons on his well-brushed black coat twinkled with the depth of his emotion and flourished his whip.

"Speed — speed — speed," he muttered bitterly. "That's all you get now-a-days. Forty years ago when I started coaching, ladies went for airings in the park — this was a macadamized driveway then, not a speedway. Nobody thinks about the air, or the scenery, any more."

2.36 P.M., Eastern standard time, still Friday.

I am wearing the same costume in which I started, a black crepe dress trimmed with touches of Alice blue and a bit of the Eggs Benedict I had for lunch. We are just passing the statue of Alexander Hamilton which faces east across the drive, looking toward the red brick rear wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The yellow leaves of the maples are drifting across the statue of the discus thrower just north of the museum and the park seems filled with WPA workers tearing things up.

2.39 P.M., Eastern standard time, Eighty-sixth street curve.

As we get farther north I feel the chilliness of the air and Mr. Quain obligingly tucks a velvet-lined fur laprobe about me. We pause for another red light — Ned hasn't missed one yet — and some one waves madly at me from a Fifth avenue bus. Can that be Mr. Strunsky, my dare-devil rival? The whole bus load waves at me. . . .

2.41 P.M., Eastern standard time, Ninetieth street and Fifth avenue.

We are abreast of the reservoir now with the chaste spires of the Church of the Heavenly Rest and the ivy-covered facade of the Andrew Carnegie mansion on our right. Only twenty more blocks to 110th street. I wonder if I shall like 110th street.

2.45 P.M. Mr. Quain says it is about seven and one-half miles around the park. I just looked in my vanity mirror and say, am I wind-burned? I do wish I had taken time for a permanent wave before I started.

2.50 P.M., 110th street and the lake.

Can I buy post cards in Central Park? Mr. Quain says there isn't a chance, and as for a mail box — try and find one. I started so fast on this assignment that even now, sitting in this victoria and looking out over the green and red and gold of Central Park and scarcely feeling the motion except when Ned stops and starts at red lights, I don't quite realize how far and how fast I'm going. Just as we round the curve into the West Drive and the home stretch, I see a tall man in full cry after a beer truck on 110th street. Can it be Mr. Anderson, staff correspondent of *The Sun*? It cannot be, for a beer truck isn't a passenger vehicle.

2.59 P.M., Seventy-second street and Central Park West.

The twin towers of the Eldorado Apartments, 300 Central Park West, rise above the west side of the reservoir for all the world like Venice, Italy. I wish I had time to stop and feed the cute gray squirrels in the park. The bust of Giuseppe Mazzini broods over the deserted Tavern on the Green and the left kerosene lamp on the victoria, which seems slightly loose, rattles hollowly as we clop-clop past.

The Central Park skyline is in sight now, and the towers of the Hotel St. Moritz, the New York Athletic Club and

the Empire State Building can be distinguished through the smoke of midtown New York.

3.15 P.M., Eastern standard time.

My victoria draws up in front of the hotel and I check in at the office of Robert Reud, public relations counsel. He has a hot toddy in each hand, waiting for me.

"The winnah," says Bob, "and the Nellie Bly of Central Park!"

P.S. — I almost forgot to say how much this trip cost. Total disbursements were: \$7.00 for hire of victoria; \$1.50 for luncheon; \$2.95 to replace torn silk stockings, size 8½; paid waiter 25 cents for sugar for Ned; and 20 cents to buy aspirin for self. Grand total, \$11.90.

THE LOST STREETCAR

BY EARL N. POMEROY

Minneapolis Tribune, December 31, 1935

A MAN telephoned the *Tribune* one evening that he had just been on a lost streetcar — that it had been so lost, indeed, that the passengers had been given emergency transfers and shooed off the car. The man sounded sane, and gave a name that was in the telephone book. Mr. Pomeroy was assigned to the story, got in touch with an operating official of the transit company, and was able to have orders issued to the night superintendent to supply the facts needed for the completion of the story.

But the transit company itself was hunting for its lost car, and more than two hours elapsed before the car appeared in a stall. Then the operator had to make a report, which the reporter secured. On this report he based his story of the car's movements after the passengers had been discharged, as well as the route map which was drawn to illustrate the story.

"There have been a number of cases of lost streetcars in the Twin Cities," says Mr. Pomeroy, "but in other cases there never has been a passenger who took the trouble to call a newspaper. . . . The name of the motorman was not supplied by the company, and would not have been used anyway. It would have added little to the story, and probably would have cost him a never-ending ribbing and no little mental anguish."

A BLOOMINGTON and Columbia Heights streetcar, aboard which were 55 work-weary passengers homeward bound for dinner, became lost in the loop Monday evening. Eventually, after a tour of a major portion of the city, it turned up in northeast Minneapolis, where its pilot gave up in disgust.

It was shortly after 5.30 P.M. when the operator of the one-man car got off the route he was to have followed. The car was headed south on Second avenue south. Now,

normally, the Bloomington cars turn east at the intersection of Second avenue with Fourth street south. This one did not. It continued along Second avenue.

Approaching Fifth street, several of the passengers who are onto all the turns along the line got up and informed the operator he had made an error. He acknowledged that probably he had. He sought to turn east on Fifth street, but there were no tracks which would take him onto the St. Paul interurban line, so he continued along to Sixth street. No turn here, either.

By this time, more of the passengers had become worried. They moved up to the front of the car, proffered advice.

"Never mind," the operator told them. "Just keep calm, I'll get us out of this."

The car continued along Second avenue, where only Grand-Monroe, Chicago-Penn and Chicago-Fremont cars should be running. When Seventh street was reached, two cars operating on these lines were right behind the Bloomington car.

Still there was no way of getting off Second avenue. So on to Eighth street. There the operator looked for tracks which might take the car eastward. There was only one way to go, to the right, to the heart of the loop.

"Where are you going to take us?" passengers asked.

The operator was a beaten man. He sat down in the car, mopped his brow.

"Doggone if I know," he said. "I'm lost. I don't know where I am. Let's all call it a day."

By this time the passengers were in stitches. The operator suggested they had better take emergency transfers and find their way to a car which would get them back to the Bloomington line. The gleeful car riders got off and boarded a Chicago-Penn car headed in the opposite

direction. They made their connection with the Bloomington line at Eighth avenue south and Sixth street.

But the operator of the lost car decided that he had to go somewhere. He was hemmed in from behind by cars which had a right to be on that line. So he went the only way he could go — straight ahead — along Eighth street, across Nicollet and across Hennepin. Signs on his car still proclaimed that it should go on the Bloomington line, and there were no few amazed persons who saw the car tooling along where Chicago-Penn cars should be running.

Along the car went, up Seventh street north, across Glenwood avenue, across Sixth avenue north, across Plymouth avenue. Finally, West Broadway was reached. Here, the operator decided, would be a good place to turn. Perhaps, if he went east, he might find some familiar terrain, some street on which he should be operating.

So east he went on West Broadway, where only Broadway and Twenty-eighth avenue south-North Emerson cars customarily run. Finally, having reached Washington avenue, and having encountered no landmarks, he turned his car southeastward along Washington. If only he could get to the Lake street car barns he would know where he was.

Down Washington avenue he set the car to ambling, not stopping to pick up passengers. Only cars bearing designations "Minnehaha-Plymouth," "Thirty-fourth avenue south-N. Bryant" and "Twenty-eighth avenue south-N. Emerson" should pursue their courses on this line.

Finally, Hennepin avenue was reached, the same Hennepin the car had crossed a little less than an hour previously. Motorman and car were right back in the loop.

There was a pause, while the lost motorman watched the scenic route cars, Como-Harriet, Oak-Harriet, pass before him. Also the Bryant-Johnson.

There, in front of him, was the Gateway tourist bureau, where they give away maps free to guide visitors in the city. He could not leave his car. Moreover, the bureau was closed.

The operator made another try. He swung off to the left. Now he was getting somewhere. There was the Great Northern station. The Mississippi river. The Hennepin avenue bridge. All things he had seen before. So over the bridge he ran the car, and up East Hennepin avenue to Fourth street northeast. The East Side car barns were somewhere in the neighborhood. He turned left and found them at First avenue northeast and Fourth street.

These were not the car barns in which he should have parked his trolley. But what's the difference? Any car barns looked good to him in his predicament. He took his money-changer into the office and reported that he had done enough work for the day.

The Odyssey was ended, but not the comments of motormen and conductors in the station house. They patted Ulysses on the back.

"Well done, boy, well done," they remarked, adding, "Have you ever tried the Bryn Mawr line? It don't bring in many tokens, but you do get to know how to handle the curves. What's more, it gets you out into some open spaces, where the air is fresher, where the sky is not cloudy all day."

Streetcar officials were a bit amazed when they heard the story. They declined to give the name of the lost operator, but said they would see to it that he got home all right.

The man, they said, was a beginner. They would keep him on at work, giving him a route map if necessary.

BEAR ATTENDS CIRCUS

BY PAUL O'NEIL

Seattle Times, June 14, 1936

"I HAVE witnessed a good many serious people in the midst of goofy performances," says Mr. O'Neil, "but I doubt if there have ever been as many delightfully nutty ideas concocted in one day, as the small bear herein discussed inspired by the simple process of climbing a tree and staying there.

"Redmond, where the bear did his stuff, is a village about thirty miles from Seattle. Through it runs a highway, one of the roads feeding the Snoqualmie Pass in the Cascade Mountains. At the side of this road is the tree into which the bear leaped when he was bumped, lightly, by an automobile the day before the story begins.

"Harold (Smitty) Smith, *Times* photographer, and I arrived at the tree on Saturday morning. Most of the townspeople were already there. Shortly before we arrived, a man who had planned to chloroform the bear had almost chloroformed himself, and another who wanted to lasso the beast had almost lynched himself.

"Smitty hid behind a tree when the weird scheme which the story features was put into operation, and when the bear was almost to the ground the first time, leaped out and shot off a flashlight. The crowd almost ran him out of town.

"Two of the crowd had, in the meantime, been out hunting for an Indian. They thought an Indian would know just what to do. It took them three hours to find one, and then the Indian just grunted and advised them to put a small piece of bacon on the ground. They almost ran the Indian out of town too.

"Smitty and I left in the afternoon to get the pictures to Seattle in time to make our engraving room deadline. When we came in, a game warden was threatening to shoot the bear. Russell McGrath, the *Times'* news editor, was planning to use a humorous story about the beast's antics, and was afraid the bear's death would ruin the whole business. He called the

State Capitol in an effort to keep the bear alive until our last edition had run. In the meantime, however, the game warden and everyone else had gone home, and the bear had calmly walked away."

Redmond, Wash.

AS AFTERNOON shadows fell today, a small black bear, Redmond's most trying civic problem in history, came huffing and puffing down out of a 100-foot tree in which he had perched most of two days and a night. He looked curiously at debris left by a crowd that had blocked traffic as it watched him, and ambled into the woods.

Behind him, in the once beautiful yard of Lewis Green, where the tree stood, lay an ancient automobile, a fire hose, wire, rope, pipes and fishpoles which had been used in a complicated plan to drive him from his perch, until the drivers and watchers gave up in despair and went home.

The plan involved almost as much equipment as an expedition to Mount Everest, and more climbing. It was hatched by a group of Redmond youths who had watched futile attempts to lasso the bear, coax him down, chloroform him, and remove him by shooting him in the stern with rock salt from a shotgun.

It kept a crowd, which had blocked the road since the bear first loped up the tree, in stitches for five hours, and did, once, succeed in getting the bear to the ground. The bear, that originally went to his perch Friday after having been bumped by an automobile in the highway, and frightened by a small bulldog named Bugs, ran right back up again, however.

Three Redmond youths, Earl Cantrell, Charles Reil and Kenneth Elkens, who hatched the plot, decided to shock the bear into descending.

They attached a length of wire to the magneto of the

ancient automobile, and then hooked the wire to a fishpole. Cantrell and Reil, the huskiest of the trio, took it up another tree fifteen feet away from the bear tree.

Then Elkens cranked the automobile. A short circuit shocked Elkens as the motor started, but the wire on the fishpole didn't perturb the bear. He chewed on it, ruminatively, as it was extended to him across the yawning space between the trees.

It was decided that a ground wire was needed. Others thought it would be better to go back to lassoing.

The ground wire was attached to the pole, and once more Cantrell and Reil made their way up the tree. Swaying from their lofty perch they touched the bear once more with the fish pole. Things happened.

The bear came down — a few feet. The two youths in the tree also came down a few feet and tried again. The bear and his pursuers descended gradually parallel to each other. Then the bear, with a burst of speed, galloped back to the top.

The fire hose was brought in after the bear and his pursuers each had made twelve trips up and down the tree. Several times the bear had been within ten feet of the ground.

The crowd, which had cheered the bear's footwork, cheered more lustily as the nozzle end of the fire hose was brought into the tree. The weary fish-pole carriers went up their tree for the thirteenth time and started the bear down.

As he neared the bottom, the holders of the fire hose, perched on a branch half-way up, shouted, "Water! Water!"

No water came.

The crowd joined in.

"Water!" they yelled. "Water!"

The man operating the hydrant, almost 100 yards

away, heard, and turned on the water. The bear, in the meantime, had run back to the top of the tree, and the water did little but dampen the Green lawn.

It was at this point that Mrs. Green said that she might as well have a zoo in her front yard.

Two attempts later, the water was brought to bear on the bear, and he bore it all cheerfully. The bear, in fact, seemed to enjoy the squirting waters, and remained in the stream for several minutes before running back up the tree.

The youths in the other tree, tiring more rapidly than the bear, climbed back up again.

It was decided that one tremendous effort would be made.

The crowd was moved back across the road, dogs chased out of the vicinity and the ancient automobile cranked up once more to supply the spark for the fishpole.

Down came the bear. Down came the bearers of the fishpole.

The bear descended to within four feet of the ground.

The crowd, silent, held its collective breath.

A man hiding in the Green woodshed reached out and bumped the bear with a stick. The beast leaped to the ground. The crowd roared. And then the bear ran back up the tree and perched in the top. That was too much.

His would-be rescuers went home. The crowd dissolved. The ancient automobile was shut down. The automobiles which had choked the highway for almost two days and a night departed. Quiet reigned.

Then the bear came down out of the tree and ambled off into the woods, searching, no doubt, for more exciting surroundings.

OLD COW PAR

BY D. L. HARTLEY

Kansas City Star, July 1, 1935

THIS "headnote" should be read in two parts. This is the first part:

The *Kansas City Star* likes to run more or less humorous features on its front page occasionally, under heads just like their regular news heads. These often deal with animals, or they are just "human interest stuff." (A misleading phrase, this last, as though everything in a newspaper were not human interest stuff.) So on July 1, 1935, they printed the "Old Cow Par" story on page one, with a picture. It was without a by-line, for the *Star* clings as tenaciously to its ancient rule of anonymity as to its headline style of the 1880's. The story was a good one, being a cow story and a golf story and a police story and a newspaper story all in one. It was selected for this volume.

Now read the story, and then return to this "headnote."

PART II. When the editors of this volume, more than a year after the story had appeared, informed the *Star* that the piece had been taken in its dragnet, and asked for "behind the headlines" information on it, the reply was in the form of another front-page full-column feature, from which we select the following paragraphs:

"The new man always gets panicky when he has to take an item from Bill Moorhead, the police reporter, on account of Bill grows very angry in case the new man gets the names of the policemen spelled wrong or makes a lieut. a sergt. and then the police reporter hollers and says why the heck don't the new man go back to the plow handles where he came from.

"So when the new man went to the phone today and said 'hello, Mr. Moorhead,' the same seemed so polite and there was no slur in his voice that the new man said:

"'Do you think I am going to make good, after all, Mr. Moorhead?'

"'After all,' replied the police reporter, 'even a chump is en-

titled to his place in life, but don't let anything I say swell up your head. Listen, son, take down what I say very careful and you will be doing a great service for posterity, which is just around the corner, only stop me if I get over your head with any of my deep references. Are you ready?"

"The new man said he was ready, and the police reporter went on, to-wit:

"Listen, son, do you remember the big article I telephoned to you July 1, last summer, about an old cow named Par, P as in Paul; a as in Andy; r, like in rabbit; the piece about how the old Jersey cow belonging to "Kelly" DeFever, the head man at the Swope Park golf course, who is an extra swell guy and once was a cop, about how old Par got stolen and was gone for a long time and then finally was found and returned to DeFever and the guy that stole him tried to ring him up like car snatchers do, by cutting off his horns.'

"(The new man said he remembered the item and at that time he tried to tell the police reporter that a cow should be called her and not him.)

"Don't interrupt, son, you just take down what I say, because, who are you to make suggestions to a journalist who has just been nominated for the hall of fame by this guy F. L. Mott of the school of journalism of the State University of Iowa at Iowa City. Have you got his name, son?"

After the usual business of getting the name spelled right, the police reporter proceeds:

"Well, the M. E., which is short for managing editor, son, has sent me a communication from this guy that goes on to say that my article which I phoned to you has been selected "from among some thousands of stories gathered by a board of co-operating editors over the United States, for publication in a book called 'News Stories of 1935-1936,' to be issued in March by Houghton Mifflin & Co. of Boston."

"I'm quoting from Mr. Mott's letter and that Houghton is spelled H, like in happy; o, like in Omaha; u, like in uncle; g, like in George; h, like in happy; t, like Tom; o, like in Omaha, and n, like in nothing.'

"(The new man said he would look the name up and spell it carefully.)

"And get that Mifflin part in, too, son. And look up "Kelly" DeFever in the files along with the cow, Par. Old "Kelly" is a swell guy and he just gave me a new angle on his cow, Par, which

I think can be rung in with this high honor that has been given to me.

"Well, I have got the real pay-off in this story about the old cow, Par, and I think it ties him right in with this big honor which has been paid to me. I called up "Kelly" DeFever (be sure you spell old Kelly's name right, son, because he's an ex-copper and a swell guy) and the new angle for this old Par case is like this: "Kelly" tells me that Par, who used to give six gallons of milk a day even after his horns were cut off, stopped giving milk some time ago, and "Kelly," who loves old Par, couldn't understand that, so he had a veteran examine him and found that Par was in foal. And if Par has a bull baby it will be named Bogey; if he has a cow baby, it will be called Birdie."

PART III. When the foregoing was written, we had given up hope of piercing the veil of the "new man's" anonymity, though we felt that the "big honor" of the by-line belonged to him rather than to Police Reporter "Bill" Moorhead. In time, however, came a letter from the "new man" himself, who proves to be D. L. Hartley, by no means a "cub."

"I have been writing feature stories for some time," he explains, "using an imaginary character called the 'new man.' He is a well-intentioned youngster eager to get on in newspaper work, though somewhat confused by copydesk rules — in fact, such a youngster as I was when I was a beginner on the *Star* twenty-one years ago. What new reporter doesn't admire the skillful, glamorous, sometimes dramatic work of the police reporter? It was the memory of that early admiration for the hard-cracking swaggering police reporter that suggested these stories."

THE new man is sent to the telephone to take an item from the police reporter.

New man says hello in the telephone and forthwith, through the receiver, emerges to-wit:

This is about a cow named P as in Paul, a-r-r — anyway, you know how to spell like what they have on a golf course — it's either p-a-r or p-a-r-r. Okay! A cop here says p-a-h-r.

Well, this cow, Par (spell it with one "r" like in Ralph), got called that because he roamed the Swope Park golf

course all the time and when the golf players sent the balls over or under the cow, they were over or under Par. D'je get it? Ha! Ha!

Y'see this cow Par belonged to a guy by the name of Maurice DeFever, who's got a nickname, "Kelly." DeFever (that's a capital F in there like in "Frank") has owned Par for quite a while and Par would give six gallons of milk a day and was worth a hunnert bucks. A Jersey, he is.

(The new man interrupted to observe that cows, particularly of the Jersey sort, have been referred to commonly as "she.")

Don't interrupt, son, with any of your comments. Anyway, "Kelly" DeFever loved his cow Par, which gave up six gallons of milk a day and was worth a hunnert dollars, and good old Par roamed the golf course and the golfers shot at him up hill and down dale. By the way, did I tell you that "Kelly" DeFever lives out there by the golf course? He's a good guy, that DeFever. Be sure and spell the name right.

Well, old Par disappeared April 28 and "Kelly" has had his caddies helping to look for his cow, Par, which gives up six gallons a day and is worth a hunnert dollars. He called the police in, too; him being once a copper himself, "Kelly" knows his way around. Did I tell you that Par had been frequently hit by golf balls? I shoulda said that. And there ain't any space between the "De" and the "Fever."

All right, have you got it up to there? Spell Par back to me. Okay. Y'see, Par disappeared April 28. Did I tell you that "Kelly" lives just east of the golf course? He milked old Par every day — got six gallons and Par was worth a hunnert bucks. "Kelly" couldn't find Par anywhere and just about give him up as lost permanent. Jersey cow, d'je get that?

Wait a minute, the other phone's ringing. (A wait while the sound of a loud explosion comes over the telephone). Hello, where was I? Darn these cops, all the time shooting off firecrackers. Oh, yes; Par was found yesterday tethered. Can you spell that? Begin with a "t". He was tethered on a rope on a small truck farm over by Raytown. He was a Jersey. Y' got that?

See how it is? He disappeared April 28 and was just found yesterday. That's a long time for a cow to be missing, according to the cops. D'je get that? Well, some deputy sheriffs went out there and got him and hitchhiked Par back to "Kelly's" place. But that isn't the feature of this yarn. Wait a minute now.

You know how thieves can ring up a car, change the numbers and all that sort of stuff. Well, whoever took Par tried to ring him up, too. Ha! Ha! This is good. "Kelly" was just into police headquarters and told us all about getting Par back and so on. A great guy that "Kelly" DeFever. There ain't no space between the "De" and the "Fever."

Well, anyway, they pinched a guy. The guy said he never swiped Par, said he bought him for \$45 over in Independence. I told you Par gives six gallons of milk and is worth a hunnert. "Kelly" says he identified Par on account of the metal tags in his ears which were put there by the government when Par was inspected for life insurance or something.

(The new man interrupted again to ask how Par had been rung up, changed, made different.)

Oh, yeah, I was just getting around to that. Whoever took him had cut his horns off. Can you imagine that? Cut his horns off. Ha! Ha!

HUSKER CARLSON DOES HIS STUFF

BY LEWIS C. FRENCH

Milwaukee Journal, November 10, 1935

A NATIONAL cornhusking contest is almost as well covered as one of the big political conventions. "They were all there," writes Mr. French. "The crack radio announcer struggled with words to keep up with the flying ears. Flippant news-reel men bemoaned the lack of sex appeal: not a good looking leg in the competition. Skeptical reporters were there from metropolitan sheets, some resentful of the 'hick' assignment and the shortage of cold beer. Serious country weekly editors, writers from farm papers, freelancers. It was duck soup for the agricultural writers. Feverish news photographers were knocking down stalks ahead of the huskers. One and all were getting their shoes lumped with Indiana gumbo mud. No press-box courtesies: grab a hot-dog, down the tepid coffee, and jam your way through the mob for a place to watch.

"Even eyes of cynics popped when contestants went into action. Here was a real story of real men and sweat — no prize-ring mugs from the street curb, faking wrestlers with counterfeit grunts, swell-headed baseball stars with a yen for ink, or uppity famous athletes with ghost writers, but real earth-soiled men. Most contestants were \$30-dollar-a-month-and-keep farm hands making sport out of work. No pot of gold awaited the winner.

"As with other news and feature stories, there was just one thing to do about it: just write what you saw and heard."

The story as it appears here omits three paragraphs about Bauman, the runner-up. It was accompanied by a good picture layout.

A brother of the 1935 champion won the next year's contest, which was held on an Ohio farm before an even larger crowd.

Attica, Ind.

PEELING off his shirt right down to the bare chest, Elmer (Nelce) Carlson from Audubon county, Iowa, strapped on his 50-cent hook and showed the boys how to husk corn.

Corn husking, or "shucking" — depending on what part of the country you are from — is king of farm sports.

And "Nelce" Carlson is the new king and a world champion.

The big Swede from Iowa showed 'em, defeating 17 other contestants from eight states in the national tournament. The corn belt sent its best bangboard artists to Attica, and with 100,000 watching, Carlson was way out in front. Eighty minutes of furious husking and Carlson checked in with 2,906.6 pounds of corn, or 41.5 bushels. This beat the previous national contest record made by Carl Seiler, Illinois, in 1932 by four and six-tenths bushels. In fact, the five top winners at Attica distanced the old record.

The defending champion, sturdy, confident Ted Balko from Minnesota, was toppled off his throne, coming in sixth with 36.8 bushels.

And if you think Carlson's victory isn't something for the books, figure out that he was hitting the bangboard steadily for an hour and 20 minutes at a rate just a trifle over a second and a half per ear.

Sounds easy, but did you ever see a corn husking contest where they've really got top notch huskers?

Straight as a string for 103 rods stretch rows of Hoosier hybrid corn, across the table-flat field of the Mitchell farm. Each of the huskers, the two best from their home states, have their sections, selected by lot. Six rows of Indiana corn are ready for them.

There's a wide space between the contest sections, where

people are jam packed behind ropes, 20 and 30 deep. Every one has a cheer ready. One and all have their favorites.

Some of the cornstalks are down, flat on the ground from lodging and trampling. Some stalks are bent over. Most of the corn is more than head high and with great golden ears that will average better than 10 inches in length and weigh about a pound an ear — corn the like of which you see at the state fair. Runs full 85 bushels to the acre.

Bright painted wagons with high silver-hued bangboards are lined up in a row at the starting line. Nervous tractor drivers are heeling in the lugs in the black soft soil. It's their job to keep pace with the husker. It would be a calamity for one of the iron horses with their big balloon rubber tires to balk or quit. The company would never live it down.

The huskers pull off the sheepskin coats and tilt the visors of their hats. Bright sun and just a bit of chill, perfect husking weather.

There goes the starting gun!

Swish, and it's action! Watch Carlson, No. 17, husking right next to Balko, the 1934 champ, on the far side of the field.

He grabs an ear with his left hand, slash bang with the hook, the husks are peeled. With never a look at the bangboard target, there is a quick twist to the wrist and an ear of corn sails through the air to plop down to the bottom of the wagon. Never mind the roar of shouting, the low flying airplane overhead, or the movie camera ahead.

The next stalk is down flat. Down Carlson reaches and swish from the ground sails an ear. No sooner has it thumped home than another is in the air.

The next stalk is straight up. Unbend the back and reach. Bang — bang — bang — sails the corn. The motion is too uneven to be rhythm, for it is reach, here and

there, high and low, and now and then nip an easy ear or two from the third row. Some of the corn has a husk or two tailing at the butt, looking for all the world like a yellow dart with faded guiding feathers as it makes a parabola to the wagon.

"He's doing 43 to the minute," says one checker, counting the ears and looking at a stop watch.

"And he ain't warmed up yet," boasts an Iowan.

Sweat soon streaks Carlson's hands. It dribbles down his ruddy chest and sops into underwear showing above the freshly washed overall pants.

Someone counts for 60 seconds, and it's 48 ears, pretty near to one a second. Remember now that Carlson is making about six different motions in that time and making mighty few mistakes. Down he bends, to twist upward in the next instant, hawklike in his intensity not to miss good ears and not fool around with worthless nubbins, and above all, husk clean, sweeping off the brittle husks and most of the tassel silk.

Forty minutes, and let's go over and look at the tournament favorite, Lawrence (Slim) Pitzer from Fountain county, Indiana. He's husking right in his own back yard, the home farm being about two miles away. There has been no let-up, no rest, but rather that swift, steady and everlasting grab, twist and throw. Pitzer was the first to make the turn back down the field. Indiana was betting on him; not with money but with that which is more important — community pride. Slim is in there pitching with all his heart. He wants to win for Indiana, a true Hoosier from the banks of the Wabash.

Half way and Pitzer is going strong. Sweat drips off his chin. His shirt is wringing wet. His mouth is open with breath coming in an audible pant, almost gasp, like you see and hear when a long distance runner puts on the finishing sprint to the tape. Pitzer is hitting better than

40 to the minute with his corn marvelously clean, almost huskless. Muscles ripple across his shoulders and biceps swell as he gives that little twist to rip the ear free from the shank. There is a peculiar twist to the corner of the mouth — like when you grit your teeth with effort — marking that physical tauntness. You see the same expression when a prize fighter throws over a punch with everything he's got.

Everything Pitzer's got — nerve, stamina and strength — is going into the shucking. That's why no one should sneer at corn husking as a "sodbuster sport." The pace they keep up for 80 minutes would kill the ordinary athlete. Seldom does a baseball pitcher throw more than 120 balls in a game. The husker throws that many ears of corn in three minutes.

True, it's a different kind of a sport thrill from seeing Buzz Buivid throw a 40-yard touchdown pass, or, watching Johnny Revolta come out of a deep sand trap dead to the pin. Your spine doesn't tingle as when Ruth busts one into the stands; but these corn field gladiators have something that grips you tense, just watching them go. There's no time out, or sending in a substitute, and it's a lucky football player that sees 20 minutes of action. No sending to the sidelines for a refreshing drink of water or taking a "breather" to wipe sweat away from the eyes.

Stay in there and pitch for 80 minutes, all solid action and motion!

Sure, they are dog tired when it's over. Broad shouldered Cecil Vining from Kansas comes in atop his load, knuckles bleeding and fingers raw from the battering of the hard dented corn. Most of the huskers have callouses as big as a quarter and almost as hard. No shower baths for them or rubdowns. They just put the sheepskin back on and go talk with the home folks, apologizing that they didn't do better.

They say "Nelce" Carlson can take a raw potato and squash it to a pulp in his hand. Feel his wrists, and when he grips, it feels like strands of a steel cable being pulled taut. He put a lot of smart alecky movie men in their place by just shaking hands with them friendly like. One could almost hear the bones crunch.

That's the point about these big husking tournaments. Contestants are clean living, hard working farm folks. No professional airs about them, nor grandstand fakery. The hardest kind of work is just fun. The most the winner gets out of it is a \$100 check and the others a free trip and living first class in swell hotels, or as in Attica, at a stylish health resort.

As boys they have been "hand spanked" and every one of them represents solid, intelligent, strong and orderly farmers who think and talk clean. They are plainly abashed at all the fuss and feathers, the Chamber of Commerce hubbub, eating on exhibition and posing for the movies. Praise them and they blush clear down to the neck. One gets the impression there is not much chance of the country going topsy-turvy politically or economically with such men around.

These husking matches are growing. Started back in 1924 by Henry Wallace, now secretary of agriculture, they spread fast out in the corn belt. Wallace was at the 1935 tournament, startled and pleased to see how big his infant sport had grown.

Seems the Iowa farm boys got to bragging and telling Paul Bunyan tales of their ability to shuck corn. They'd gather at the cross roads and one township began to snicker at the reports of fast shuckers of another.

To drum up interest Wallace put it on a competitive basis. You can always start a quiet-like fight over county claims, and a couple thousand people would turn out to see the boys go to it in the corn fields. And often corn-huskers, like fishermen, turned out to be awful liars.

Braggarts were put in their places. Real huskers became known. Soon corn husking was on a state basis, county winners going to the state matches to perform before 20,000 or 30,000 people.

The two top huskers from the corn belt states are eligible for the national, which is moved around each year. The championship meet is sponsored by the *Prairie Farmer*, with other farm publications co-operating.

Officials say there were 100,000 present at the 1935 state match in Iowa. An airplane view showed they were not far wrong. Cars were parked as far as two miles from the Mitchell farm last week with buses bringing spectators on to the contest field. State police checked more than 20,000 automobiles.

A gigantic tented city springs up over night in the city that is the mecca of the husking fans. Horseshoe shaped around a 70-acre field were tents, with the farm people looking over the new model automobiles and farm machinery — and, what is more, buying.

Everyone pitches in. You eat hamburgers and fish fry lunches of the good Baptist or Presbyterian church women, and one Attica baker turned out 65,000 rolls to feed the multitude. They even had a jail on a truck and hospital tent with ambulances, with the police, real and emergency, producing an orderly spectacle without a serious mishap.

There's more to a husking match than just flinging corn. Clean husking wins. For every pound of marketable corn — nubbins don't count — that a husker misses, he is docked three pounds. He's charged with getting all corn above three inches long.

He is allowed only five ounces of husks to every hundred-weight of corn. Above that the old "deduck" cuts into his score. For instance, if he fails to husk clean and comes in with an average above nine ounces of husk to 100 pounds, he loses 3 per cent of the net weight, a fatal penalty in stiff competition.

Carlson actually handled 2,995 pounds of corn but the gleaners following him found enough corn and husks to dock him 88.4 pounds, and Bauman was docked 140.7 pounds to score net 2,734.3 pounds of 39 bushels. In contrast, Balko, the ousted champ, was free of any husk penalty and lost only 36.8 pounds from his gross weight for overlooking good ears.

Carlson has been in competition for six years. He won the Iowa tournament with 37.118 bushels.

"Sure I got a kick out of winning," grins the champion. "Worth all the days of practising. Some say that record will stand for years. Shucks, wait until next year — you'll see some real husking!"

When the movie men were posing and priming Carlson he was a bit hesitant to talk into the battery of microphones. Three sentences about his winning, and he was lost for speech.

"What do you do for a living?" prompted one of the sound men.

Just one word came out as an answer: "Work!"

THAT OLD JERSEY DEVIL

BY W. F. CARTER

Atlantic City Press-Union, October 31, 1936

"NICK" CARTER, who is Atlantic City A.P. correspondent, writes:

"While I pieced the Jersey Devil article together, credit for most of its contents belongs to the *Press-Union's* suburban editor, Frank Hires — that ravenous bookworm who has worn himself skinny digging into the skeleton closets of this section and can, at the drop of a pastepot, recite any phase of South Jersey's history backwards.

"As you know, every section, every community and nearly every neighborhood in these United States has some other division of humanity to look down upon with amused tolerance. South Jersey is often the goat for the remainder of this State. Periodically since the Civil War, New York, Philadelphia and North Jersey papers have, probably without knowing it, tickled their readers' sense of smugness with stories that the Jersey Devil was again running loose in the South Jersey pine belt, which is supposed to be infested with allegedly inferior beings known as 'pineys.' Actually, of course, the contented citizens of South Jersey are little different from their neighbors in the metropolitan areas except that they are less likely to be found on the relief rolls; but a story is a story, and no one is a better judge of good material than our state A.P. editor in Newark, 'Bill' Kinney. So, with the approach of Hallowe'en this year he sent down a note:

"'It would be no surprise to us effete North Jersians to hear that the Jersey Devil is once more on the prowl down that way.... Appreciate a powerful piece for the Hallowe'en trade.'

"The story was written hurriedly (in about an hour) so it could be moved before a wire closed. I drew heavily from a learned article Hires had previously written on the 'Devil.' The sociological reasoning in my article is all his. The economic reasoning is properly credited to Joe Shinn, the night city editor. It provided the 'punch line,' so necessary at the end of any feature to sort of whack the reader over the head."

A CRISP, eerie wind whistled through the marshes around Leeds Point today. It swept over the brown cornfields where Sam Ambruster and his neighbors were still stacking fodder, wigwam style, and gathering in what pumpkins were left.

It dipped down over the vast swamps, traditional hiding place of the Jersey devil, imparting a melancholy touch. The kids all wore false faces and weird contraptions to frighten anyone who crosses their trail tonight.

To the old folks it all brought to mind the sad-faced, pitiful Jersey devil that for three generations well nigh scared the wits out of South Jersey farmers and village folk.

Weird, indeed, is the story of that poor little devil, who never meant anybody harm, but who every few years during the past century was wont to creep forth from its mysterious home in the swamp to frighten the daylights out of people hereabouts.

'Way back in the early 1800s there were then, as now, more Leedses in South Jersey than you could shake a scrub-oak stick at. Down in Estellville there was a particular Mrs. Leeds, who already had 12 children, and hoped to goodness the next one would be "a devil."

A devil it was. The child was a hideous, misshapen thing, but its powers of perception and movement developed abnormally. In a short time, like a young animal, it was able to run about. It was as evil as it was ugly, and would savagely claw anyone who approached, including its mother.

The little imp was still at an age when a normal child would have been utterly helpless, when one day someone left a window open, and it escaped into the sand dunes. There it defied capture. But the mother who had wished that her child might be the devil's went out into the dunes to nurse him.

That's the most widely accepted story of the Jersey devil, and how he came into existence. Somehow, the legend transferred the devil from the sand dunes to the swamps, from which he has emerged periodically during the past hundred years.

Only last year the Jersey devil was seen, up around Batsto. Old Bill Bozarth, who operates one of the few water-driven sawmills left in this country, saw it with his own eyes. It was a most curious thing, and the first creature, man or beast, ever to make a Bozarth flee. It had a long nose and a pointed tail, and was the goldarndest thing.

Smirk, you disbelievers, but they've always said in South Jersey that appearance of the Jersey devil means war, and right away Italy polished off Ethiopia. The Leeds devil appeared frequently right before the Civil War, and once before the World War.

Old Mrs. McCormack, of Goshen, used to hear the Jersey devil a-screeching in the cedar tops near Stephen Creek. Over a singing tea kettle she told the story to George Gregory, of Philadelphia, back in 1887. She was 84 then and mighty respectable, too. She herself knew Mrs. Leeds, and got the story direct.

For a while the deformed little devil returned home now and then, and stood on the fence for a while. Once Mrs. Leeds shooed it away, and thereafter it never returned, except at night, but when it did, it ranged far and wide.

A Margate man once wrestled with the Jersey devil. He "threw" the devil and fled. At the end of last century a Pleasantville man met the devil face-to-face at a lonely spot, and emptied his shotgun into its hideous form. It simply unfolded its wings — for the Jersey devil had developed wings by that time — and flew away. Many times since it has been shot, but nobody ever brought back a tail-feather for Aunt Mamie's hat.

By 1909 the Jersey devil had evolved into something like an ostrich. It flew up into Camden County and down into Salem. It frightened people in West Collingswood the night of Jan. 21. Charlie Klos and George Boggs saw it alight on a porch roof and pulled a fire box. Firemen turned a hose on it, a crowd threw sticks and stones, and it flew back to the swamps.

Next night it went to Salem and walked across Thomas Yorke's front yard. For some reason, it did not fly, but scaled a six-foot fence. Some laughed at the idea, but John Dempster saw and heard the devil, too, in his front yard. So did Jacob Henderson, a night watchman.

Them were the days. It appeared again and again in the South Jersey pines, and then came prohibition and half a million automobiles. For about 15 years the Jersey devil was not seen in South Jersey.

The Jersey devil served a definite purpose in its day. Homes were widely scattered, there were no street lights, and if a fellow visited his neighbors for the evening he was compelled to thread his way along dark wooded roads with all about him the thousand-and-one sinister sounds the forest produces at night.

Cards, dancing, novels and other light diversions were frowned upon, and there wasn't much to do but talk, one long evening after another, beside flickering candles and dim, popping log fires. With the build-up and the setting, tales of the supernatural were bound to be popular. The Jersey devil gave them something definite upon which to hang all their fears.

But the Jersey devil has outlived his day. He had no business coming out of his swamp in 1930 and 1935, but as long as there are rural correspondents on "space rates" he may appear many times in the future when things are dull.

Joseph H. Shinn, old-time newspaper correspondent and an acknowledged "expert" on the Jersey devil, once re-

ceived a visit from a New York writer bent upon investigating the little imp's history.

"Oh, the Jersey devil," beamed Shinn. "I've made hundreds of dollars out of the Jersey devil."

MA AND THE GIRLS AT COCKFIGHTS

BY ED DANFORTH

Atlanta Georgian, July 6, 1936

EVERYTHING IS copy that comes to the reporter's mill. This is a story which grew out of an experience outside of routine assignments

"A friend of long standing," writes Mr. Danforth, "who owns a pen of well bred fighting birds, had been asking me for a year to go with him to a hack fight. I had seen cockfighting as a boy back in Kentucky and was curious to see how it was done in Georgia, and I had an idea I might get a magazine story out of it. Cockfighting is strictly against the law in Georgia. No advertisements of time or place ever appear in the papers or on billboards; news of the event is passed around only by word of mouth and by a system of flags. We drove out of town on one of the main highways, and at a point where a country lane turned off we saw a rag tied to a bush. There we turned and drove along a dirt road for several miles until a square of checked apron material attached to a fishing pole signaled another turn; thus through several winding roads until we came to the place where the fight was to be held. Once there, the necessity for so much secretiveness seemed uncertain, for the whole plant was of permanent construction, on the property of a man who breeds fighting cocks for a living, and the noise made by a hundred automobile loads of men and women and chickens converging on this pastoral spot of a Sunday afternoon could not have been overlooked by the Law, had the Law been interested."

The next day, Mr. Danforth, who is sports editor of the *Georgian* and writes a daily sports column called "An Ear to the Ground," casting about for a subject, decided to do the woman angle of these pit fights, avoiding offence from actual details of the fighting, as well as from any seeming endorsement of the sport.

IT WAS during the noon recess in a series of hack fights at a cock pit, somewhere in Georgia, that I asked the old man with a week's black stubble on his chin: "Since when did women folks begin coming to fights?" The old man squinted from under bushy eyebrows and replied evenly and seriously: "Well, why shouldn't they come? They raise the chickens and look after 'em when they get the roup, so they ought to be let in to see 'em fight. Besides, we men ought to be on ouah good behaviah, anyhow."

That, it seems, settles the question.

The female of the species goes everywhere else we handsome brutes go. Yet to one whose recollections of cock-fighting back in Kentucky were that it was strictly a stag affair, and fairly disorderly, at that, the appearance at the pitside of mother and the children along with the head of the house was something of a shock.

I recalled a story a lawyer told about the first cock fight he ever attended. He said: "During the afternoon a wild goose flew over the pit, and every man there, except me, drew a pistol and shot at him." That was the sort of crowd that used to foregather at the exhibitions of pugilistic poultry back home. Hopkinsville, Ky., still enjoys the doubtful distinction of being the center of an active interest in rowdy roosters, so no doubt ma and the girls have gone in wholeheartedly for these fighting fowls, too.

Game chickens all over Georgia and the rest of the South went out to walk today to enjoy a vacation from the arena until November. The last fights of the season were held July 4, according to custom. The moulting season is at hand. That means the fighting cocks who survived the campaign will be turned out to recover from their wounds and get strong and tough again.

. One must be vague in such discussions in the public prints, because chicken-fighting is said to be against the law. It has been against the law since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but men have done so for even longer than that. It seems to be inherent in the blood of Anglo-Saxon and Latin alike, this urge to breed and fight chickens.

Why, there must be hundreds of different breeds, developed from a few basic strains that date back thousands of years. There were at least 20 breeds in the fights that were held over the Fourth at this mysterious location to which I refer. The sport seems to be firmly established.

It is not within the province of this column to discuss the rights and wrongs of this ancient game.

A few thousand years ago we used to put two men, armed with swords, into an arena to fight to the death. Now we put two men with heavily taped hands covered with leather gloves into a ring and encourage them to pound each other until one is knocked unconscious. When we want to see a duel to the death, we go no farther up the line than chickens. That, I suppose, shows progress.

And it is entirely another matter to fatten a chicken until he must be uncomfortable and then end his life without giving him a fighting chance.

Such discussions are awkward and have no place in a column that should be devoted to news and a few cautious views.

The closing hacks of the season were held in a grove of post oaks far back from the main highway. Over the circular pit was a shed roofed with tin. The sun beating down on the tin created an oven temperature inside. The benches around the pit were filled with an assorted crowd of good country folks and any number from town. An ex-South Carolina football star was on hand with a few Blues and roundheads. Two ex-Georgia gridiron lumina-

ries were there with Jungle Shawls and Kentucky Doms. An ex-Oglethorpe football player was one of the referees. You see, the younger generation is carrying the tradition right along.

It was a bad day for the Athens birds. They usually run off with everything, but the boys from Clark County carried most of their entries out by the tail feathers. Atlanta birds won four and had one draw, unless I lost count somewhere.

So it's all over for a while. "Who's got a 5.7?... Heel up and let's go... Two dollars on the Spangle... 6 to 5 on Anderson... Ready... Pit... Gimme a count... He's got a rattle, boys... Run home to Mamma..." The ancient jargon will not echo through Georgia woods until November. Maybe the boys will change their minds by fall and quit it.

Maybe.

I asked a young man why men like to watch such fights. He replied: "Because they like to see an exhibition of physical courage they do not themselves possess. Suppose this country had a czar and his troops would appear here suddenly, hand each man a sharp knife, pair them off and order each pair to fight until one was killed. Those that did not faint outright would be using that knife to cut their way through the woods. These chickens have it all over us in that respect."

This might be called speaking a piece, if you ask me.

BAPTIZIN' ON BAYOU BANKS

BY FRED WILLIAMSON

Monroe (Louisiana) News-Star, October 31, 1935

MR. WILLIAMSON has written many sketches based on the rich historical lore and the folk customs and rites of Louisiana. "Almost insurmountable difficulties attend the efforts of the newspaper writer to penetrate the mysteries that are part of Negro superstition," writes Mr. Williamson. "The public ceremonies, however, are different; then the Negro's love for emotional display expresses itself freely."

"The way to the scene of this baptizin'," he continues, "led over narrow, difficult, sometimes uncertain roads. Fear of bodily harm was quickly dissipated by the realization that the Negroes were too much absorbed in their own rites to pay any attention to me."

Of this story Roark Bradford, novelist and student of Negro folk customs, and a former city editor of the *Times-Picayune*, says, "It is a veritable transcription of the Negro baptismal ritual, though no two ceremonies of the kind are ever just alike." Lyle Saxon, Louisiana historian and also a former newspaper man, calls Mr. Williamson's story "without doubt an authentic account of one of the most interesting phases of southern Negro life."

THEY told us we were to see a "nigger baptizin'." Crude, crass, inept term.

What we did see was a weird, fantastic manifestation of barbaric emotion — like nothing else in the whole gamut of religious expression.

It was like a scene lifted out of an aboriginal jungle, its wild garish color tempered with an untutored reflection of contact with the religious impulse of a civilized world.

The scene was strangely moving — repellent, perhaps,

in some of its aspects — and streaked with a curious mixture of drama, theatricals and religious frenzy.

It was one of those mornings in mid-July in Louisiana, when the earth steams from the oppression of a pitiless sun. Thin wisps of cloud hung motionless in the sky, which was like a brass-bound blue steel bowl, pressing its unyielding edges against an invisible horizon to torture helpless human beings enclosed within it. Maybe on such a day in some far African wilderness rude tomtoms summoned the tribes to celebrate a solemn sacrificial rite.

A rutted road leading out from the purlieus of the city skirts the base of a hill, the other side of which drops sheer to the edge of the red-gray, muddy waters of a bayou.

A clump of cottonweeds atop the bluff screens the scene of the "baptizin'," until we are right upon it. Long before we have achieved the height, we are aware of an uncanny strident wail that stabs the sun-blistered atmosphere. It is a cross between a crooning chant and the despairing cry of a lost soul. The sound grows in volume as we approach the top of the bluff, which forms at once amphitheatre and stage for the enactment of a grotesque and picturesque ceremonial.

The face of the red clay bluff, the muddy bayou bank, the clump of cottonwoods, are alive with barbaric color. Black human beings are garbed in clothes that reflect every shade of the spectrum. The fact that the clothes follow a modern cut, rather than airy draperies, adds to the garishness of the scene. One little group stands apart from the rest. It is clustered together, with feet ankle-deep in the slimy mud of the bayou. These are clothed in white and from this band of zealots the strange chanting sounds reach up to be flung back from the brazen sky.

The chant has a certain cadence that is timed to the actions of a huge black-robed, black-capped negro who stands in the middle of the stream. Like a priest cele-

brating a ritualistic ceremony he lifts up his black hands as a white-robed neophyte, swaying and crooning in time with the chant, is led to him between two burly and ill-clad helpers.

The wails of the chanters rise in a crescendo of ecstatic frenzy. The roughest kind of interpretation might be translated thus:

“O-o-o-h! A-h-h-oh! E-e-e-h!
Yah! Yah! Y-a-h! Y-ah!
Y-o! Y-ah! Y-e-e-eh!
Wah! O-h! W-a-a-a-y!”

Repeated over and over again, while individuals of the group utter ejaculatory responses:

“W-e-e-l-l now! Yes! Yes! Hallelujah!”

As the last note of the chant dies away in a long lingering wail the priest recites his ritual in the same sing-song fashion:

“Co-o-ome t-o-o de R-i-b-bah Jud-a-n!
D-o-w-n in d-e r-ib-b-ah in de-a-th!
C-o-ome o-n up t-o-o w-alk de w-a-a-y ob l-i-fe!”

As he finishes he seizes the neophyte in his black hands. Utter silence has descended on the throng crowding the red shore. The neophyte is plunged under the surface of the muddy stream, and comes up struggling, shrieking in religious frenzy, the white robe clinging to the black body like paint.

The chant from the shore begins again. The singers sway back and forth in an acceleration of frenzy, as though struggling with the satanic imps which presumably have been exorcised from the baptized one.

The theatrical color of the picture is tempered by its drama. Like an animated ebony statue the priest translates his frenzy into fervid if unlearned phrases. The barbaric mob on the shore and clinging to the bluff shuffles

restlessly as some shaft strikes conscience-smitten souls in the perching throng.

Overhead the sun mounts higher and its rays beat like a furnace on the burnished surface of the water. Across the bayou tall tops of trees seem to sweep the sky. Wisps of grayish vapor tangle themselves in the upper branches. Perhaps they are the "spirits of just men made perfect," translating with a better understanding than skeptical observers this strange spectacle of an untutored race "seeking after God if haply they might find Him."

The priestly rite goes on.

The wailing chant rises again as a "brother" in the prosaic garb of a working man is led to the center of the stream.

The priest changes his formula.

"I-n de n-a-a-me o-b d-e-e F-a-d-ah! Boo-o-ss man ob de u-n-i-vus! I-n de na-ame ob de-e S-o-n! B-o-o-ss man ob de w-o-o-r-l-d!"

The terms cannot be misunderstood. The rough-clad candidate is a son of toil. He knows the meaning of work and the significance of the "boss" in relation to his work. He is pledging himself to the service of the greatest "boss" there is.

As he comes up from the plunge, the muddy waters coursing in repulsive rivulets from his clothes, he joins with shrieking accompaniment the wails of the chanters on the shore.

It is a signal for the priest to direct his attention again to the garish throng clinging to the bluff.

He thrusts his long arms at the crowd.

"Yuh-all!" he shrieks. "Yuh ain' wukkin' fuh uh boss whut pays off! Whut yuh gwine do when pay-day comes? Yuh think yuh gwine be paid foh gamblin' an' bootleggin', but yuh gwine be paid off wid a lot o' bad luck. Yuh bet-tah git wukkin' fuh a boss dat'll pay off!"

The shaft strikes home. Furtive shifting of eyes and shuffling of bodies show plainly enough that the "sinners" have been hit. The message, however, doesn't sink very deep. They are mute, even though they continue to gaze with a sort of trance-like fascination as the priestly one lifts up his voice in repeated adjurations.

There is a diversion for the crowd among the cotton-woods on the lip of the bluff when an ancient "mammy" approaches the scene. She is totally blind and almost bent double with the weight of her years. Her red bandanna adds its own bit of color to the general scheme of barbaric display. Led by a buxom wench to the edge of the bluff she begins to wail in concert with the chanters below.

"Sho, now, Ah knows jes' whut they's doin'," she says in reply to a question. "Ah been baptiz' mahse'f yeahs and yeahs 'go. How long 'go? Ah dunno 'zackly. Mebbe seventy, eighty yeahs, Ah reckon. 'Cause Ah's neah a hunnerd now. Yassah, neah a hunnerd. Mah chilluns say Ah ain' dat old, but Ah reckon Ah ought tuh know. Ah wuz dere an' dey wuzn'," she concludes with a triumphant cackle.

The ritual ceremony is over. The last sacrifice has been offered. There is an eerie sense of stillness as the chanting wail dies and the strident exhortations of the priest subside.

Weary and bent, the huge form of the celebrant has lost some of its heroic quality as he struggles between his helpers toward the slimy shore. His garments are sodden and streaked with the reddish gray mud of the river. As he reaches the shore someone thrusts into his hands a little black bag. He explores the interior and brings forth a sliver of something white.

A moment later the priest scrambles up a pathway of the bluff puffing a cigarette!

The barbaric throng streams back over the crest of the

bluff. The mudstained bayou placidly blinks back at the brazen sun. The vapory wisps untangle themselves from the tree-tops and disappear into the sky.

We wend our way back over the rutted road to the city.

HOG KILLIN' TIME IN MISSISSIPPI

BY JOHN BREAZEALE

United Press, New Orleans, December 26, 1936

MR. BREAZEALE is U.P. and *New Orleans Item-Tribune* man at Jackson, Mississippi's state capital; but his home is in near-by Brandon, and he drives back there every night. Brandon has one of the WPA community cold-storage and curing plants, but the farmers like the old way; and the institution of hog killin' as described in the story which follows is that now in vogue throughout the state, with the exception of the coast and delta counties.

The request for this story came from the New Orleans U.P. Bureau. "All my neighbors had just killed hogs," says Mr. Breazeale, "and my smokehouse was also full at the time of writing. It also had a new lock on it, and I may add that the smokehouse was intentionally built within sight and shotgun range of the bedroom window, the shotgun being loaded with pork fat and rock salt, which is effective but not fatal."

Brandon, Miss.

BETWEEN Christmas and New Year's is hog killin' time in rural Mississippi, where refrigeration units are few.

The old art of slow smoke-curing is not lost in the Mississippi hills. Green hickory smoke, blue and acrid, with an aromatic trace of sassafras, creeps and curls from under the smokehouse eaves in the hills — and new padlocks gleam on smokehouse doors.

Most farmers kill in the afternoon, when a heavy frost or freeze is predicted for that night. They have been waiting for it, perhaps for weeks. The hogs are ready, having been fattened on milk and peanuts (peanuts for oil and flavor), and then "hardened" on corn.

The cleaned carcass, split down the center of the backbone, hangs that night in the cold.

The head, if the "white folks" don't happen to like hogshead cheese, has been carried home by the jubilant Negro help. Likewise some of the liver. Also, the feet.

A white farmer rarely has a scarcity of Negro help at hog-killings, unless he has a reputation for stinginess. Usually the trouble is too much volunteer help.

The hog is cut up the next morning, and then the farm women's work starts. Cutting it just right, so that no meat is wasted and so the hams, shoulders, and sides will cure the best, is another job requiring skill.

The backbone is cut square, and no market keeps that kind of backbone in small towns. Every vertebra has a little pork chop attached to it. Baked right, with good dressing, it's a comforting dish.

The "tenderloin" is another and is likewise another cut the markets don't sell. Little chips, no bigger than a dollar, fried crisp, make a regal breakfast.

Odd pieces, and some of the fat, properly seasoned, are made into sausage, which may be smoked, or canned, or kept fresh under melted lard.

Meat is left on the spareribs — and such spareribs, with cracklin' bread, and collards cooked with hog jowl, is another tasty dish.

The fresh meat having been disposed of, the hams, shoulders, and bacon-sides are prepared for the smoking. A mixture of salt, pepper and saltpeter is rubbed thoroughly into them. How much to use and how many days this will have to be done, depends upon the size of the hams.

Most farm smokehouses are made of logs slightly flattened, the chinks between them daubed with mud, the roof usually being "shakes" or cypress shingles. The ground is the floor, and has a shallow hole scooped in it for

the fire, which is started before the meat is hung in the smokehouse, so as to avoid the dry-wood heat or a piney odor.

Once the fire is started, it is fed carefully with green hickory, which makes the best smoke. A little sassafras root is added, to make the smoke still better, still more aromatic. And then the fire is kept smouldering and smoking 10 days and nights, carefully watched, while the meat is turned every day or two to smoke evenly.

Afterward, the hams are sacked for protection, and they attain their best flavor in three or four months.

Such is the old-fashioned way. It is the method followed by nine Mississippi farmers in 10 in preparing meat for home use. But the smokehouse of the hills may also be banished by "modern methods" assisted by the New Deal, by cold storage plants and county and community slaughtering and curing plants erected by the WPA. Twelve or more of these were built in Mississippi last summer.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COWGIRL

BY NOEL HOUSTON

Daily Oklahoman, April 23, 1935

THE managing editor's assignment was to cover the '89-ers' Day parade at Guthrie, with emphasis on Lucille Mulhall. The reporter fortified himself with information about the famous cowgirl from the morgue before he went out on the assignment. Once in Guthrie, he had to divide his time between helping the photographer get his shots of the parade and making his own observations; but he walked beside Miss Mulhall's horse for some blocks.

The parade over and no good lead yet in mind, Mr. Houston saw the cowgirl turn down a side-street and dismount. Her dismounting seemed to sum up the whole idea of the end of her career in one gesture, and Mr. Houston decided to write his entire story about her, and let the pictures and their captions take care of the parade itself.

One result of the story was an invitation to come up to the ranch for a chicken dinner on the occasion of a rodeo — and that resulted in a feature which, with "pix," occupied a full page.

Mr. Houston is assistant Sunday and state editor of the *Oklahoman*.

Guthrie, Okla.

THE "most fearless and intrepid" horsewoman in the world, "whose wizardry with a lariat amazed the crowned heads of Europe" had come to the end of her last parade.

As Lucille Mulhall turned away from the head of the five-mile '89-ers' procession at Guthrie Monday, and walked "Old Red" down a deserted side street, the pony's head may have drooped. But Lucille sat erect, the confident, proud showman to the end.

A waiting stable hand took the reins of docile "Old Red" so that the "world's first cowgirl" might dismount safely.

The booted right leg which had often whirled her from the back of a galloping pinto to the horns of an arena-shaking steer caught on the cantle of the saddle. The "greatest beauty of the Oklahoma Territory" lifted it over with an effort, and the few who saw winced.

Once down, she walked slowly to her hotel, the still passing parade — its reds, yellows and blues, its clumping of horse's hooves on brick pavement, its blare of bands — a background for the two decades of circus memories which occupy her mind.

She left behind her thousands of spectators who, having applauded her passing, were watching the parade of progress which made her and her kind a back number — the oxen teams, the early horseless carriages, then the sleek new automobiles, the giant oil trucks, the mounted airplane.

Once she was a vivacious, devil-may-care blonde in a divided skirt and white silk shirt which enhanced her charms as she passed in review before presidents, kings and worshipping throngs. The thoughtless observer might see her now as only a gray, time-penciled old woman.

But ancient redwoods and mountain peaks can be beautiful, and beauty is timeless in some fortunate women. As she rode at the head of the frontier celebration in her traditional costume — beaded jacket over a white silk waist, red corduroy skirt draping below her boot tops — Miss Mulhall, to me, was beautiful.

The wild outdoor beauty of the pixy who was sent to a convent by Col. Zack Mulhall to curb her daring riding has mellowed, but not vanished completely. Now she reflects the beauty of a mature charm that has ripened but not withered.

She no longer has the beauty of the slip of a girl who made Madison Square Garden thunder with applause, who posed for newspaper artists in New York and London, who beat the best cowboys in the world at Fort Worth by roping and tying three steers in 3 minutes and 36 seconds.

Her figure is matronly, but her carriage is regal. She has the simple dignity of a beautiful woman who enjoyed her worldwide fame and let the years slip by gracefully.

Only in her sky-blue eyes, twinkling in a face unaided by cosmetics, is there a clue to the reckless proficiency which garnered for her more publicity than any other circus star ever received — and all of it favorable.

She is the type who might have been an Amelia Earhart had she been born 20 years later — wearing goggles and flying suit instead of cowgirl togs.

One can still see in her undimmed eyes the daring that made her accept — and win — a wager with Theodore Roosevelt when he visited at Mulhall ranch. It was a wager for her to lasso a lobo wolf and dismount to kill it — with a stirrup iron.

Miss Mulhall was not a poseur, like so many of today's cowgirls, rouged, lip-sticked, sporting gaudy neckerchiefs and chaps or breeches, and able to do little more than sit on a horse. She knew every trick of the "wild west rodeo" trade, and knew it better than most men.

But all the glory has faded into memories. It was many, many years ago that her little brother Logan (for whom Logan county was named) was still alive; that she and Tom Mix and Will Rogers and Colonel Mulhall staged a roping and riding contest at St. Louis, in 1899, then took a wild west show east and to Europe.

The great Mulhall ranch has shrunk to a homestead. In it Miss Mulhall lives, with her trunks full of clippings, her medals, her saddles and lariats and spurs.

It was only after much persuasive argument that she

donned her regalia for Monday's parade. The last time she rode was two years ago. Her father was beside her then, but since then Colonel Zack has died.

She has had a taste of romance too, but it proved to be bitter. Her marriage in 1920 to Tom Burnett, Texas multimillionaire and son of Burk Burnett, was the climax of a courtship which began when Burnett, breathlessly watching her work in the arena to the martial air of a band, determined to win her.

They became the king and queen of rodeo, but it lasted only two years. She retained the name Mulhall.

"I rode in this parade because I thought maybe it would be the last time I'd have a chance," she said from astride her horse as she put on white buckskin gloves. "In any event, it'll be my last. Of course, it won't be the last time I'll get on a horse. I'll ride as long as I can throw a leg across."

“HAPPY” CHANDLER IN THE GOVERNOR’S CHAIR

BY A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

Lexington (Kentucky) Leader, December 11, 1936

THE city editor of the *Lexington Leader*, the author of this sketch of a Kentucky inauguration, assigned himself to the story, in the knowledge that long familiarity with the local political scene gave him a qualification superior to that of any other member of the staff.

Two circumstances induced him to write the kind of story he did. First, the *Leader* had satisfactory A.P. coverage. He did not want to duplicate that. Second, the ceremony took place after his deadline. He needed, therefore, to give his next-day’s account an unusual turn to offset the comparative staleness of his subject.

Watching the inauguration, he was struck by two conflicting impressions, “by the incredibility of the event, and yet by its place in a natural sequence”

The story, written the following morning while another staff member sat at the city desk, was turned out in an hour and a half.

An interesting development was that friends of Governor A. B. Chandler, whose case the story treated with candor, were among the first to praise it.

Frankfort, Ky.

KENTUCKY had a new governor today, a smiling, somewhat florid 37-year-old who won his first political campaign by singing “Sonny Boy” in the country school houses of Woodford, Scott and Jessamine counties.

In the Albert Benjamin Chandler who squeezed through a packed inaugural stand Tuesday afternoon to take the oath of office there were still some signs of the old

"Happy" Chandler, the youthful state senator who delighted rural school marms and their juvenile charges by crooning in the corridors of the capitol, who took the floor too often for a first-termers, who was so hail-fellow-well-met that more restrained associates looked upon him with an indulgent condescension.

There were still his open-handed friendliness, his wide smile and his ready flow of words.

But it was an older and more thoughtful, a maturer and more decisive "Happy" who Tuesday became the governor of 2,600,000 people.

Back in 1930, fellow senators would have howled had you predicted that within five years this well-meaning upstart playboy would be sitting in the executive chair. Why, with his obliging readiness to sing a syrupy song, his thoughtless presumption in debate with more seasoned men and his boisterous back-slapping, he was becoming a joke who detracted from the dignity of the senate. Chief executive? Rather, one-termers in the upper house, then back to private life.

Even when he was nominated and elected lieutenant-governor, the wiseacres of the hustings looked upon his further success as a rather sour political joke, brought about through the powerful backing of the aged and eccentric Ben Johnson.

It was as lieutenant-governor that Chandler began that development that was to carry him eventually to the executive mansion. None were more astonished than the colleagues who had tolerated him good-naturedly in 1930 when the one-time "Sonny Boy" began to show that he was capable of convictions and determination. Behind that smiling face and beyond that geniality of nature, they found to their amazement, there lay stout opinions and there lay courage.

Gradually but steadily, he assumed leadership. John-

son kept with him always. The late Allie Young swung in. Dan Talbott saw his possibilities. Another young political leader, John Young Brown, helped him along. A group of senators, Democrats and Republicans, organized to stand behind him.

And as he made friends, so he made enemies. A foe of the sales tax, he incurred the antagonism of the administration and its supporters. They fought him tooth and nail. They tried to wean away his retainers. And finally they stripped him of a lieutenant-governor's authority; they made him a figurehead.

Throughout it all, Chandler remained good-natured and stout of heart. He maintained friendly personal relations with his most determined opponents, who were learning to respect the resources behind his youthful joviality.

Defeated on the sales-tax issue, Chandler made his boldest and most astute stroke when Gov. Laffoon left for Washington last winter. Faced with the fact that the administration expected to railroad through a convention its candidate for nominee as governor, Chandler called a special session of the legislature to enact a compulsory primary law. The call was declared valid by the courts, and at the ensuing session a primary bill was passed.

Waiting until former Gov. J. C. W. Beckham had definitely decided not to make the race, Chandler then announced his candidacy. His chances of success, one would have said, were about 20 to 1. But the long shot came home.

And so the one-time crooner, the "Sonny Boy" of derision, the former senatorial nuisance, was inaugurated Tuesday as governor of Kentucky. There was something youthful and exultant and shining in his countenance as he pressed through the crowd shaking hands right and left. But there was nothing of eager hope in the face of the re-

tiring governor, to whom not more than a dozen hands were extended as he crowded forward on the inaugural stand. His face was old and drawn, and his eyes were weary.

And later, when Happy came into the capitol, pushed and shoved and mauled by a crowd of boisterous backers, he was still good-natured and smiling. A half-dozen of his faithful saw Gov. Laffoon into the building. Making his last visit to his one-time offices, he looked even older and more melancholy. Seeing that lined and sorrowful face, one couldn't avoid a pang of sympathy, however opposed to the record that he had just brought to a close.

FLORIO AND HIS SEWING-MACHINE

BY STUART WELCH

Tacoma News-Tribune, September 26, 1936

FOR the past year or two Mr. Welch has been writing stories about people and their jobs in Tacoma. His is an industrial city, and the reporter writes chiefly of factory people. Popping in with his camera, he will have a story and picture before the subject quite knows what is going on. The series has been popular because it touches ordinary persons and ordinary jobs, and always includes the human attitude toward the job. They appear in the *News-Tribune* about twice a week, usually on the front page.

The following story was the result of a tip from a reader, who dropped into the office to suggest that Mr. Welch see Florio the tailor, who had a shop up the street and a sewing machine he had taken to war with him. The reporter dropped in with his camera, talked to the tailor twenty minutes, rushed him into a picture before he could think of a good reason to object, and left.

"I haven't gone back to his shop since to see how he liked the story," says Mr. Welch. "I made that mistake one time with a big Swede in a metal-works shop. I had quoted him verbatim, and with all the dialect, and he definitely did not care for it."

FRANK FLORIO got into the war by mistake, but he is glad now because he would never have met his pet sewing machine had he remained a civilian.

Florio was born at Paterno, Italy. He came to this country in 1910 to practice the trade of tailoring which he learned in his home country. You wouldn't mistake his nativity, for he has a strong accent.

It seems that the war came along, and one day when Florio was busy in his shop, some jokester came in to tell him his name was among those appearing in the newspaper for the first draft.

So Florio made himself a good uniform and went out to Camp Lewis. When he got to the camp all the rookies started to salute him and his new uniform. Little did he know he had made himself an officer's outfit.

"It was a much better uniform," says Florio, "than those officers were wearing."

Well, the recruiting office couldn't find his name on the lists, so he was given the choice of going back home or enlisting as a volunteer. There he was with his good-looking uniform, which had taken a long time to make, so he enlisted. They let him keep his outfit on the condition he would make a few necessary alterations.

Well, came the day when he met up with the sewing machine.

"I think it was his name Pete Stotz what owned it," says Florio. "It was good as new. I dunno as it was a seventy-fi' or eighty dollars, something like that. So he says, 'Florio, how would you like to buy it?'"

Then Florio became camp tailor and got out of some of the "dirty work" in camp.

Time came when the 91st division went to France and the problem came up about the sewing machine.

"Florio," said an officer, "how about we take this machine along with us?" So they took it all apart and shipped it to France inside the band instruments.

In France Florio had to fight in the trenches like the other soldiers, but when they were away from the trenches he stuck by his machine, mending all the torn uniforms. Many a time his machine would cut through a brass eye when sewing leggings. He says it works equally well on silk and leather.

The French just went crazy over his machine and wanted to buy it. They almost got a chance on the way back.

Florio was told to sell his machine, as there was no room

for it on the return trip. This was a great blow to Florio, who immediately began to make contacts with the higher-ups. The fact that the machine finally got back is proven when you see it in Florio's shop.

Florio wanted to put his gas mask on and wear his medals when the photographer took his picture, but they were home and there wasn't time to get them. He *is* going to decorate his machine sometime with some of his war tokens.

FIGHTER'S PROGRESS

BY R. K. O'MALLEY

Daily Missoulian, October 24, 1936

"MY REGULAR duties," writes Mr. O'Malley, "take me to the dry and dusty domain of the courts. One day, while on my way to the courthouse, I saw this battered ex-pug, his one-time profession evident from his 'trade-marks,' shuffle into an alley. Having always been a fight fan, I took particular interest in his wanderings, and watched him fish about in a garbage can. I was able to identify him by asking a few questions here and there. He was . . . , who at one time was highly ranked as a prizefighter. The records in California will show that he once fought a main event on a card which had Jack Dempsey as a preliminary fighter.

"Instead of going to the courthouse, I went straight back to the office and wrote the story while the picture of that ragged, shambling figure with the cauliflower ears and flattened nose was still fresh. But I can still see him plainly — an object lesson to fresh-faced youngsters who find glamour in the smell of resin and the thud of six-ounce gloves."

A BARREL-CHESTED boy with youth eager in his eyes stood over a prostrate form in a prize ring here some years ago while a crowd thundered plaudits. A referee's hand rose and fell, then with the flush of early victory mounting to his temples the youth posed with ill-concealed pride while his hand was held up — victor in his first prize fight.

"He's good," the crowd said. "He'll make a champ," the old ones muttered. "He's got the stuff."

Bulky-thewed boys fell to his blows. He won ten or fifteen fights in a row. He was an attraction. Pretty soon the Big Time beckoned to him and he followed,

tendrils of resin dust curling up in his march forward. He left the home town. You couldn't get enough money fighting in a tank town. Not in a country "slab."

Let ten years pass. Let ten years tack up the gaudy scenery of fightdom. Let ten years curl ears and batter noses — and drag the championship farther and farther away. Joe Doke? What ever became of him? He left for the east to make good. Guess he didn't have the connections. Yeah, a guy needs connections to get around in the Big Time. Whaddy hear? Who's this lightweight Bill Jinks? He fights like a champ. He'll be going away to the Big Time pretty soon. Sure.

The freight trains picked up a lot of passengers in those 10 years. Guys who couldn't get going anymore. Guys with no place to go — maybe a visit back to the old home town.

Well, a couple of days ago Joe Doke came back. Joe Doke is as good a name as any for him. No use using the right one. You'd know him. But only if you heard his name.

Joe Doke was ragged. He had "tin ears." His nose was wide between the ears. He wore an old mackinaw that had pockets a long time ago. Nobody shook hands with Joe because nobody knew him.

In back of a beer parlor and eating place Joe found what he was looking for. He shamled up to an ash can. There was no spring in his walk. You don't get spring when you walk on your heels. Joe fumbled in the ash can. He pulled out an old tobacco tin. And he got a crust of bread too. Then he went on his way, his head tilted toward one shoulder as though he were just a little unsteady. Joe Doke turned the corner at the end of the alley and went toward the freight yard. Dust swirled in the alley gone suddenly cold in early evening, and a dirty-gray cat mewed at a back door. . . .

ANGEL OF THE POOR

BY EVERETT R. HOLLES

United Press, Chicago, May 23, 1935

"JANE ADDAMS was a real character, who had never had any sham build-up," writes Mr. Holles. "I had never met her, but I had been handling the stories of her illness, and it was natural that the assignment on her funeral should come to me.

"I went down to Hull House, in the midst of one of Chicago's most poverty-stricken districts; and after I saw the grief of men, women and children there, it was easy to write the story. Indeed, the difficulty was to write with sufficient restraint — to keep from 'slopping over.'

"Jane Addams' funeral was as impressive in its stark simplicity and the tribute which poor people paid to her as anything I ever saw. In its way it was as great as the funeral I covered eight months later, called 'the most impressive funeral in recent history' — that of King George V."

Chicago

THE rich and the poor came down to Hull House today, down into the poverty of the tenements, and knelt beneath a radiant spring sun in prayer in memory of the bountiful deeds of Jane Addams. The squalor of the district was transformed into a mute tribute as outdoor funeral services were held for the 74-year-old "Angel of the Poor."

An Italian huckster stood bare-headed and silent beside his rattletrap cart on Halsted street as hymns from the throats of children carried over the walls of the rambling old settlement house from an inner courtyard.

Gregory Salamo's dingy restaurant across Polk street was closed, and the Italian and American flags flew at half staff, side by side, over his door.

Within the courtyard — a tiny garden spot set down in the midst of the human misery that was the challenge of Jane Addams' life — more than 1,400 men, women and children stood in tribute to a lonely little girl who had grown up to know the homage of kings and presidents, and now lay dead.

Foreign-born men and women, who claimed her as their best friend, grieved beside millionaires and society matrons from the gold coast across town. Shiny limousines stood at the curb where several hundred Hull House "neighbors" waited, unable to find room in the court. The sun shone down upon the plain silver casket resting on a stone terrace near a cluster of small elms at the north end of the court, as Dr. Graham Taylor, 81-year-old leader of the Chicago commons, delivered a brief benediction. They stood humbly silent during a 15-minute address by Dean Charles W. Gilkey, of the University of Chicago chapel, who said Miss Addams became famous and accomplished great service because of her gift of understanding.

"It was the understanding born in one of the greatest personalities of our generation, of the union of a keen and growing mind and a neighborly and self-forgetful heart," he said.

As Dean Gilkey talked, several women in the crowd dropped to their knees in the courtyard and prayed.

"Jane Addams cared about people for their own sake — and learned to know them by sharing their lives." Her ideals, he added, sprang from the teachings of her Quaker childhood, when she learned to be "honest with yourself, inside, whatever happens." "The courage with which she met physical limitations that always were with her, and even more the criticisms which great souls never are spared, was a courage that every good soldier ought to understand," he said.

The services, lasting only 20 minutes, were non-denomi-

national, fulfilling the tolerant spirit of the famous settlement where, as Miss Addams often said, "religion has no place — our purpose is Christian enough in itself."

The crowd that came today was, for the most part, familiar to Hull House. There were Italians, Jews, Germans, Greeks, Mexicans — even a little group of gypsy fortune tellers.

The Hull House music club, 30 young girls, sang a Beethoven Hymn that Miss Addams thought was the most beautiful of all choral hymns:

"If one shall say he loveth God and loveth not his neighbor,
He makes of God's own truth a mock, and vain is all his
labor,
For God is love and wills that all his children shall brothers
be."

The choir, grouped in the high-ceilinged dining hall off the courtyard, sang as the "neighbors" of Hull House filed in through a smoke-crusted archway on Halsted street. Deep in the crowd a "neighbor," overcome by the simple impressiveness of the scene, took up the words of the familiar hymn.

The honorary pallbearers were the people whom Jane Addams helped and those who honored her genius. Mayor Edward J. Kelly walked beside a handsome young Italian lawyer, Salvatore Ginelli. Twenty years ago Ginelli was an urchin who came into the Hull House recreation rooms from off the streets. Sewell Lee Avery, president of Montgomery Ward, stood beside Frank Keyseb, a lean-faced man of 60 who has run the settlement's heating plant for 35 years and remembers "a lot of mighty important men who owe their start to Miss Addams."

A middle-aged woman, wife of a Greek laborer, stepped up and laid a scrawny spray of roses on the stone steps of the terrace.

The casket was covered with a huge blanket of lilies-of-

the-valley, woven last night by resident workers of Hull House. A high wall of lilacs from the greenhouses that Miss Addams built was behind the casket, surrounded by hundreds of floral pieces. An anchor of roses from the colored women's club rested beside a basket bearing the card of Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Harold L. Ickes. A huge wreath from the State Legislature at Springfield was no larger than the floral tribute of the Greek-American community center. Other flowers were from Carrie Chapman Catt, Madam Rozika Schwimmer and welfare settlements throughout the world where Jane Addams was looked upon as an untiring genius.

After a short prayer by Dean Gilkey and Dr. Taylor's benediction, the children's choir sang "From the Cradle to the Grave," and eight young Jewish boys carried the casket back to Bowen Hall.

Tomorrow it will be taken to Miss Addams' childhood home at Cedarville, Ill., a little village near the Wisconsin-Illinois line where Jane Addams, eighth child of a staunch Quaker family, was born.

OLD-TIMER AT TRAIL'S END

BY HARVEY L. MOTT

Arizona Republic (Phoenix), September 5, 1936

BORN and reared in eastern cities, and a Westerner only by transplantation a decade or so ago, the writer of this story has found an absorbing interest in the lives and times and characters of that dwindling band of old men and women who really made the West. He was assigned seven years ago to cover the Reunion of Arizona Pioneers, and he has covered it annually ever since. It was at one of these meetings that he first met Old-Timer McGinley, and he kept up an acquaintance with him thereafter, though meeting him only occasionally. Because he knew and liked the old fellow, it did not occur to him to assign anyone else to the story when the Associated Press brought a brief item telling of McGinley's death at the Arizona Pioneers' Home.

The story, incidentally, was written in "takes" squarely on a deadline.

WHEN the dinner call sounds for the barbecue, come next pioneers' reunion, there'll be a gap at the head of the line.

Ed McGinley, venerable leader of that stirring parade of old-timers, died yesterday.

He was 108 years, 5 months and 17 days old.

Crotchety, fire-eating, hell-roaring buckaroo of a forgotten day, he died peacefully in bed.

He saw death beckon, and seemed content.

Yesterday afternoon he went for the daily walk that had replaced his former prospecting in the hills around Prescott. Returning to the Arizona Pioneers' Home, he said strangely to his cronies:

"Well, I'm going."

He knew, for in a few minutes he died.

His passing removed from the ever-thinning ranks of the pioneers, one of Arizona's most striking figures. White-bearded, thin, and a little stooped with the weight of his years, he was the center of attraction wherever he went.

His memory of things seen and things unseen was prodigious.

At successive pioneer reunions he fought the battles of the North and the South with impartiality, although it is a matter of record that he served with neither side.

He boasted frequently of his gold mine in the hills. For perhaps a score of the 23 years he spent in the pioneers' home he did follow that phantom that has lured so many to the hills. But in the last few years he dropped the pretense. He was content to have only the fame that was his as the oldest white man in the state. He made the most of it, too.

Five months and 17 days ago, when he reached that hoary 108, he gaily regarded his birthday cake, then danced a jig around it.

"I will," he told his fellow guests at the home — some of them approaching and at least one other already beyond the century mark, "live about 50 years more. Yes sir, I'm good for 50 years."

Even then he seemed really to believe his destiny was to go on and on.

Slate picker in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, mule skinner, Mississippi steamboat roustabout, McGinley prided himself on being the "best cusser" in Arizona.

He frequently humorously declared only liquor kept him going.

"It's the dookey," he assured all and sundry on his last birthday. And as he took his regular "nip" he said: "I've got to keep the ol' wagon oiled up."

An "ol' wagon" it was, but as to the One Hoss Shay,

the end came all at once. It's probably as Ed wanted it, for the years had been rich and full of life.

"I have only one regret in my whole life," he solemnly assured an interviewer several years ago. "I'm sorry I couldn't have been born on St. Patrick's Day."

He only missed it by hours, at that, for he was born March 18, 1828. He was born to sturdy Irish folk in Mauch Chunk, Carbon county, Pennsylvania, and like his father before him, went as a boy into the hard coal mines.

Seven cents a day was his wage, and the work wasn't easy. It never was easy for Edward McGinley, who knew every phase of the exciting life there was to young America as it pushed westward across the continent.

And he didn't quit. Through levee building, freighting by team, "steamboatin'" and kindred rough trades he worked throughout, he estimated once, three-quarters of a century in his first 85 years of life.

Coming to Arizona with the old Benson and Guaymas railroad in 1882, he helped build the territory until it reached maturity and became a state. It was only then, according to records supplied some years ago by the pioneers' home, that Ed decided to rest. He entered the home as an honored guest of Arizona in 1913, and for 23 years "rested" — with about the busiest rest possible. Almost every day he roamed the pine-clad hills, sometimes seriously searching for gold, sometimes just roaming, sometimes thinking up new "tall tales" to tell his friends.

Known to hundreds on hundreds of Arizonians, it was no surprise to any of them to find him a dozen miles from the home, ambling determinedly down the highway. He was always restless with the restlessness that sent him across a nation in the making, looking always for a new trail and a new adventure.

Yesterday that long, ever so long trail, ran out.

Funeral services have not yet been arranged.

A NEWSPAPERMAN'S NEWSPAPER— MAN IS DEAD

BY BEN WILLIAMSON

Cleveland Press, January 31, 1936

THIS story was the result of the managing editor's assignment to "do a piece about Doyle that might give the public an idea of him as we knew him." No pattern for the story was suggested, and since the reporter remembered the dead editor best for his ability to think in headlines, he used that theme.

Little was said of the story about the office by the men who had worked with Doyle; but, as the editor of this volume knows, it attracted no little attention on the part of readers who had not known the subject of the sketch.

YOU get occasional tough assignments in this business. Stories that just won't write themselves, somehow. This is one of them.

It's about Ned Doyle, who was killed yesterday by a locomotive in South Bend, Ind. He was reporter, city editor and managing editor around this office for 10 years until 1931.

Doyle, to a degree exceeding any newspaperman I've ever known, had the happy faculty of thinking in headlines. Any event, no matter how far-reaching — any subject, no matter how involved — simmered down to a few headline words with Doyle.

But "Doyle Killed by Locomotive" isn't enough for the passing of Ned Doyle. It ought to read, "Doyle, a Great Newspaperman and a Great Guy, Is Dead and Shouldn't Be."

We were all pretty sentimental around here about Ned

Doyle. Because he was a sentimental fellow. And because he was a great newspaperman.

"Get in under and get the human drama," was one of Doyle's credos that made him a great newspaperman. We've seen tears well up in Doyle's blue eyes over the drama of a newspaper story, the story of a Janet Blood cruelly, senselessly killed by a robber.

Doyle himself knew tragedy. His two children were injured in automobile accidents. Then his wife was killed while Ned was managing editor of the *Pittsburgh Press* after leaving here. Doyle never seemed to be the same hard-hitting guy after that. His health broke, lower and lower. He was just out of a hospital when the locomotive ran over him yesterday.

Doyle could sentimentalize about the other fellow's troubles, never about his own.

We've seen him, a tenacious bulldog digging out a story of official corruption, in towering rage against the dishonesty of a politician. And when the picture of the broken politician being sentenced to five years came into the office we've seen Doyle shudder a little and say, "Aw, the poor guy."

The thing we'll remember most about Doyle was his smile. It reflected the guileless honesty and the innate gentleness of the man who hated dishonesty, who covered his compassion with a profane toughness that was in itself inspiration to those about him.

Doyle was the champion of the reporters who worked with him. We all knew he was the equal or superior of any of us at any task around the shop. We all knew Doyle would never ask us to do the impossible or the silly or anything he wouldn't willingly do himself. We all knew Doyle would turn on that smile at our errors as he would at his own.

Doyle had many triumphs, as newspaper triumphs are

rated. He did as much as any one man to crack the mystery back of the murder of Don Mellett in Canton. The Doyle smile, that innate honesty, broke through the cunning of an underworld tough, made him trust Doyle — and out came the story.

But Doyle's greatest triumph was in inspiring the men around him. Yes, I guess that's the headline for this story — "Doyle, a Newspaperman's Newspaperman, Is Dead."

CASEY AT THE BOUT

BY ROBERT J. CASEY

Chicago Daily News, June 20, 1936

THERE were scarcely half a dozen sports writers who did not have to eat their words on June 20, 1936, when it was necessary to report Schmeling's knockout of Louis. Perhaps it is as well, therefore, to use in this volume a story of that fight which was written, not by a sports editor, but by one of the country's most brilliant all-'round reporters. Mr. Casey, who has been with the *News* since 1920, is a traveler, a specialist in Luxembourg folklore, and a writer of books, as well as a reporter.

Mr. Casey tells of calling upon the late Winifred Black one day at her home in San Francisco, to find her in boastful mood. "I'm a reporter!" she told him. "They've had me writing drool for thirty years, but I've shown 'em! Down at Carmel, where my country place is, a boob chief of police threw a young woman into jail because her husband had illegal possession of a pint of liquor, and she had a baby in jail. They tried to hush it up, but I got the whole story, with pictures. And I drove right up here and laid the whole business on the city editor's desk. He'd had a couple of trained seals snooping around Carmel on a vague tip that something was going on. But he didn't find out what was going on till Grandma told him." Well, Mr. Casey says he had somewhat the same feeling when he covered the Schmeling-Louis fight under the noses of the experts.

Of course, he had been a sports editor himself a quarter-century or so ago, on the old *Des Moines Register and Leader*. And last summer, on his way from one convention to another, he stopped at New York to see if he could sit in at the fight, and the regular expert told him he might tag along.

"I wasn't given a seat with the working press," writes Mr. Casey. "I was shoved up somewhere behind third base in the main stands of the Yankee Stadium. From this point the ring looked like something at the wrong end of a telescope. I bought a pair of dollar opera glasses from a hawker, and then things got worse. . . . But when Louis muffed his first punch and I heard that

terrific right to the jaw, I threw away the opera glasses, set up my typewriter and began to take notes in the dark.

"After the fight I couldn't find my expert. I didn't know what he wanted. It was too late to query the office. So I wrote the piece and put it on the wire. The *News* gave it front-page position, and I cut it out and pasted it in my hat. When you haven't been a sporting editor for twenty-five years, you're glad to find out that you can still compete with the lads."

Press seats at a national heavyweight championship fight are always crowded, and the Schmeling-Louis match was no exception, even though the crowd was below normal for a championship. There were eight rows of ringside seats for reporters, as well as the regular press gallery; and perhaps four hundred newspaper men were on hand. And some of these men were in the rush upon the winner's dressing-room after the fight; some even heard his *Fröhlichkeit* as he broadcast to Germany from that room after the bout.

This was the front-page story. On the sports pages appeared the more routine accounts of the fight, the experts' comments, and the pictures.

New York

THEY laughed when he sat down to a championship. They jeered at his graying hair and his hardening arteries. They went to Yankee stadium to sit through a pleasant two or three minutes while he was being slaughtered to make good their gifts of prophecy. All of which is to amplify a fact now very well known throughout the world: that one Max Schmeling, a doddering grandfather of thirty years, came out of his grave in Germany to smack down young Mr. Joe Louis of Detroit and make an unpleasant future for several hundred sports experts.

With a generously administered right he demonstrated what would happen if the recent Brown Bomber got hurt. He removed some \$5,000,000 out of the prize fighting industry and he knocked out not only the chief contender for the championship but nearly everybody who sat in the press section.

Today the experts are wondering who is going to be nominated by the Democratic convention in Philadelphia.

The fight as a fight was one of the strangest spectacles ever seen in a local ring. From the first round until the twelfth, rolled an unseeing eye toward Jack Blackburn, his trainer, and retired into a deep sleep, there was never much doubt about the outcome. Schmeling, the ancient graybeard, was all that the recent wave of brown bombast had declared Joe Louis to be. And Joe Louis, bewildered, shaky, putting out nothing but his chin . . . was the perfect picture of a man to whom the advance notices had given the name of Max Schmeling.

But more exciting than the fight itself, a calm, deliberate uprising of the sacrificial lamb, was the drama in its background.

Max Schmeling stood alone in his corner. Not a man who had known him in the days of his championship ventured a word of cheer for him when he stepped into the ring at 10 o'clock. He had come forward to be another instrument in the aggrandizement of a killer. And he had refused to believe that he was licked.

His fight had in it everything that judgment, experience, skill and strength could give it. He fought cautiously at first, swaying continuously at a comfortable arm's length from the pile driver, but he showed no tendency to run, and his stance, like that of a gorilla waiting a chance, seemed to puzzle Louis. The so-called bomber tapped him a few times with a left like that of a man reaching half-heartedly for the check. Mr. Schmeling, much to everybody's surprise, kept his ears out of the way and removed his jaw while fulfilling his critics' forecast that he could lead with his right.

The lights of the stadium, save for the zone of red lamps above the exits and the splash of brilliant white over the

ring, dimmed once more. And Messrs. Schmeling and Louis got into the middle of the canvas again. Max closed in a little — no longer afraid of a tapping by Louis' left mitt.

And then came the first strange event of an evening that had no lack of them. Emerging from a clinch, Mr. Louis heard astral bells — a warning no doubt of the things that were to ring between his ears for the next half hour. He turned away to walk to his corner, and a dirtier fighter than Schmeling could have ended the fight right there. Instead, the visiting Uhlan stood motionless, waiting for his wandering opponent to come back.

It was the third round that gave to the experts some inkling of what might happen to Joe Louis should anybody ever get around to pounding him on the jaw. Schmeling came out of a crouch against the ropes, led with his right and found Louis' chin where he had expected it to be. The resultant smack could be heard up in the farthest tiers of the stands. Louis drew back in pained surprise and resumed his battering with his left. Schmeling warily followed him in a slow waltz to the finish of the round.

The fourth round turned the fight. Schmeling, still battling from his position of remote control, came in with another right that sounded like a horse picking his foot out of the mud. The Brown Bugaboo's head started to leave the ring but was stopped by his neck, and he reeled.

From the lower stands, occupied largely by customers from Harlem, arose the rallying cry.

"Joe'll kill him for that! He'll kill him! Give it to him, Joe! No more foolin'." But Joe Louis heard never a word. Another right had come through the drifting cigar smoke and Joe was sitting on the broad bosom of his pants, with his feet in the air. A more experienced fighter might have waited for at least nine of the count. But a dazed and reeling youth got off the floor almost as soon

as he hit it. And he never amounted to much after that.

The batter of the despised right went on through the fifth round and the dizzy bomber almost died, but when the gong sounded he was still standing up, although he couldn't find his corner. At last he discovered the green stool, fell onto it and went out as stiff and stark as any of the cadavers with which he had strewn these same premises on other occasions. To all intents and purposes, though he moved and breathed and showed consciousness of pain, he was still out until the twelfth round, when the unruffled Schmeling came in for the last roundup. Louis led with his rapidly swelling jaw and found the German's fist waiting for it. The howling 60,000 customers came to their feet and the lights went out.

Five minutes later Louis was revived sufficiently to be carried to his dressing room, with no idea of what had happened to him.

Max himself was as calm as at the beginning of it all.

"It vos sensational," he said. "I know I vin. I don't blame anybody for what they say about me. They cannot know how I feel about myself. I know I vin."

Of Louis he spoke in kindness: "He is a good boy. He tried hard. But he doesn't hurt me only when he hits low. I know from the first round that I can beat him."

The sport writers of New York and the rest of the world gathered with their alibis at the Stork Club after the professor had stepped down from the platform, and refought the fight for the rest of the night.

They came to no important conclusions. There was one suggestion that Louis had been improperly handled, that he had been fed too freely on the psychology that he had only to receive the word from Jack Blackburn and deliver the single punch that would end it all. But there were none who could remember having suggested any such thing a week ago. There was a suggestion that the

Schmeling style of delivery as he weaved constantly back and forth had bewildered the dark dynamiter. It was stated with some feeling that Louis was unable to hit a moving target. And in this there seemed to be some sense. At any rate he hadn't hit a moving target last night.

Schmeling laughed when Louis missed, and that kept him in good humor most of the evening. And Schmeling had confidence as great as the bomber's own, plus a right smack that didn't seem so ineffectual as one had been led to believe.

"KING CARL"

BY EDWIN M. RUMILL

Christian Science Monitor, October 1, 1936

"THIS Carl Hubbell story was written immediately following the 1936 World Series opener at the Polo Grounds which saw the New York Giants' great left-handed pitching ace defeat the Yankees, 6 to 1. The fact that the Yankees beat Hubbell later in the series and eventually became world champions, does not detract in the least from the pitcher's greatness, because the Giants would never have participated in baseball's blue ribbon classic if 'King Carl' had not contributed his sensational accomplishments.

"Having closely followed Hubbell's remarkable achievements through the 1936 season as baseball reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor*, I feel that the very highest tribute should be paid the veteran. I further feel that his feat of winning 17 straight games for the Giants — 16 during the regular schedule and that World Series opener — is one of the outstanding individual accomplishments of modern professional sport and should be recognized as such." — E. M. R.

New York

WHEN the bleacher youngster of today has become the grandstand manager of tomorrow you may hear him say: "I saw Carl Hubbell, the greatest lefthander of all time. I saw him at his peak — in 1936 — when he carried the Giants to the top of the National League ladder and stopped the heavy-hitting Yankees in the World Series. I saw him!"

And undoubtedly the spokesman will be correct, beyond all stretch of the imagination.

Hubbell, this season, has achieved pitching heights which were denied even the great Christy Mathewson,

who generally is regarded as the outstanding hurler of all time and whose right to that designation is disputed only by Washington's Walter Johnson.

The Meeker, Oklahoma, screwball ace, has won 17 straight games. He put together 16 successive triumphs during the regular campaign and added another in the opening game of the World Series at the Polo Grounds yesterday.

In 37 innings of World Series and inter-league competition with the American League, Hubbell has allowed exactly one earned run. In the 1933 classic with Washington, he scored 4-to-2 and 2-to-1 victories, all runs being unearned. In the all-star games of 1933, 1934 and 1936, the Giant hurler yielded nothing that looked like a run.

Remember the all-star battle of '34 at the Polo Grounds when Hubbell fanned Gehrig, Ruth, Simmons, Foxx and Cronin in succession? At the time it was ranked as the leading pitching exhibition of all time, but unquestionably Hubbell's 1936 mound record eclipses any of his previous work.

Hubbell's winning streak this year is not just an individual achievement which strained at an individual record. On July 13 he was beaten by the Chicago Cubs, even though the Bruins made only two hits. Then he started to win. By the sheer artistry of his mound craft, he lifted the Giants out of the second division and into the World Series.

On July 15, the Giants were in fifth place, $10\frac{1}{2}$ games behind the leaders. The previous day Manager Bill Terry and President Horace Stoneham admitted together that the club needed a complete overhauling during the winter; that even a first-division berth was very problematical.

But among those Giants who seemed destined to finish out of the money there was one ball player who believed in himself, and who believed Terry had a winning ball

club. He kept telling them so; he kept telling the scribes as much, and finally he convinced them.

With Hubbell carrying the banner, the Giants slowly but surely rose to the top. They won 15 in a row. On their final western swing of the season, they captured first place and held it from weak last-minute drives by both the Cardinals and Cubs. And in those closing weeks, when, on at least two occasions, the Terrymen seemed headed for a repetition of their famous nose-dives of 1934 and 1935, Hubbell came to the rescue and set the motor running in smooth fashion once more.

The left-hander's feat established him as the greatest pitcher of the year by so wide a margin that all thought of competition for the distinction was destroyed. By a large majority he was named by a committee of baseball writers as the most valuable player in the National League. And he gained these pitching heights without the semblance of a fast ball, but rather with remarkable control, a good curve and that incomparable delivery known as the screwball. Certainly such a record places Hubbell on a pedestal beside Mathewson, Johnson and Cy Young, and those three masters were right-handers.

Hubbell today stands much in the position he occupied in the 1933 World Series, when the Giants faced the Senators. He is the one big hope of the National League in the classic.

His great exhibition in the series opener yesterday, despite adverse weather conditions, astonished American League partisans who were firm in their belief that no one — not even the great Hubbell — could silence the heavy artillery of the powerful Yankees. But past reputations meant nothing to Carl, who held Lou Gehrig, Bill Dickey and Tony Lazzeri, each of whom batted in over 100 runs during the regular season, hitless in the 1936 classic's opening game. Despite a heavy rain and despite the bit-

ing temperature that is not to the liking of the veteran left-hander, he halted the same Yankee machine that had won their league championship by a margin of $19\frac{1}{2}$ games, and in previous years had annexed 12 straight World Series victories. Truly, the name of Carl Owen Hubbell belongs in the Hall of Fame!

HERO OF OLYMPIC DECATHLON

BY C. L. PARSONS

Denver Post, September 9, 1936

HIS admirers were all ready to mob their hero when Glenn Morris got back to Denver on his return from the Olympics. But the executive committee of the "Morris Day" celebration, of which the sports editor of the *Post*, "Pos" Parsons, was a member, wanted to reserve him for the formal "welcome home" parade; so they took him off the train at La Salle, fifty miles from Denver, and brought him the rest of the way by automobile.

Now this was smart on the part of the committee; and it was even smarter on the part of Mr. Parsons, who rode in the back seat of the automobile with Morris all the way to Denver and got an exclusive interview which constituted the first inside story of Morris' own impressions of his Olympic competition.

Mr. Parsons knew all the angles of Morris' feat, for he had watched the boy come up through high school and college and had written many stories about him.

In the story as it appears here, the paragraphs about the prospective American tour of the Olympic heroes and Morris' approval of the handling of the Eleanor Holm Jarrett case are omitted.

GEE! I'm thrilled to be back in Colorado with my old friends! Although my great adventure in winning the decathlon in the Olympic games was a wonderful thrill, I can't tell you how happy I am to be home."

Thus spoke Glenn Morris, Colorado's Olympic hero, as he alighted from the Union Pacific streamliner at La Salle, Colo., Wednesday morning, to be met by the executive committee in charge of the "Morris day" celebration, Jack Martin, Dr. R. M. Starks, George Whitman, William Spencer and the writer.

When asked about the highlights of his trip to Berlin, Morris declared, "So much happened I am still in a daze." He said, "This was my first trip abroad and so everything was new to me.

"I gained eight pounds going over on the boat and I had a hard time losing it. When we arrived in the Olympic village in Berlin, we had a perfect setup for training prior to the games. We had two days of good weather and then it started to rain. And when it rains in Germany, it pours. The humidity was terrible.

"Two men were assigned to a room in the village and we slept on cots with only a narrow, thin blanket, which wasn't wide enough to cover us. I caught a bad cold, which settled in all my muscles. For five days all my muscles were tightened up and I was forced to abandon training for two days.

"I was given four rubdowns a day to relieve this condition and naturally that takes away your strength. I also was worried about my added weight, because this takes the snap which is so necessary in the decathlon, out of your competition. I overdid and went into the games weighing 180, two pounds lighter than at Milwaukee, where I qualified for the Olympic team.

"I had several critical times during my two-day competition. The 100 meters was my first disappointment. I was tied up and under too much tension. With all the other athletes competing for a week prior to my scheduled appearance, I did a lot of worrying at the village. The day before I began the decathlon, I was all alone in the village and consequently I was not relaxed when the final call was sounded.

"Because of the large field in the decathlon, no warmups were permitted. I knew I had to make up the hundred meters deficiency in the broad jump. My first two jumps were only mediocre and not until my last trial was I able

to get 'out there.' And at that, only one of my spikes touched the board on the takeoff.

"The shotput was good, although I was handicapped by lack of warm-up. There was a specially fine take-off for the high jump, though it was packed very hard. I did not have the right kind of shoes for that surface. You couldn't buy any shoes in Germany, and none of my teammates had jumping shoes which would fit me. I had sprinting and broadjumping shoes but could have used a regular high-jumping shoe. I took two jumps in my sprint shoes and then changed to my shoes with dull spikes, as I was afraid of bruising my heel. I know I could have jumped an inch and a half higher if I had worn the proper shoes.

"The 400 meters went okay, though I did run my first 200 meters too fast. There was no preparation made for feeding the athletes at the stadium on Friday, and the Olympic Village was ten miles away. I drank four cups of coffee and ate a steak sandwich Friday noon. I am not used to drinking coffee during the day and I slept only two hours Friday night. However, I felt fairly well rested Saturday morning, the second day of the two-day decathlon program.

"I was nervous when I started, but when I ran the 110-meter hurdles in 14.9 seconds, I regained my confidence. In the discus, again with no warmup allowed, I found the circle all right and used my dull spikes. After my first throw, I sneaked down to the other end of the stadium and took two practice throws. The officials were right after me, and I was lucky I wasn't tossed out of the games right then and there! However, I plead ignorance and so they didn't disqualify me. I got my best throw on the last trial, but it was barely within the sector allowed for the discus.

"Between events, I lay down and covered up with

blankets and tried to relax. I also put a towel over my head to keep off the hot sun.

"In the pole vault, I know I can always leap ten feet, but anything over that is a guess. Naturally, I knew this was my weak event, and I had to come through.

"Saturday noon, Coach Hamilton chartered a fast automobile so Robert Clark, Jack Parker, other American decathlon contestants, and myself could go to the Olympic Village for a good lunch. We wanted to sweep this event for the United States and I wanted this more than a record.

"While we were at the village, it rained hard and we were nervous with the pole vault coming up, as it is impossible to vault under wet conditions. However, when we returned to the village, we found it hadn't rained at the stadium.

"I cleared 11-6 and felt I could get over on the next try at 11-9. While I was preparing to try again, they were running the mile relay. Germany had a good team in the relay and there was wild cheering. They cheered during all four laps and when I say cheered I mean it. It was a cheer by throbs and it got into my mind so I couldn't concentrate on my work. I stood there for two-and-a-half laps and the officials finally warned me I must make my vault. I missed. On my second try, there was a small group of Americans who started to cheer me. They cheered my every step as I went down the runway, and again I was too tense. However, though one hand slipped, I recovered enough to get one foot over the bar, but landed flat on my back. I didn't have it on my third try and went out early.

"I had forty-five minutes to rest after the pole vault until the next event, the javelin. I cooled off and had to go into this event without a warmup. There was a mixup concerning which group I was to throw in and I was notified to be ready to throw second in the first group, and

then they changed their minds and called me first in the second group. I tossed the spear only 163 feet on my first two trials and it seemed like I was throwing a rope. I consulted a little book I carried with me in which I kept my points all during the decathlon, and found that I needed about five more meters (16 feet) to place me well up in this event. It was here that my days at Colorado Aggies came back to me and I gave it the 'old college try' on my last attempt and exceeded my other throws by the required distance.

"At this point, they staged a youth movement demonstration and there was a delay of one hour and thirty minutes before the 1,500 meters, the final event. I consulted my book again and found that I would have to run under 4.35 to break the record. With such a long wait, my muscles became tense again.

"I was drawn in the third heat and had lane No. 2. I had to get that pole, so I took a crouching start, the only one to do so. I sprinted and got the pole in the first thirty yards. I kept the lead until the fourth lap, when a competitor from Holland passed me about 200 yards from the tape. The crowd booed him as they were all pulling for me to break the record. This spurred me on and I took him on the last turn and out-sprinted him to the tape.

"It was a grand and glorious feeling to break the record with Chancellor Hitler watching me. He stayed through to the finish and it was the only time during the games that he did so. I was awfully happy after the 1,500 meters. Of course, it was quite a thrill the next day when I received my medal on the victory stand with the three American flags raised in honor of the decathlon sweep by the United States. I guess I was more proud than happy.

"Because the finish of the decathlon occurred in the dusk, we were requested to come out Sunday morning to go through our paces for the films. This was quite a task,

as I did not sleep a wink Saturday night and was so stiff I could hardly go through my events.

"I am confident that with the weather favorable for premeet training, and with warmups permitted, I could have made 8,000 points instead of 7,900.

"After I won the decathlon, the Germans were very kind to me, as they consider Zehnkampf (ten events) the feature of the games. One thing happened in Berlin which made me very unhappy. I was misquoted in a story which said I was coming home to marry my fiancée, Charlotte Edwards. We are engaged, but marriage at this time is very indefinite.

"I want to pay a tribute to Dale Schofield of Brigham Young university, the Rocky Mountains' other Olympic competitor. Dale contracted a severe cold and lost much weight. He was so sick that I had to go down and get him up for his meals. He ran on sheer nerve in the 400 meter hurdles and I admire him for reaching the semifinals with such a handicap.

"I hurt my right leg, the same one I injured in the Kansas relays, in an exhibition meet at Stockholm, Sweden. I took part in four events in forty-five minutes and injured my leg in the broad jump. It is okay again and I feel I will be in good shape for the tour.

"After all is said and done, it's a great feeling to be back in Colorado."

THE QUAKERS TRIM THE TIGERS' CLAWS

BY LEONARD M. ELLIOTT

Newark Evening News, October 19, 1936

A SPORTS upset nearly always makes a good story. In the case of the 1936 Princeton-Penn football game, pre-game analysis clearly gave the game to the Tigers. Mr. Elliott had predicted that result, and his story had to bear heavily on the "why" of the final score.

This story was written Sunday for Monday's paper. Interviews with the coaches furnished material for an accompanying story.

FOOTBALL'S greatest intangible, mental attitude, held sway for two humid hours on Franklin Field Saturday afternoon, and when the two hours were over Pennsylvania had sprung one of the day's biggest upsets by defeating Princeton 7 to 0.

It can be argued that Princeton had the better running attack, the better passing attack, the better defensive line, the better pass defense. All of which is granted. Princeton "outstatisticked" Penn by a big margin. But the payoff is still on points, and when the final whistle blew Penn had seven and Princeton none.

Why? Because Penn, lashed to fever heat by the twin motives of retribution and vindication, played with fanatical intensity for the sixty minutes the watch was running. Princeton met that intensity on exactly equal terms, but only after the points were on the scoreboard. Until Lew Elverson, Penn's captain for the day, made his 58-yard touchdown run from Chick Kaufman's punt, the Tigers

looked overconfident. They acted as if they thought they could "take" the Quakers whenever the spirit moved them. After the touchdown they "came up" with a roar. But it was too late then. Penn's frenzy never abated for an instant, and, given equal offensive and defensive intensity, the defense will prevail. Which is exactly what happened.

Elverson's run came on Kaufman's second punt of the game. Charley Toll had kicked off short for Princeton and Penn had then put on its only offensive gesture of the day from scrimmage. The Quakers came from their own 42-yard line to Princeton's 13, from where Murray tried a field goal from too close to the line and it was partly blocked. Kaufman punted short and out of bounds. Penn tried again, but a fourth-down pass was intercepted by Dean Hill on Princeton's 14-yard line.

Then came the big moment, although the Tigers didn't realize it until too late. Kaufman punted on first down, a fine effort, forty-four yards from the line of scrimmage. The Princeton forwards, usually fast getting downfield under kicks, appeared to lag just a trifle on this one. Elverson caught the ball on his own 42-yard line with no one close. He started straight up the field as Franny Murray spilled Rawls, the Tiger right end. Chubet, the left end, was maneuvered too deep. On Princeton's 40-yard line Elverson, close to the onrushing Tiger horde, awake to danger then, swerved sharply to the right. As he did so, four or five Penn blockers, Bill Kurlish among them, walled off the Princeton players with beautiful blocking. Elverson, in full cry now, skirted this cordon with flying feet. An instant later he was clear.

Penn never threatened again. The Quakers, in fact, had the ball in Princeton territory for only three plays thereafter. From that point to the finish Penn fought a savage, desperate defense fight. Five times Princeton

clawed its way to a first down inside the Quaker 15-yard line. Five times Penn took the ball on downs. The pressure, lifted only momentarily by Murray's great punting, was terrific. Every time Sandbach, Jack or Dick White, Kaufman, Lynch, Daniel or Mountain took the ball, the situation was dangerous. The slightest misplay meant disaster.

Yet neither power, deception nor forward passing could break down that Pennsylvania defense. Princeton's first drive, early in the second period, petered out when Jack White was thrown for no gain on the seven-yard line. He attempted to skirt Penn's right end after holding the ball for a fake placement by Sandbach.

The second came to grief in the third quarter on Penn's eight-yard stripe after covering 45 yards, when White again was thrown for no gain on last down, this time on a reverse against Penn's left end.

The next three drives came in the fourth quarter, when Penn's back was to the wall continuously. The first died on the 7-yard line when Sandbach, on last down with six to go, essayed a cutback over guard and was stopped by Kurlish, two yards short. The next reached the two-yard stripe, when Lynch, who had been plunging beautifully, was finally checked. The last was the closest. On last down and four to go, Sandbach cut a pass to the left, deep in the corner to Hall, substitute left end. The ball came perfectly and was less than a foot from Hall's straining fingers, when Miller, a reserve Penn back, raced across, leaped and deflected it at the last possible instant.

Penn's defensive charge was terrific throughout, but the Quakers seemed to hit even harder in that last quarter stand. Kurlish, a defensive terror all afternoon, almost knocked the Tiger carriers inside out in that fourth period.

But great as Kurlish was, he was only one of many Penn heroes. Jim Hauze, the center, backed up the

Quakers' six-man line with Kurlish in grand style until he was led groggy from the field in the last period. Ober and Shinn were bulwarks at the tackle posts. Schuene-mann and Fielden, the ends, smashed on every play and had more than a little to do with upsetting the Tigers. Murray covered passes brilliantly, tackled savagely and punted beautifully. One of his angled kicks went out of bounds on Princeton's seven-yard line. Elverson handled punts soundly and cut off one Tiger touchdown with a perfect tackle.

In justice to Princeton it should be pointed out that injuries slowed down the Tiger attack. Ritter was hurt early but hung on until the second period. Captain Tom Montgomery, probably the greatest running guard in the country, went out on the first drive in the fourth period. Jack White followed him on the second drive. Kaufman was hobbling on a bad ankle.

All this, however, is part of the game. Other days will bring other results, good and bad, for both Quakers and Tigers. But the afternoon of October 17, 1936, was Penn's.

HERE HE COMES!

BY HARRY P. BAGLEY

Salt Lake Tribune, September 4, 1935

MR. BAGLEY was state editor of the *Tribune* when he wrote this little story. He sandwiched his visit to the Salt Flats between his regular duties on the state desk, and the writing of the story between routine tasks.

The story was run, of course, as a color piece, accompanying the main lead on Sir Malcolm's speed trials. The *Tribune* had three or four men covering the story.

Bonneville Salt Flats

HERE he comes," wailed a zombie-faced timer, his face death white with a protective mask of pallid grease.

Eyes of the crowd clustered at the official timing stand, swung to the south horizon, where the hum of a gigantic bumble bee heralded the approach of Sir Malcolm Campbell.

Screaming over the curved horizon with an ever-mounting crescendo came the Bluebird, a cloud of salt dust in its wake.

Like a fantastic insect, seen in a dream, the black dot enlarged with incredible swiftness, while the roar of the rocketing motor battered with increasing force upon listeners' eardrums.

A new pitch — a higher key — entered the song of the speeding Bluebird as it approached the bunting that marked the beginning of the measured mile.

"He's shifted into high! He does that when a speed of 130 miles an hour is reached!" shouted another white-masked official.

Seconds passed and the Bluebird, growing at an unbelievable rate, as do plants before the lens of a slow motion camera, hurtled past the vigilant electric eye of the timing mechanism.

The roar of his motor reached an excruciating pitch that impinged upon auditory nerves like a dentist's drill. Then the Bluebird, dwindling like a punctured toy balloon, became a dot and disappeared below the south horizon.

The thunderous rhythmic roar of the Bluebird's power plant faded to nothingness.

Sir Malcolm had traversed his measured mile.

LADIES ON THE GREEN

BY IVAN H. ("CY") PETERMAN

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, October 22, 1936

"VIEWING the Sports Parade" is the standing head over "Cy" Peterman's column in the sports section of the *Bulletin*. The "Parade" here presented was written the day after Peterman had attended the opening ceremonies and first game of the international tournament of women's field hockey. This sport has a considerable following, especially in the East; but this was the first international tourney in America, and only the third in the history of the game. So this feature was written both for readers to whom the thing was a novelty and for fans. It accompanied a routine news story of the first game.

"I watched two games," Mr. Peterman says, "the first being a victory for the English over the Irish team, in which the form and speed of the former indicated their dominance of the sport. They won the tournament, being undefeated in seven games; the United States finished second. The Australians and South Africans provided the most interesting material for the story, however."

A crowd of ten thousand was out to see the championship finals.

IF THERE be any misogynists who think women athletes would be hard put if their share of the Olympic games were set apart as proposed, they might take a trip to St. Martin's up Chestnut Hill way and have a look at the international field hockey in progress there.

Your agent got a load of this sport yesterday and must confess it belongs. Some of those ladies would run the average man bowlegged and have enough left to knock him out of bounds with that hefty shillalah they call a hockey stick.

They are here from all over the globe, seven teams representing the entire English speaking population of the world plus a squad known as the "Etceteras," which is composed of the substitutes. The tournament will last until November 1, but only about six days will be devoted to actual competition, for the gals like a rest between sessions, with time to shop and visit and take tea, as ladies will. And after watching them go to it on the green of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, I must say they really earn the respite.

Perhaps it would be well to explain this game of field hockey a bit before telling you how the Aussies beat the Irish, 5-4, in a sensational rally, or what strange mascots the girls bring along.

Field hockey is 40 or 50 years old and seems to have originated in England, possibly out of pique by the more energetic wives of certain leisurely cricket players. I can imagine how the women might have become impatient during those three-, four- and five-day sessions on the sward, and in a fit of impatience chucked the crocheting and grabbed more persuasive instruments.

Anyhow, it wasn't long after England started that the girls at our Bryn Mawr College were learning about field hockey from a Miss M. K. Applebee, widely known in these parts as the mother of the game in the U.S., and affectionately called "The Apple." Miss Applebee was quite a noble character and always went around dressed in trousers. That was 30 years ago, so you can see the lady had a mind of her own and cared not so much for what folks thought. When she finished teaching the girls at Bryn Mawr, she returned to England, where they play so well that only a couple of British teams have ever been defeated by other countries in 40 years.

Well, field hockey prospered, and the first thing anyone knew it was being played in Scotland, Wales and Ireland

as well as England, while the girls in far off South Africa's States got the bee, and also the wives and daughters of remote Australia. Each one of those far-flung dominions has a team in the present tourney.

Of late the game has reached such proportions that an International Federation of Women's Hockey associations was formed, and six years ago the first of these worldwide tournaments was held in Geneva. Copenhagen was host in 1933, and the present joust is the third of its kind. Mrs. Edward B. Krumbhaar is the federation president.

We are indebted to Miss Mary Morgan, coach of the all-Philadelphia girls, for a neat summary of the game. Said she, during a lull in the dashing up and down yesterday:

"Field hockey is the only sport of women run entirely by women for women. And if you are interested, ours is a truly amateur rule. In field hockey you are professional only if you accept money for playing field hockey."

I put that down in the notes. In fact, it sounds so simple one wonders why the U.S.G.A., the U.S.L.T.A., and the A.A.U. haven't thought of same. "An amateur unless paid for playing." So direct and sensible — no quibbling over outside writing, or coaching, or selling insurance or bonds while a member of the club.

The game itself, I discovered, is quite ambitious in many respects. Played on a turfed field 100 yards long and 60 wide, it covers the same space as football. Eleven players to a side, it recognizes no southpaws, for all contestants must swing from the starboard side and if you're lefthanded you'll play right or else. This, I also learned, is because only one side of the hockey stick can be used to slap the ball, although some of our visiting lassies have mastered a tricky shifting of the club without turning their bodies in the orthodox fashion.

In the international matches the girls take a leaf from

big-time soccer; there are no substitutions and no time outs. Once the 30-minute half gets under way, you're in there to the finish.

The game begins with what is called a "bully," consisting of a rat-a-tat-tat of clubs by two players as in "Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man," which some of you softies may have played on papa's knee. After this quaint ritual is over, the girls drop formality and wade after the ball, and they really go to it. Every so often somebody gets clipped with a stick, somebody takes a spill, or the ball nails them where it hurts.

Up and down until I was out of breath just from watching, those Australian lassies in particular ran like their native kangaroos. Or shall I say like the Bombala bear and the Koala, furry models of which they brought along as mascots, and with which they posed during the playing of each nation's anthem?

Whatever they may do at hockey, let me say the ladies didn't come unprepared as to luck charms. The South Africans had the head of a springbok, which is a very agile deer in those sections that looks like a chamois and haunts the veldts of Rhodesia if that's where the veldt is haunted. They also brought a ferocious looking wooden lion from Rhodesia, and likewise a Kaffir shield with spearheads and such, and if they did lose to the world-champion English team, 2-1, don't get the idea those girls can't play hockey. They're a bunch of whizzbangs.

Mrs. F. J. Davy, delegate-manager of the Australians, told your scribe about hockey in that continent. Quite a hand at steering the girls around, Mrs. Davy in addition to being prominent in a dozen civic and welfare groups of her home city of Sydney, has for 14 years been manager of the team for New South Wales. She took all-star teams to the Fiji Islands and New Zealand, and when I asked Mrs. Davy if that wasn't carrying field hockey a little far

from the home hearth, and wasn't she a bit timid about spreading it before the Fiji folks, she only laughed and looked at me the same way we look at the guy from London who wants to know about the Indians around Chicago.

I guess they have settled just about all the out of the way spots on this earth, and if field hockey is accepted stuff in Tasmania, (where lots of folks think only wolves hang out), I suppose the head hunters are up against it for a place to hunt a head. Anyhow Mrs. Davy assured me that 6,000 Australian women are playing field hockey and the game's been going fine since about 1910, and the present team has five internationals on it — and after that they made good her modest statements by going out to lick the Irish.

Perhaps this came about partly through the enthusiastic rooting of the police band, for after the greenclad colleens had rolled up a commanding lead of 4-1 the first half, one of the coppers up and whooped, "C'mon Toots, let's have a goal!" and the Aussies started rolling down the field.

They bombarded the capable Claire Parsons until the clever goalie for the Irish team tumbled back in her own net and caused what the girl reporter told me was very rare stuff, namely a "penalty bully."

Possibly I should go into detail on this, for it was to develop the deciding marker in the Ireland-Australia match. There are all kinds of rules in field hockey, and you can commit a foul in any number of ways; the equivalent of ice hockey's "high stick" being prominent, as are the limitations against lofting the ball, body checking, hooking of sticks, and use of the feet to impede play.

At any rate one of the things a goalie must not do is sit down on the ball or otherwise block its progress in undignified manner. Miss Parsons, Lor' bless 'er Irish heart, didn't mean to do any of these, but she'd been

having a rough afternoon with the Aussie gals hammering shots from all angles, and in this final flurry down she plopped in the net with the ball mixed in her tunic and pads.

The referee decided a penalty bully was in order, so Claire, the better to bully, hauled off her rigging and caught her breath in so doing and pretty soon, about five yards in front of the Irish goal, she and Miss Eva McRae went to bullying the ball. It didn't take Miss McRae a second to punch it into the net, and that settled the issue.

For my part, the galloping of Tasmania's Miss Winspear was worth the price of admission; there's a gal who should have been running against Jesse Owens auf Berlin! Or the handy stickwork of May Pearce, who is only 18 and youngest in the tourney, but whose blonde hair goes bobbing in and out so fast she's quite a problem for older players.

Oh, yes, I forgot to say that all the teams wear different colored uniforms, and while the shirtwaists or blouses are white, the Welsh wear navy blue tunics with scarlet stockings and blouses; the Scottish girls are all in purple; the English in red and the Americans in light blue. Captain Anne Townsend, one of the very best field hockey players in the country, and All-American team leader 12 times, helped defeat the international "omelet squad" of subs by 7-0, a game that served as a warmup for the much anticipated test between America and the English on Sunday.

Finally, and to prove they're just girls after all and apt to chuck it all for the right inducement, consider Miss Michell, the only Egyptian entered in this tourney. Everybody's been waiting and wondering where she went when yesterday comes word from London the dear lass never got beyond that metropolis.

“She got married instead, and won’t be here at all,” one lady explained, sighing a little as she said it. Just girls, I guess, so international field hockey or no, they’ll change their minds.

HORSES ARE NEWS

BY RICHARD RENNEISEN

Louisville Courier-Journal, September 20, 1936

"HORSES are news on our paper," writes Richard Renneisen of the *Courier-Journal*. One can easily believe it, and there the show-horse rates with the race-horse — and in the minds of some readers, higher. Mr. Renneisen is Federal Courts man on the *Courier-Journal*, but once a year, being a perennial lover of horseflesh, he gets a "vacation" to attend the state horse show at the Fair, and incidentally to write the Grand Championship story. Practically every great saddle horse of the day is entered in this show.

"I had a beautiful story all worked out about the horse that was beaten," says Mr. Renneisen, in discussing his 1936 coverage. "She was the champion and she was the favorite. The afternoon before the show I scurried around and got together a great mass of information about her — talked to an old horseman who knew her history from the morning she was foaled. Then back to the office I went, typed it all out, put it under my typewriter, and thought what a swell story that'll make to run special alongside the main story.

"But my horse lost. I saw her losing, and so did the crowd. They saw the horse was going to get second to handsome Chief of Spindletop, and they went almost into a frenzy — a frenzy that carried me along with it. If I wrote like an over-enthusiastic schoolboy, it was because of that."

The story as it appears here was followed in the paper by paragraphs describing other classes in the show, the appearance of the governor and other notables, and an interview with the general manager of the show. And "pix," of course.

A COUNTRY-BRED boy with a proud smile on his leathery face, a big red rose in his coat lapel, and a million dollars' worth of show horse under him — that told the tale of the world's championship \$10,000 five-gaited stake at the Kentucky State Fair horse show Saturday night.

Chief of Spindletop! That was the horse. Cape Grant! That was the "boy." And what a roar they got from the crowd that packed the big pavilion from the rail's edge to the girders!

Bowling along under the Texas sun they might have been, where Cape Grant was reared — and where by long and tedious days and weeks and months of gruelling work he built Chief of Spindletop into the great show horse he is. A pair indeed!

Nobody but Cape Grant ever laid a training hand on Chief of Spindletop. And nobody else in the world could have handled the great, wonderfully-endowed 6-year-old gelding Saturday night like Cape. Cape "turned him on." He turned him on and bowled alongside Night Flower, the champion. And the crowd roared.

And then Cape Grant flashed that big broad smile that everybody in the place could see; he took his horse in like a man born to the saddle; he bowled him along the white boards and around the great redbrown tanbark ring — under the myriad of lights and pennants — and the crowd roared once more. And right then was when Cape Grant knew his horse was the Number One horse.

But it took a long and wearing contest to make the winner sure. When the judges finished their task, the list stood like this:

First, Chief of Spindletop, 6-year-old gelding owned by the Spindletop Farm, formerly of Beaumont, Texas, now of Lexington, Ky.; second, Night Flower, 7-year-old mare owned by the Dixiana Farm, Lexington; third, Parade of Elegance, 8-year-old mare owned by the Audrey's Choice Stables, Providence, R.I.; fourth, My Golden Dawn, 9-year-old mare owned by the Willisbrook Farm, Malvern, Penn.; fifth, Janet Sue, 7-year-old mare owned by the Pastime Stable, Seekonk, Mass.; sixth, Dickey Dhu, 9-year-old gelding owned by the Delaine Farm, Chicago,

Ill., and seventh, Dennis King, 7-year-old gelding owned by Charles M. Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Night Flower, the sensational horse, the horse that has had the show world "standing on its ear" — was defeated. The reason? There was just too much of Chief of Spindletop — there was just too much Cape Grant!

At one gait, probably, the Dixiana mare excelled "the Chief." That was the trot. At the trot the black mare was superb. But at the rack, at the slow gait, beautiful, artificial, immensely-animated gaits that take years to develop properly, Chief of Spindletop had the edge. He "lit up," as the horse people say — and he lit himself a path of glory around the world's championship horse show and the world's championship five-gaited class.

Riding Night Flower was the old master, Charles Dunn. And if anybody could have beaten Chief of Spindletop with Night Flower, Charles Dunn could have done it. But it was just not the mare's night. She was not there. For perhaps half the show, she bloomed in that beautiful animation that is hers alone. But all the while, Chief of Spindletop was getting stronger.

The sweat formed a beautiful gloss on his bright hide; his gorgeous tail, which sweeps the ground when he stands still, stretched out, switching in the breeze. He fairly flew along, making hardly a mistake, lifting his feet in perfect timing — cocking his ears forward smartly as if he liked the roar that crackled ahead of him through the crowd. The Chief — and Cape Grant!

Now the crowd was still. Along the north side of the big tanbark oval were lined ten of the outstanding five-gaited saddle horses in America. The judges were totaling points. The great crowd sat on the edges of its chairs, elbowed its way over the ring rail, craned its necks and squinted its eyes. And then —

"Number 307!"

"Yeow!" went the crowd with a roar that almost blew out the skylights. "Yeow!"

And around came Chief of Spindletop to get the sumptuous Dixiana Perpetual Challenge Trophy given by that farm in memory of its late manager, the beloved horseman, T. Ross Long.

Gov. A. B. Chandler was waiting for "the Chief," and so was Miss Mary Fisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Fisher, owners of Dixiana Farm, ready to present the trophy. A lightning storm of photographers' flashlight bulbs met the Chief as he rounded the rail and was reined up. The big challenge bowl was almost all a young woman could lift. Cape Grant took it from Miss Fisher and loaded it aboard.

Then he placed the bundle of ribbons that goes with first prize, between his teeth. Then he took in his horse again, humped forward and started "the Chief" off. Round the ring they went, and the place nearly crashed in. It was a field day for the pair!

There were ten great ones in there — but there was only one that the prize could go to Saturday night. The Chief was the horse. No use telling how beautiful and how animated the others were. No one denies it. But it was just not their night.

And because it was "the Chief's" night — and Cape Grant's night, the great majority of the crowd were happy. Horsemen from far and wide bolted out of the big entrance gates and trailed along behind the victorious pair until they got to the Spindletop stable. Then Cape found out how tough it is to be a celebrity. They spun him around; they hit him on the back, they crooked their arms about his neck. And that big broad smile of his broke out like a sunny day.

He sat down on a harness trunk and put his hands in his breeches pockets. He pulled out an indefinite number of

dollar bills. He shoved them into the hand of a friend and told him:

"Give these to that nigger band. Tell them to be playin' somethin' good or quit that noise."

And the "nigger band" moved in on Mr. Grant and made the welkin ring.

Chief of Spindletop's first show was a win as a 3-year-old, after Mr. Grant had been training him for some months. That show was at the World's Fair at Chicago. He won the grand championship at the succeeding Chicago show and as a 4-year-old won the grand championship at the International Horse Show, along with the junior championship at the same show — a rare occurrence. His owner, Mrs. M. F. Yount, was ill and did not get to see the grand championship show.

THE SOUND AND FURY OF THE INDIANAPOLIS RACES

BY HARRY LE DUC

Detroit News, May 31, 1935

THIS was Mr. Le Duc's first 500-mile auto race assignment, and that fact may have something to do with the freshness and vigor of this story. He had spent the ten days of the trials at the Speedway and had seen four or five men killed there.

After the race, the writer filed a cleanup night lead on his running story which had started early in the morning. After writing this color story back in his hotel room, he had various matters to attend to in separate files, since Detroit (as the reader may know) is an automobile city, and the *News* wanted to cover local angles.

Indianapolis, Ind.

ETCHED in a memory of the 500-mile race:
The largest "paid attendance" in racing history.
Bands. Bombs. Flags. Packed stands.
Milling thousands. Drums, bugles. March music. The world's largest band — 1,200 pieces.

Voice: "If you want to risk your life to music, enter the 500."

Chet Miller, Detroit driver, in a canary sweater and white flannels, beside his car, No. 34, before the race.

Twenty-six Army pursuit planes maneuvering overhead.

Field mass for Catholic drivers and mechanics on the infield before the race.

The "official race photograph."

The field crawling around the track after the pace car before the big leap into action.

Traffic whistles.

Telegraph keys clicking.

Venders: "Official program!" "Get a pair of sun glasses!" "Buy a sun hat!" "Hot dogs!"

A quarter of a mile of Army field trucks, with artillery pieces, in the parade.

The amplifier: "Bulletin No. 2 — Rex Mays is the youngest driver in the race, 24 years old. Fred Frame, 41 years old, is the oldest starting driver. Youngest mechanic, Randall Beinke, 21 years old. Beinke riding beside Al Miller, Detroit, car No. 4."

Badges. Badgers. Arm bands. Military passes. Press passes. Working press passes. Guest press passes. More badges.

Mechanics rolling the racers to their positions.

Chet Howell wishing he could promote a June race of 100 miles at the fair grounds.

A cloud over the sun. Rain?

Crowds, cars passing through the tunnels under the track, steady streams.

Big Seth Klein, Detroiter, handling the flags in the starter's stand over the track.

Slouch hat, side-burns, a big cigar, arm badge, white knickers — Eric von Hombach, Detroit, chief observer A.A.A.

Bob Sall, car No. 46 (one of the Fords), ordered back to the garage to drain gasoline from its tank. A last-minute mistake.

Cameras, stills and movies.

National Guardsmen.

A bomb every minute for five minutes.

Harry Mack, Detroit, driving the pace car.

The field rolls by.

"They're on the backstretch, at the turn. Here they come!"

The pace car off the track.

The roar of 33 motors.

Crossing the line.

The amplifier: "Announcement — Every driver and mechanic must wear a crash helmet at all times during the race."

The amplifier again: "The Speedway management announces a crowd of 150,000 paid, the largest crowd in history. It's a complete sell-out."

People. People. People.

Amelia Earhart Putnam, the honorary referee.

Col. E. V. Rickenbacker standing near the start.

Rex Mays, in the pole car, leading the first lap.

Chet Miller pulling into pits on third lap.

Tony Gulotta and Shorty Cantlon, Detroiters, among the leaders.

Cars. Cars. Cars. A merry-go-round.

Amplifier: "Time for the first 10 laps —"

Voice in the working press section: "Oh!"

Smoke at the head of the stretch. The yellow flag — an accident.

Drivers, mechanics, gliding by, right hands in air.

"Who is it?"

The ambulance siren, weird, penetrating.

Fear.

Amplifier: "Clay Wetherly, in car 45, has met with an accident. He and mechanic are badly hurt."

Newspapermen grabbing for glasses. Focusing them on the head of the stretch.

"I can't see a thing."

The amplifier, impersonal, factual: "Clay Wetherly has been killed. His mechanic is badly hurt."

The word spreading through the working press stand that Wetherly's car is Leon Duray's — the same one in which Johnny Hannon was killed.

The green flag. The field goes into high again. Cars roar by.

"Who's leading?"

Mays still out in front.

Amplifier: "Wetherly's mechanic, Ed Bradburn, Los Angeles, is still alive."

"See that!"

Binoculars again. A car impaled on the northwest wall.

The yellow flag.

A thrill over the throng again.

"It's car number 6 — it's Al Gordon."

Ambulance siren.

Cars roll by, decelerated.

Amplifier: Neither Gordon nor his mechanic, Frank Howard, are hurt.

A cheer.

The green flag and the green lights again. The race goes on.

Laps. Laps. Laps. Records. Records. Records.

Four hundred and fifty miles!

The drizzle.

Warning lights and the yellow flag.

The cars holding positions, 75 m.p.h., and lower.

Col. Rickenbacker, Tommy Milton and Charles Merz, who has Eddie Edenburn's job, inspecting the track.

The green flag on the 190th lap.

Sixteen cars, all that are left, leaping forward, each with a distinct roar.

Five hundred miles.

The checkered flag.

"Kelly Petillo wins!"

Cheers and turmoil.

THE BOMBING OF DESSYE

BY H. R. KNICKERBOCKER

International News Service, December 7, 1935

AMERICAN and English newspaper correspondents at Dessye, Ethiopian city and headquarters of its northern army, had been bewailing the dull uneventfulness of their life, as newspaper men are wont to do when things move slowly. They were camped in tents in a compound of their own all peacefully enough, war correspondents with no warlike movements to put on the wires. Then on the morning of December 6, Italian bombers roared into the sky above them, interrupted their breakfasts by dropping a score or more of bombs into their own camp, and brought havoc to the whole city.

Mr. Knickerbocker's first-day story was sent bulletin-style in short "takes"; this is his second-day "roundup," a more connected summary of the entire event.

H. R. Knickerbocker is thirty-eight years old, a Texan, son of a Methodist preacher. He worked on Newark and New York papers, taught journalism one year at Southern Methodist University, then studied at the Universities of Munich and Vienna. Running out of money while abroad, he took up newspaper correspondence. For several years he has been chief European roving correspondent for the I.N.S. He won a Pulitzer award in 1931.

Dessye, Ethiopia

THE torn, mangled bodies of two hundred dead and wounded men, women, and children, the gutted ruins of the American Red Cross Hospital, and the flaming tukuls of the wrecked city of Dessye were the gift of civilization to the Ethiopians today after the Italians delivered their bloodiest blow of the war and for a full hour rained death upon us from ten giant bombers.

Back and forth they cruised over the city, the roar of

their motors mingling with the crackle of machine-gun and rifle fire from the city's defenders, and drowning the cries of the stricken population.

Flames sprang up on every side, and pillars of fire shot up to the sky as incendiary bombs struck, while columns of earth and debris spouted in geysers a hundred feet tall as high explosive bombs detonated, flinging arms, limbs, and torsos in a ghastly shower.

The war-torn city resounded with the wails of a furious and grief-stricken population as one Ethiopian and six European surgeons labored throughout the night amputating and operating endlessly upon the victims of Italy's "Death Blow Air Raid."

The number of wounded who had passed through their hands numbered 100 by nightfall, and at least 50 more were waiting, grimly holding their wounds.

The dead were not yet gathered, but this correspondent counted ten, and doctors estimate they must total up to 50.

A dozen women and a score of children were among the casualties. The worst wounds of all were suffered by a group of women.

Dr. Loeb, with a life-time of experience in warfare as a major in the German medical corps, called me over. "Look," he said ironically. "This is the best proof of the benefits of civilization I have ever seen." He uncovered a woman whose two legs and a breast were torn off.

We gained a painful idea of what the Ethiopians suffer at the front, where there is no Red Cross, as we watched the toiling surgeons operating by lantern light while lines of wounded lay groaning in the dark outside. Correspondents and cameramen pitched in and helped as best they could in contributing to the medical stores and assisting operations. By the light of my lantern, Dr. Loeb worked throughout the night with a Greek physician,

Dr. Georges Dassios, and an Ethiopian, Dr. Mallako Bayan.

Slaving until staggering from exhaustion, Dr. Maximilian Belau, commander of Ambulance No. 5, with Dr. Thaddeus Madinsky, worked until daylight, while a Viennese, Dr. Andreas Stadin, head of the American hospital, labored in the gutted remnants of a once neat little operating room.

Many of the casualties were horribly burned by thermite bombs which were unextinguishable. They flamed higher when the natives threw water on them.

Emperor Haile Selassie outwardly was not perturbed at the bombing itself. He obviously was shocked and enraged on getting his first sight of his own people being killed and mutilated by the enemy.

Among the bombs which failed to detonate were two huge 200-pounders. The Emperor had them brought to his palace and there, in front of his personal machine-gun, allowed cameramen to photograph him and Prince Makonnen, his 19-year-old son, and all his cabinet ministers here. The Emperor and the young prince put their feet on the Italian bombs to show contempt.

Miss Fay Gillis, American newspaperwoman, narrowly escaped death when the Emperor ordered her to return by airplane to Addis Ababa. She was halfway down the mountains on the way to the airport in the early morning when guards, ignorant of the Emperor's orders, halted her and turned her back. She reached camp just as the Italian war planes loosed their hail of death. Had she flown, she certainly would have been shot down.

The Emperor, viewing the journalists' camp, pock-marked from the bombs, remarked: "God has indeed been with you in that you were not all killed."

The view here is that Premier Mussolini's bombing was his answer to the decision of the League of Nations to

enforce more strict sanctions. But nobody can understand what advantage the attackers anticipated by the destruction of the hospital and the bombing of the undefended camp of neutral newspapermen. From the literal rain of bombs concentrated on our camp, the thought arises that the attackers intended to leave no witnesses of their handiwork to tell the world what a modern air raid on a civilian population is like. Certainly, it was a highly uncomfortable feeling of utter helplessness, and the consensus revealed not a single liar, for all admitted fright. While we await the further gifts which civilization may bring, we have buried our gasoline tins and hope for the best.

None of us realized what grim reality lay in those silver-bodied planes until the ear-splitting bombardment and rifle and machine-gun fire of the Ethiopian soldiers reminded us that this was real war. The hum of the motors of the first unit of three planes speeding over the mountain range brought us from our tents in the middle of the compound. Dazed by the suddenness of the attack, we watched without thought of taking cover. Presently, from the planes fell a glittering rain, and as the steel raindrops struck, clouds of smoke and flame rose throughout the city. Still oblivious of the fact that bombs might come our way, we stood in the middle of the compound and watched four more, then three more, Italian planes sweep down, until ten cruised above us. We stared through field glasses. Now they sowed another shower, and this time the rain came straight upon our heads. Ten feet from me, directly in front of our tent, a bomb buried itself in the ground. Luckily, it was not an explosive, but an incendiary bomb, which blazed fiercely but harmlessly.

Cries went up from the tent next to mine. It was a medical tent with the Red Cross emblem plainly in view. And, ironically, it was the first to burn. Helping the Red

Cross attaches tear at the flaming canvas, I saw flames rising all over the camp. At least twenty incendiary bombs landed in the compound.

Presently, flames broke out of the American Hospital fifty yards away, where the Dr. Andreas Stadin, had 40 sick and wounded. The hospital building, 20 yards square, has painted on the roof a Red Cross big enough to see from 2000 meters, as I personally witnessed in a recent flight over the city on the way to the northern front. Nevertheless, the Italians put two incendiary bombs through its roof. The little American nurse, Petra Hoeving, while helping to evacuate the wounded, was thrown down an embankment and broke her leg.

Throughout the attack, rifles and machine guns from the ground must have delivered 100,000 bullets in the direction of the planes, but without visible effect. During the course of an hour, probably 500 to 1000 small incendiary bombs and possibly 50 high explosive bombs dropped.

The moment the attack was over, we mounted our truck, in which we had driven from Addis Ababa, and with a Red Cross officer drove through the city. It was a shambles. The most pitiful sight was the body of a 13-year-old girl, lying faceless in the ashes of her home. Nearby were two women, mangled beyond recognition, under a shed to which they had been dragged by their friends. Two more women died of gaping wounds before my eyes.

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PRAYER IN ETHIOPIA

BY WILL BARBER

Chicago Tribune, September 22, 1935

AFTER a brief newspaper experience in New York, Will Barber obtained a berth on the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. Later he transferred to the edition of the *Chicago Tribune* in the same city, serving on it until its suspension, after which he joined the London Bureau of the *Tribune*. On the outbreak of the Ethiopian War, he rushed to Addis Ababa by plane and railroad, becoming the first correspondent there. He distinguished himself at once by obtaining an exclusive interview with King Selassie, and then made an extensive journey into the interior to observe Ethiopian preparations for war. He is said to have penetrated further into the Ogaden desert country than any other correspondent, and to have been the only American newspaper man to be permitted to visit the Ethiopian front.

The story which follows is the fourth of the series which he wrote on his Ogaden desert tour.

He returned to Addis Ababa carrying the malaria germs from which he died soon afterward. He refused until the very last to give up the active work of a correspondent. The Pulitzer prize for foreign correspondence was awarded to him posthumously.

Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

A TINY green, red, and yellow flag fluttered down from a crooked pole, a bugle blew retreat, sounding vaguely American, and 700 soldiers in nondescript clothes and 300 more in smart khaki uniforms presented arms in Belgian fashion. The sun dipped rapidly behind blue mountains far off across a lemon yellow plain flecked with rose and violet.

Three hundred men in khaki — Somali soldiers in Emperor Haile Selassie's motley army — marched off to

tentlike grass and twig huts. And then occurred something that probably can happen only in Ethiopia, most ancient stronghold of Christianity in pagan or Moslem Africa.

The 700 Amhara soldiers were dog tired after 9 hours of digging a trench under the sun. But in the square they raised their voices in prayer — "O God, in the name of the Son, in the name of the Virgin Mary, in the name of the Holy Ghost, protect us."

Off in the east 41 miles or so away lay encamped the Italian invader — already deep into the Ethiopian territory of Ogaden. The invader was nearer perhaps, because the commanding officer scanned the eastern horizon with field glasses from time to time and far flung sentinels stood looking eastward across the plain.

Who knew when an attack might occur? Who knew but what Italian airplanes might not race westward toward the men praying at the lonely Ethiopian outpost?

"O God, in the name of the Savior, protect us," chanted the men. Eleven times the manly, humble, living prayer, with the soldiers' voices occasionally cracking, was repeated. Eleven times, too, the soldiers asked for God's help in the name of the Virgin and the Holy Ghost.

Night came rapidly, for the African sun leaves no twilight, and the prayers ceased. The soldiers crouched low, rifles between their knees, the priest harangued them and each man uttered his own prayer for the safety of Ethiopia.

Three or four tiny camp fires made pin pricks in the night — they were fires of the Somali soldiers who as Moslems did not take part in the Christian Amhara prayers. After the Amharas had said their prayers they marched off to their own yellow grass tents and to their own fires. It was night now. The red moon was late and all was silent.

Throughout the night there was no squad in the camp.

At 5.15 A.M., the sun burst out of the sky. Reveille sounded twice and the soldiers were mustered on the parade ground and for 15 minutes they prayed as they had prayed the night before.

In every military camp, fort, and outpost in Ethiopia the same prayers are repeated night and morning, for the Ethiopians are not afraid to pray to their God, who, they believe with iron firmness, is on their side.

The soldiers had not eaten anything since 7 o'clock the night before, but they picked up shovels and from 5 o'clock until noon dug trenches, with their rifles always an arm's length away. The Somalis occasionally sang, but the Amharas toiled silently or talked quietly. At noon after $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours of labor, the soldiers ate. Each man cooked his own food.

It was too hot to work between noon and 3 o'clock in Ogaden, but at 3 the soldiers started again to dig trenches. At nightfall came the prayers, "O God, protect us." Though they were at prayers, the soldiers who man the guns in the blockhouse never moved more than 15 feet away, because the enemy "might attack at any moment."

THE SPANISH CENSOR

BY KARL H. VON WIEGAND

Universal Service, Berlin, August 15, 1936

THE Spanish war, generally ranked as one of the three biggest news stories of 1936, was especially difficult to cover because of the worst kind of censorship — namely, stupid censorship. In this story Karl von Wiegand, dean of American war correspondents, shows how the system works.

Von Wiegand is said to have covered more wars than any other American newspaper man abroad, and to have a wider acquaintance with the world's statesmen than many of the statesmen themselves. During the World war, his exclusive interview with Admiral von Tirpitz disclosing Germany's plan to begin her ruthless submarine campaign against neutral shipping in a desperate attempt to starve England, won him a reputation. He predicted at that time that this action would bring the United States into the war on the side of the Allies.

When the Spanish revolution broke out, von Wiegand overcame the censorship by sending his dispatches by airplane. The following story was flown out of Madrid to Paris.

Madrid

THE unsung heroes of Spain's civil war include the corps of news correspondents who labor night and day to furnish a true picture of the bloody events in this country to the outside world.

They fight on neither side of this fratricidal conflict. In striving to get their dispatches beyond Spain's borders they have one common, formidable foe — the Spanish censor.

They go into the firing lines; they walk through streets swept by the eyes of lurking snipers; they encounter a variety of dangers. But these are as nothing to them com-

pared with that courteous, but heartless, official, the censor with his red pencil.

For the correspondents, the big battle is not in the Guadarrama mountains north of Madrid, not on the shell-scarred southern coast, but on the fourth and fifth floor of Madrid's skyscraper telephone building.

There the correspondent must come to place his "story" under the sharp nose of the censor and to telephone it to his office after the ubiquitous red pencil has stricken out many a line.

In my long career I have run up against all types of censorship — Russian, Turkish, Greek, Hungarian, Austrian, German, Italian, Chinese and Japanese. But in the Spanish censorship I find many unique angles not present in the others.

In a big room, dim-lit because the window blinds are drawn, weary correspondents shuffle back and forth over the tile floor, talking in low voices. For hours they have tried to collect and sift the news from embassies, legations, newspaper offices, private tipsters, militia men and even from observations at the war front.

You've written your dispatch. You sit down with one of the censors, who vary in intelligence and vision and likewise in the degree of their political color from pinkish left Republican to Communistic Red. Some of them are quite sensible men — but they have their orders. Correspondents have been quick to learn which of the censors might have a "bigger news sense." These are the censors the correspondents strive to get.

Word by word you go over your dispatch with your censor. Often other correspondents and even other censors gather 'round the table and listen to your passionate arguments, pleading that this or that word or line may stay in the dispatch.

The censor is exquisitely courteous as only a Spaniard

can be, but your heart sinks as his red pencil — Spanish censors do not use the customary blue pencil — deletes line after line of the news you have gathered so laboriously and often at much risk to your life and limbs.

You cannot tell the world that that gallant band of cadets and officers is still holding out against the radical government siege in Toledo. So, you cannot say the government is sending more troops to Toledo. That, you see, would create the impression that those cadets and officers in Alcazar fortress are really brave and formidable enemies.

The censor crisply announces:

“We hold Toledo.”

And that’s final.

Like a sword thrust that red pencil goes through a line in my dispatch, saying:

“The Palace Hotel this morning had no bread or ice.”

The censor rules:

“There is plenty of bread and ice.”

“I am informed 12 churches and convents have been partly or wholly burned.”

The censor doesn’t even bother to comment as he passes his red pencil over that.

Finally, the censor is through. But that’s only half the ordeal. Now comes the second half. Since noon or one o’clock, or possibly earlier, your call has been in for London or Paris. There is only one telephone line. The government and all embassies and legations use that line.

Even American Secretary of State Cordell Hull has used that line to personally call and cheer the overworked staff of the American embassy and to let the American refugees know that Washington is thinking of them.

Exhausted and hungry, you are afraid to go out and get something to eat, lest you lose your place on the waiting

list for the phone. There is a nice restaurant and bar on the same floor as the press room in the telephone building. But correspondents are not permitted to get even a cup of coffee there. If you attempt to do so, you are told:

"This is only for telephone employes."

Even in those first days of the revolt when there was heavy and indiscriminate firing on the streets of Madrid itself, the correspondents were forced to go outside of the telephone building to get something to eat or drink.

Finally, after hours of waiting, it's my turn at the telephone, which is unshielded by any booth or box. The "second censorship" begins. The censor sits down beside me and clamps headphones over his ears.

He looks at my dispatch as I read it line for line. Woe betide me if I read a single word through which the red pencil has passed. At that moment, the connection would be instantly cut off. The London office wants to tell me something, says it has instructions for me. I shout into the mouthpiece:

"For God's sake, don't! It's not permitted to talk into Spain from abroad."

By some miracle, the line is clear and I manage to get a good story through to London. Later I am slumped over my chair in the press room, weary after a long day and night of gathering news and struggling with the censor, when a London newspaperman enters.

He is greeted with happy shouts by his colleagues, for he has just been released from prison, where he spent several days. He looks a bit pale, but still jaunty. He says:

"What do you think? They 'jugged' me because I, an Englishman, said I was a monarchist."

He explains:

"I was arrested on the street. I had foolishly left my press card at home. At the police station desk the officer

asked me what my political belief was back home in England.

"I said I was a conservative. He asked whether that means monarchist and I said yes. Then they threw me into a cell."

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DER WACHT AM RHEIN IS RESUMED

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES BENNETT

United Press, March 7, 1935

CAPTAIN BENNETT is string correspondent of the U P. in Cologne. His military training and his appreciation of details fitted him especially for the color story of the German reoccupation.

Papers carried this story in connection with a lead story on the international significance of the event, and a spread of pictures.

Cologne

THE German army came back to Cologne today after an absence of seventeen years.

It returned as a thin line of field-gray uniforms, parading to the Cathedral Square, where formerly the khaki-clad British war-time troops once formed squares around their colors during the years of occupation.

In front of the Excelsior Hotel — once the general headquarters of the troops of occupation, General von Kluge, commander of the Münster military district, reviewed the incoming German troops. At that same spot, British sentries had paced day and night for years.

A brisk breeze shook out the black, white and red folds of the German Imperial flag waving from the hood of General von Kluge's automobile.

The troops, their faces serious beneath heavy steel helmets, goose stepped jauntily to sharp commands. They wore full field equipment. The square shook to their tread as they passed the General to the command of "eyes right."

Composed of three companies of a Reichswehr regiment, the troops actually were only a small detachment, but

sufficient in number to reveal the modern reorganization of Germany's army.

With the infantry came some anti-aircraft and anti-tank gun crews, field kitchens and other mechanized equipment. Bringing up the rear were three detachments of nine men each, leading twenty-seven Alsatian dogs.

The troops proceeded to their old Riehl and Deutz barracks. The latter buildings thus were returned today to their former use after years of service, such as housing the religious section of the World Press exhibition.

Artillery units completing the new garrison of Cologne will arrive early tomorrow.

Some of the incoming German troops will proceed to Bonn and others to Godesberg-on-Rhine, where Adolph Hitler has his favorite Rhineland hotel.

Cologne residents who, together with their ancestors, have seen so many armies enter their city, were greatly surprised this morning when the news spread, "The army is coming."

"Which army?" they asked.

"Our army — the German army," came the reply.

As loudspeakers at noon blared Hitler's fateful words across the public squares, jubilation such as Coblenz never has seen since World War days broke loose. Thousands massed in the streets in spontaneous gatherings cheered for "Deutschland Über Alles" and sang the Nazi "Horst Wessel" song.

The housefronts became a sea of flags.

Suddenly came the word that the troops already were moving in, and the crowds rushed to the station, where a long gray column, in full war kit, began to emerge.

As the column moved through the city, only the slanting rifles of the marching soldiers could be seen over the heads of the thousands of Coblenz citizens marching at their side.

City and party officials made speeches of welcome at the Coblenz gendarmerie barracks where the troops will be quartered, while the crowd outside celebrated in the belief that the last shame of the Rhineland occupation had been erased.

Other contingents, meanwhile, moved through the city. They consisted of armored cars and cavalry enroute for Trier, up the Mosel River toward France.

Along country roads, on railways, the troops approached the thirty-mile forbidden strip on the German side of the Rhine. They crossed the line and some of them went on to cross the Rhine itself.

QUIET AFTER ASSASSINATION

BY WILFRID FLEISHER

New York Herald Tribune, February 27, 1936

MR. FLEISHER was with the Paris Bureau of the Associated Press from 1921 to 1923, afterward going to Japan to join the staff of the *Japan Advertiser*, Tokio. In 1925 he was assigned to the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times*, remaining there until he was recalled by the *Advertiser*, of which his father is editor and owner, to accept the managing editorship, which he now holds. He was appointed correspondent for the *Herald Tribune* in June, 1931.

This special-angle story, detailing the popular reaction to the Tokio *coup d'état*, accompanied the main news-lead story. Reviewing the events of the day, it was filed late at night. The story as reprinted here was followed in the *Herald Tribune* by the verbatim bulletins which had been broadcast.

Tokio

DESPITE the momentous events which occurred just before dawn today as snow began sifting down on Tokio, the citizens of this capital went about their business today almost as usual. Public services such as trolley cars, telephones and electric power were uninterrupted. By dusk the snow had reached the depth of a foot, and as the homeward-bound crowds waded through the drifts they stared curiously at the soldiers on guard in the streets.

In a series of five official radio announcements broadcast throughout the country, the government informed the citizens how junior military officers early today surrounded the homes of five governmental leaders and shot them. The first announcement was broadcast at 7 o'clock tonight and the fifth and last at 9.10 P.M.

A mimeographed statement left by the soldier assassins at the offices of each of the principal Tokio newspapers explained their motives for the uprising. This statement said the government had been drifting away from the true spirit of Japan and had usurped the prerogatives of Emperor Hirohito.

If that policy were continued, the statement added, the relations of Japan with China, Soviet Russia, Great Britain and the United States would become "explosive" in nature. The statement was said to have been signed by Captain Nonaka and Captain Ando, both of the 3d Infantry division.

There was no disorder or street fighting attendant to the assassinations. In each case the procedure of the young officers was the same. Just before dawn contingents simultaneously surrounded the homes of the five victims, called them forth and shot them down.

When the government learned of the uprising, cordons of troops were thrown around administrative offices, public buildings and the Imperial Palace. Telephonic connections with the outside world were cut and news correspondents were denied the privilege of sending wireless messages or cables. This censorship was lifted partially tonight. [Soon after the receipt of this dispatch from Mr. Fleischer a brief message came from him announcing again, "All news of revolt censored." — Ed.]

At 3 o'clock this afternoon the government proclaimed "a state of wartime emergency," which is a measure falling just short of a proclamation of martial law. Several hours later, actual martial law was decreed. The first and second Japanese fleets were ordered respectively to Tokio and Osaka. Another announcement said that Fumio Goto, the Home Minister in the Cabinet of slain Premier Keisuke Okada, had been ordered by the surviving members of the Cabinet to assume the post of Provisional Acting Premier.

There was every indication that the victims of the assassins had no warning of their impending fate. Two of them, Admiral Makato Saito, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Admiral Kantaro Suzuki, the Grand Chamberlain, had dinner last night with United States Ambassador Joseph Clark Grew at the American Embassy. They left him at midnight in high spirits, and were shot down only a few hours later.

In addition to the victims in Tokio an attack was made on Count Nobuaki Makino, former Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, who was stopping at Itoya Inn, in Yugawara, a hot spring resort near Odawara. It is not known whether Makino was injured or not.

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THE KING IS DEAD; LONG LIVE THE KING!

BY WILLIAM HILLMAN

Universal Service, London Bureau, January 22, 1936

MR. HILLMAN is chief of the London bureau of I.N.S. The story of King Edward's accession presented few difficulties, because of the writer's familiarity with English affairs and his acquaintance with officials and with the ordinary London news sources. It was a routine assignment, but Mr. Hillman's feeling for color and pageantry made a distinctive story. Written in bulletin style, about a hundred words at a time, it was sent over Western Union cable wires from London to New York. The story as it appears here was followed by about a column of picturesque description of the ceremonies by which the new king was received into London, a paragraph about his conference with the Prime Minister at Buckingham Palace, and a brief account of his return to Sandringham.

London

BRITISH guns thundered a salute and British voices cheered as Edward VIII was proclaimed King today in a centuries-old ceremonial in London and throughout the empire.

This evening, after officially receiving his Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, for the first time and thereby assuming the cares of State, "Edward the Democrat" spurned pomp and formality and traveled like an ordinary railroad passenger to Sandringham.

Incognito as "Mr. Jerrman," the ruler of 450,000,000 subjects, accompanied by his brother and heir, the Duke of York, the Duchess of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, went to Sandringham House. There they

joined widowed Queen Mary and other members of the royal family in preparation for the solemn train ride and procession that tomorrow bears the body of George V back to London.

At Sandringham, the new king, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester, walked to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene this evening and knelt 10 minutes beside the coffin of his dead father, George V.

Today was 41-year-old Edward VIII's first day as the proclaimed king, and yet only once did the sorrowing, drawn-faced monarch personally submit himself to the cheers of his subjects, and then there was no helping it. It occurred when he entrained for Sandringham at Liverpool st. station, apparently foregoing, at the persuasion of Prime Minister Baldwin, his earlier decision to fly back to Sandringham as he flew to London yesterday. Baldwin impressed on Edward that, as monarch, his life is largely the realm's and must not be unduly jeopardized. When Edward appeared on the station platform, waiting passengers recognized him and shouted:

"The King! The King!"

Edward raised his hat and smiled faintly.

Throughout today's pageantry of his public proclamation as King, he remained secluded in York House, St. James Palace.

The ceremonies began at 10 A.M., when royal heralds, attired in satin sleeveless coats and surrounded by courtly array, appeared on the steps of St. James Palace and waited solemnly in their medieval dress while three shrill silver trumpets were blown, commanding silence from the waiting thousands.

Then from the friary court balcony, Sir Gerald Wollaston, resplendent in the panoply of "Garter King of Arms," unrolled the parchment scroll of the proclamation approved by the King's Privy Council yesterday. Sir Gerald

wore the velvet embroidered jacket of his office and a gold collar.

The wintry sky was clear, but a chill wind blew across St. James Park. Solemnly, Sir Gerald read the proclamation. There was only one modern compromise with the ancient procedure — loud speakers were erected to carry his voice across the massed thousands. Through the microphone it boomed these words:

“We, therefore, the lords spiritual and temporal of this reign, being here assisted with these of His Late Majesty’s Privy Council, with the numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, aldermen and citizens of London, do now hereby with voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David is now, by the death of our late sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful rightful liege, Lord Edward the VIII, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the seas; defender of the faith, Emperor of India;

“To whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal Prince Edward VIII with long and happy years to reign over us.”

The moment Sir Gerald ceased, guns in Hyde Park crashed out at minute intervals a 41-gun salute — one gun for each year of his life — to the new King.

Flags half-staffed in memory of King George were run up to their pole peaks in honor of the new King, there to flutter all day. Tomorrow they will be returned to half-staff.

Throughout the empire, Sheriffs, Mayors, Governors echoed Sir Gerald’s words. At military, naval and air

posts and on warships ploughing the seas, guns spoke 41 times.

At the Tower of London, Edward VIII received his first royal gun salute. There, 62 guns were fired — one for each year of his life and 21 additional, the regular salute to a King.

But even as the guns spoke their mighty acclaim, the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of the English church, and one of those who stood at George V's death bed Friday night, was, at the convocation of Canterbury, paying moving tribute to the dead monarch. He said:

"The King was at once most simple and most reverent. When I looked for the last time upon his face yesterday morning I saw in its beautiful tranquillity a symbol of the peace which we pray God will give him now and forever."

But outside St. James a clamorous shout was rising to the skies in acclamation of the new King.

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“LE ROY LE VEULT”

BY FREDERICK T. BIRCHALL

New York Times, December 12, 1936

THE abdication of Edward VIII was variously covered by American newspapers, points of view upon the issues in dispute inevitably affecting the emphasis. Mr. Birchall's dispatch reflects the widely informed, sympathetic, understanding, well balanced personality of its writer.

Mr. Birchall is an Englishman whose life has been spent chiefly in the United States. He is sixty-five years old. He was employed on various English newspapers before coming to America in 1893. After working on the *Tribune* and *Sun*, he joined the staff of the *New York Times* in 1905 as night city editor. Later he became managing editor; and then, having reached the normal retiring age without wishing to retire, he was sent abroad in charge of the European service of the *Times*. In 1934 he received the Pulitzer prize for foreign correspondence as a recognition of his able reporting of Nazi Germany.

He was on his way back to Europe after a brief holiday in New York, intending to land in Germany, when the British constitutional crisis became acute, and a message by wireless diverted him to London. Arriving there on Thursday evening, Dec. 10, he sent a dispatch predicting the abdication, following it on Friday night with the story which follows.

It was filed in sections, as written, Edward's late departure from England delaying the latter part until after midnight, so that the dispatch was dated Saturday morning. The second paragraph was sent as an "insert." The writing, according to Mr. Birchall's estimate, took about two and a half hours. He writes with a pen.

London

EDWARD VIII ceased to be King and Emperor at 1.52 P.M. yesterday and his brother, Albert Frederick Arthur George, who has been until now the Duke of York, reigns in his stead over Great Britain and the Empire as George VI.

Edward himself has already left England. Late last night he left Windsor by motor for Portsmouth with Piers Legh, his former equerry, and two members of his household staff. There he boarded the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, which, escorted by the destroyer *Wolfhound*, sailed with him for an unspecified destination.

George's reign began at the moment when, early yesterday afternoon in the House of Lords, after a royal commission had announced the retiring King's assent to the bill legalizing his own abdication, Sir Henry Badeley, Clerk of the Parliaments, proclaimed it to the assembled peers of the realm and the "faithful Commons" in the age-old Norman French formula, "*Le roy le veult.*"

The bill had been hurried through both houses in record time — a little more than two hours — and so passed Edward and so cometh George.

It was a day of farewells — a sad day, with the reflex of its sadness felt all over Britain. Today will be different, but from early yesterday morning until late last night there was a series of pathetic happenings which could not fail to arouse the sympathy of the nation.

At Fort Belvedere, where the standard of the Duchy of Cornwall hung limp upon its staff, the last arrangements were made for the retiring King's departure after he had delivered in a radio broadcast as a private individual last night a final message to the people over whom he had reigned.

There were final documents to sign and a few last callers to receive — Winston Churchill was one of them — but between these duties Prince Edward, as he now is once again, found time to stroll around his country house and take his last glimpses of it. It is a pleasant place, made homely and liveable, and it is known that he hates to leave it.

An early fog melted away, leaving the bright Winter

day with patches of hoar frost on the lawns and trees of the garden which was the King's pride. Callers told how he looked through the windows over it, sorrow in his eyes.

Most of his servants will remain there for the new occupant, whoever he may be, but there was one farewell which seemed to move the two who shared it more than most.

Inspector Storer, the Special Branch detective from Scotland Yard, who was known as Edward's "shadow" both when the latter was King and Prince of Wales, will not be needed any more. He looked terribly dejected as he took his seat in a police car, which moved off in the direction of Staines.

Edward's two youngest brothers came to see him and all day there was a great movement of baggage, all without labels so that no one might know the retiring King's destination, from side doors in readiness for his departure from England. By afternoon most of his treasured personal belongings had gone.

But perhaps the saddest gathering of all was the farewell dinner party of the royal family itself at the royal lodge at Windsor yesterday evening. It was a family gathering exclusively.

The new Queen was the hostess and she had personally superintended all the dinner arrangements. She knows all of Edward's favorite dishes and she made the dinner menu include them all.

Queen Mother Mary motored up from London for this farewell gathering, sitting erect in the front seat of her car with her sister-in-law, Princess Alice, beside her. The Queen Mother's white hair gleamed through the window of the car as it passed out of Marlborough House, and the little throng watching her departure gave her a respectful cheer. This was a sorrowful journey for her.

After dinner the former King as a private individual

broadcast from the castle near by, his own farewell to the Empire and the world. Millions listened to him and when it was over there was no doubt that sympathy for him was great.

There are two royal personages for whom genuine affection is being expressed by Britons. One is Queen Mother Mary, from whom today the newspapers will carry a message "to the people of this nation and the empire" expressing her gratitude "from the depths of my heart" for the sympathy and affection which sustained her in her other great loss and "have not failed me now."

But since his broadcast there has arisen a new feeling about the retiring King himself, for it has brought to many a different view of his retirement and has awakened for him a sympathy which had seemed about to fade.

Emotion filled Edward's voice as he spoke, but it was the voice of no weakling making an excuse; rather, it was that of a sincere man moved regretfully to take an unpopular course and telling why he had taken it.

The most dramatic broadcast the world has ever heard, it was being called in England last night, and it seemed all of that.

The peal of Bow Bells ceased over the radio and the announcer's voice followed:

"This is Windsor Castle. His Royal Highness, Prince Edward."

Then the clear and measured tones of the well-remembered voice, once described as "the best microphone voice in the empire," a slight quaver in its opening sentences, came on the air.

"At long last," said the voice, "I am able to say a few words. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak."

There followed Edward's declaration of allegiance to

the brother who has succeeded him. Then a reference to country and empire, which, as King and Prince of Wales, "I have for twenty-five years tried to serve." Then the crux of the whole matter:

"But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

"And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself.

"The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course, but I have made this most serious decision of my life only upon the single thought of what would in the end be best for all."

Then another sympathetic and laudatory reference to the brother who is taking up the burden and to the natural gifts he brings to the task, closing with this:

"And he has one matchless blessing enjoyed by so many of you but not bestowed upon me — a happy home with a wife and children."

Through the little group surrounding the radio over which this writer listened to the broadcast there passed a distinct quiver when these words came out. It has been Edward's misfortune that the woman whom he loved has happened to be one whom his people and empire could not accept because of conditions of which she has perhaps also been a victim. The heart of a tragedy was laid bare so that all might recognize it.

The calm, unhurried tones carried the explanation to cottages and mansions, to the slums Edward has deplored and condemned, to great houses in world centers and to lonely settlers in prairies and deserts in the furthest reaches of the empire.

They all understand better now the problem he has had to decide and why duty and high place have seemed empty things beside that matchless blessing of home and fireside with a wife and children which political exigencies and an unlucky choice have denied to him. It was a sad night in England because of the realization of this tragedy.

A few minutes after the broadcast Edward left Windsor for the refuge abroad which he has temporarily chosen. He was alone in the car which carried him down the long walk of the castle and out past the royal lodge. There the car slowed down and almost came to a halt as another car laden with photographers came across its path. A small crowd had assembled and cheered. The ex-King raised his hat, making no attempt to shield his face.

So Edward passed out of the nation's life and into the private existence of his own for which he craves. His destination has been carefully concealed from the public. The general understanding is that he will move to some picturesque spot, probably in Italy or near by, where he will be near the woman of his choice.

Scarcely any one asks about these things. Edward is no longer King and his life is his own affair. Britain will now turn to newer personalities. Today "God save the King" will apply to another King, but for the present it is hoped it will be uttered with all the old fervor.

Criticism

"STAR-CROSSED LOVERS AND THEIR PITEOUS FATE"

BY ELINOR HUGHES

Boston Herald, August 31, 1936

MISS HUGHES is motion picture and dramatic editor of the *Herald*, and a confirmed Shakespearean. It was a part of her regular routine to attend the preview of "Romeo and Juliet" in Boston, two days before the regular opening.

"My companion suggested that it might be fun to do the review in blank verse," says Miss Hughes, "and, after dismissing the suggestion casually, I began to take it into consideration. I had never written anything like this for publication before, though I will not disclaim a certain amount of practice of verse at home. I wrote the story at my office in the *Herald* immediately following the preview, and it took about an hour to finish. This is strictly the truth, though I have been accused of spending the preceding week-end working over it. Furthermore, when the first draft was done I let it stand as it was with the exception of one or two lines that did not scan well. I had quite a battle to get the review printed, because its unconventional form disturbed my superiors."

Response took the form of telephone calls, letters, reprinting in *Editor & Publisher* and by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department, mention in *Variety*, and so on — justifying the venture. It has not started a wave of versified reviews, however — which is fortunate, for not many reviewers have Miss Hughes' facility with the blank verse form.

The review began with the conventional data of title, theatre, credits, and cast

TWO houses, both alike in dignity" —
So sang the poet, three hundred years ago;
Time passes on, but still the lovely tale
Of star-crossed lovers and their piteous fate
Moves men to joy and sorrow; beauty still

Has power to hold our spirits in its thrall.
Three hundred years, and Juliet is as fair,
As worth adventuring for to any shore,
As when the man who gave her life and breath
Set forth her image to enchant his peers.
Now, after countless times upon the stage —
Where Romeos old and young have said their say,
Where Juliets fair and plain have died for love —
The ancient tale steps forth in different guise.
Over the silver screen in fine array
A troupe of glamorous shadows takes its way,
Speaking the beautiful familiar lines
With taste and feeling, grace and honesty.
Now Juliet and her Romeo play their parts
In spacious halls and gardens, meet and part
Surrounded by the bland magnificence
Born of a lavish pouring out of gold.
Here Juliet dances with a score of maids,
There Romeo trifles in a city square
Sunlit and spacious, large enough to hold
Troupe upon troupe of fair Verona's sons.
A garden ample, spread beneath a moon,
A carved and decorated balcony
Fit for a princess — or a girl in love —
And Shakespeare's verse to weave a magic spell.
No fall of curtain breaks the drama's sway;
From hall to cell, from square to chamber chaste
The action passes, swift as lovers' thoughts.
In Stratford's churchyard, seek for no dismay;
Let not the ardent lovers of the Bard
Turn up their noses, run the other way.
The films have come to Shakespeare's tragedy,
Come at the last in honorable guise.
Decked not in gaudy, crude habiliments —
Director's whim, not playwright's fantasy —

Our play steps forth in beauty's fine array.
Here is true meeting of the talents all,
Rather than selfish actors seeking fame
At the expense of something great and fine.
In Norma Shearer's Juliet you will see
Youth, charm and beauty, coquetry and grace.
Lacking the tragic impulse, it is true,
She yet conveys an image of her role
To challenge those who follow in her steps.
Close-ups a-plenty there, of course, must be,
Touching the ecstasy with deadening hand,
Still is she fair and eager, sweet and young.
Ask not the heights of glorious ecstasy,
Be glad so much is granted us to see.
Juliet must rule the play, yes, more than half
If coupled with a lukewarm Romeo,
And though it be not kind to criticize,
In Leslie Howard you will something lack.
Correct and charming, yes, but passion — no;
A Romeo who must woo his love in gloves,
Impeccable, yet wanting youthful glow.
In skillful hands are lesser roles bestowed.
Here is Mercutio from a Barrymore,
Elizabethan, bawdy, gay and bold;
A thought too much the clown, yet truly apt
At thrust and parry, fancy's utterance,
Death and bravado striding hand in hand.
The fiery Tybalt Basil Rathbone plays,
Supple and deadly, feline grace itself.
The Capulets and Montagues step forth
Stately and handsome in their gorgeous robes;
And to the acting Nurse Miss Oliver
Brings gusto and a twinkling worldliness.
The others fall in line, not one doth fail.
To all concerned in making of this film

We pay our tribute: from director on
Through camera man, designers, workers all.
If more respect than brilliance be the fruit,
There still is beauty in fidelity,
And Shakespeare's ghost should smile approval now,
Seeing his play go forth to all the world,
In worthy guise. These shadows have no whit
Offended and the end doth crown the work.

THE JANITOR AND TED SHAWN

BY MERLIN MICKEL

Des Moines Register, November 25, 1935

ESSENTIALLY an interview, the following story contains certain elements of criticism. Mr. Mickel — whose regular work is commerce and finance! — admits that he was able to restrain his enthusiasm when assigned to cover a dance recital performed entirely by men dancers. He wandered about backstage during the performance, talking with the dancers who were not "on" at the moment, peering into the stage from behind a drape, and trying to keep out of the way of electricians and prop men. When the recital was over, he interviewed Shawn. Questions and answers proceeded smoothly enough, except for brief rushes about the deserted stage and dressing rooms in the process of packing, and the interruptions referred to in the story. After the interview, and as he said goodnight to the janitor who let him out of the high school auditorium, Mr. Mickel got the remark that served him as a feature lead for his story.

IF Y'ASK me," said the janitor, as he opened the door to let me out, "I think it's crazy."

It's doubtful that he echoed the sentiment of the audience that saw the Ted Shawn dancers at Roosevelt High School Wednesday night, and it's certain that he didn't agree with the nine younger men who, with Shawn, compose his troupe.

Or Shawn himself.

"Lots of folks say, 'Those were the happy days,'" Shawn said, as he removed the grease paint in his dressing room after the performance, "but we say, 'These are the happy days.'"

One of the athletes who dance with him rushed into the room.

"Say, Shawn," he interrupted, without preliminaries, "I've got to have more money to get the trucks out of hock."

A wrinkle furrowed the manly brow, 43 years old, that has made countless feminine hearts flutter at matinees, as Shawn replied:

"I gave you \$17.50. What is it this time?"

"Brakes," said the young Adonis, who a few minutes before had been bounding about the stage like something ethereal. "Brakes. I knew if we kept overloading those trucks they would cause trouble."

"We travel by truck," said Ted Shawn, as he counted out \$30 more. "You couldn't do that with a bunch of girls."

Ever since he began touring the nation with a male company two years ago, Mr. Shawn — whom the girls formerly in his company called "Pop" — has been working to break down a strong sentiment against such a group. "And it is breaking down," he said, with a note of triumph. "It is! We've had from two to 10 times larger audiences than we had last year (the first year of his 'great experiment') and the proportion of men in the audience is greater than ever, sometimes 60 to 40. It's the people who never have seen and never will see our performance, and the love-thwarted spinsters who condemn our idea."

Shawn kicked aside a slipper indignantly and reached for his blue shorts.

"But I'll keep at it until I've broken down that opposition, if it takes me till I'm 80."

"How do the fellows feel who travel with you?" he was asked. He started to answer through the blue tie he held in his mouth, but a young gentleman by the name of Fred spoke up.

"There isn't a one of us who wouldn't have sold his soul to be right where he is," he said, and that answered that.

Don't get the idea that dancing isn't a man's game as these fellows, who are 22 to 25, play it. That fellow with the light bushy hair in the back row was a captain of the varsity swimming team at college. Next to him is a chap that studied wrestling, and up ahead of them is a football player. Some of them have next to no troupng experience, some considerable.

Ted Shawn likes the male company idea, but he won't say he will never go back to mixed companies. He might even go back with Ruth St. Denis.

"Any report of lack of harmony between Miss St. Denis and myself," he said, "is false, of course. We were together until we had accomplished what we set out to do." Miss St. Denis, he said, is furthering her ambition of showing the place of dancing in the church — interpretive dancing, of course — and he is proving that a male company has a place in the world of terpsichore.

He gave his graying hair a last brush with his hand and reached for his coat, preparatory to meeting the people outside the dressing room who "just wanted to tell you how much, etc."

"If y'ask me," he said, "I don't think it'll take until I'm 80." He doesn't know the janitor.

NO PLACE FOR MOLLUSKS

BY EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

New York Times, March 8, 1936

TO THE man on the outside, the task of dropping in at exhibitions, looking at pictures, and writing about art may seem to have all the characteristics of a "soft job." But the New York art critic, with thirty or more exhibitions a week to cover at the height of the season, does not find it so, indeed it becomes to some extent a matter of physical endurance. It is, of course, also a matter of backgrounds, a certain critical acumen, judgment, and writing ability.

Mr. Jewell writes slowly, and a long article for the Sunday art page, such as the one which follows, represents a day's work — with the inevitable interruptions.

"Art does, by all means, belong in the news columns," writes Mr. Jewell, who is art editor of the *Times* and a pleasant guide to more readers than he perhaps realizes. "And since art criticism," he adds, "if it succeed in communicating in some degree the flavor of an event, is but a different form of news reporting — that belongs also."

The following article was accompanied by pictures and by a chart. Attention was also directed to an illustrated article on the modern art in the magazine section.

YOU can approach the gargantuan abstract show at the Museum of Modern Art (March 3–April 19) in one of many ways — or, if you prefer and be qualified, in all of the possible ways simultaneously. Of course, if you have a closed mind, nothing will come of the visit and you might better stay at home, snug and slippered, with your comforting airtight convictions. The Museum of Modern Art, be assured, is no place for mollusks.

After suggesting two methods of approach that may be

considered polar extremities, I shall cross my fingers, and back, for the time being, into a modest cell of meditation. It is within the scope neither of my knowledge nor of a brief Sunday article to give, once and for all, a clear, concise, detailed, authentic, irrefutable and definitive résumé of the entire modern movement from the Post-Impressionists to the year 1936. Though human life on this earth has changed in about every respect so enormously within the last decade (within, come to think of it, the last twelve-month) discretion still remains the better part of valor.

Besides, there is always the lethal fear that if the inquisitive scrutinize too closely a complicated mechanism he may end by upsetting the works. It happened once, you remember, and was recorded in these lines attributed to an Oxford student:

*A centipede was happy quite,
Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.*

Now these, I should say, might be called antipodal pursuits of the goal this amazing demonstration represents; a demonstration that ought to pile up quite as grand an attendance total as did the recent Van Gogh show, despite the fact that none of the twentieth-century modernists cut off his ear and sent it to a prostitute:

(1) You may pass through the door as a profound scholar, avid and—it goes without saying—equipped to analyze each segment; to perceive these myriad parts hinging on one another; stemming and merging, to form at length a vast, complex, yet perfectly coordinated whole. As you proceed your mind trots beside you like an obedient vade-mecum, rhythmically breathing an impeccable prose style, all its periods lucid as rain-washed air and every

footnote crisply concerned with the reference that may be followed up at leisure beside the midnight lamp.

(2) You may pass through the door as a frank, carefree hedonist who has provided himself with a stopover round-trip ticket to Dreamland or some other lavish amusement park. For you the fiddler plays his gayest air, the motley turns his nimblest handspring. For you, who have no scholarship worth mentioning, it will be just an uninterrupted succession of lovely dip-the-dips and bump-the-bumps and world's-fattest-ladies and most horrendous hair-raisers. Will it matter a hoot whether the trained fleas come first or the Battle of Verdun? The Eskimo Village or the salt water taffy? You may start at the bottom or you may start at the top. The experience will be one long, beautiful, miscellaneous, titillating vision of cock-eyed splendor. A thousand thrills to the minute, and not a single footnote.

Many of us, no doubt, will follow a kind of middle course in this matter of approach to what must without reservation be pronounced one of the most brilliant objective inventories of the modern movement in certain of its phases ever produced.

While it is probable, I suspect, that few of us could hope unaided to reduce the terrifying whole to so neat a plan as that drawn up by Alfred Barr and illustrated in the chart herewith submitted, conversely to accept the developments this ambitious show dramatizes as mere larks played for our diversion (or to mock us) would argue not alone our blindness to art, but even a failure to glimpse what is taking place all about us from day to day in the common realm of human affairs.

Be what it may the hue or "ism" of its garb, art is ever a vital concomitant of life. Edward F. Rothschild, in his keen little book, "The Meaning of Unintelligibility in Modern Art," observes:

"If we regard our culture with a certain amount of intellectual curiosity we shall be rewarded, because there is no age in which we can live so completely as in our own. Life is more important than art; but if we understood life we should have no difficulty in understanding art, which is its most eloquent expression."

Does this art that at the moment confronts us seem to betoken oftener an escape from "reality" than a reported awareness of what is afoot in the world? If so it cannot be dismissed, on that count, as irrelevant. The very impulse involved in such flight is too symptomatic to be ignored. When, and only when, we are prepared to look upon modern art as an inevitable outcome of our time, shall we, I think, be able to dig beneath a chaotic surface and begin to get at the motivating fundamentals.

However, this should be not a grim crusade but instead an exuberant quest. Doggedness may be a virtue indeed, yet it has never, single-handed, scaled Parnassus.

As a matter of fact, though learned exegeses tend sometimes, alas, to make it appear so, abstraction is by no means a stranger to our everyday experience. The children in the street abundantly encounter it as they romp; the business man, alert and hard-boiled at his desk, has constant traffic with the intangible; as for the mathematician, as for the scientist, he would be lost without it, chained to the particular and cut off from access to the general.

Well, the chief obstacle is, perhaps, that art's confederate must be the eye — of all the senses most confirmed in literal habits. Spend an hour with great music, and the problem that furrows our brow in the museum scarcely presents itself. For the mind (appalling favoritism, this!) welcomes without protest what delights the ear.

Said Keats:

*Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter . . .*

It may be construed as in part a challenge to us to learn to see our symphonies. Not, in the final analysis, to "see" them, either, so much as, in Santayana's phrase, to "learn to love in all things mortal only what is eternal."

But we, the anxious, the harassed spectators — we who go about trying so hard to understand abstraction as presented to us in terms of color and line and plastic form — are we uniquely at fault when failure crowns our efforts? No, I am inclined to think that the artists themselves should be asked to shoulder their just share of blame. Too often they, who ought to be bearers of light, have walked in darkness, or flown in such fog as would keep any sensible aviator on the ground.

As has been argued again and again in these columns, confusion always ensues when a natural object (so designated in the title — viz., "Head of Woman" or "Violin") is found to be in no sense an "abstraction" of that particular object, but instead an arbitrarily arranged pattern of shapes. Some "motifs" from the alleged prototype may, it is true, be incorporated, but this does not amount to abstraction in the sense proposed. It is begging the question.

On the other hand, if we look at these frequently beautiful patterns just as detached decorative abstractions (as visual music, let us say) architecturally contrived, then we may surrender ourselves without stint to pleasure that is sometimes very real. With a few exceptions (such, for instance, as the experimental futurist "Dog on Leash" by Balla) everything in this exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be classified as decorative. Now the decoration will prove to be no more than bizarre, grotesque or cute; again it will prove as handsome, as richly and searchingly wrought, as anything produced in this field since art began.

A memorandum issued since the press was received on

Monday clarifies to some extent the plan followed in arranging the material. On the first floor is essayed the development of "analytical Cubism," 1906-13; also a dramatization of the influence exerted by Negro sculpture and Cézanne, and a glimpse of Italian futurism. The second floor is devoted to Cubism after 1912, painting and sculpture; the third floor to "geometrical abstract movements growing out of Cubism"; the fourth floor to "the non-geometrical abstract tradition."

Especially the third and fourth floor groups are subdivided to embrace many "isms" (among them Orphism, Neo-Plasticism, Purism, Suprematism, Constructivism, Dadaism, Machinism and Surrealism).

Alfred H. Barr Jr., the director, has furnished the show throughout with comparative juxtapositions of immense value. We have only to consider, for example, the tellingly revealed relationship that links Cubism and African art, or the sequence that begins with Gauguin and winds up with Kandinsky. In such (and often much more subtle) cross-references the present show abounds.

It will surely be felt that the effect of the abstract art movement in realms of architecture, furniture, the stage, the screen and typography might have been illustrated on a more illuminating scale. But with respect to painting and sculpture the survey, if deliberately omitting certain salient avenues of exploration, leaves little indeed to be desired.

SCIENTIST LINDBERGH

BY JACK ALEXANDER AND ELLWOOD DOUGLASS

St. Louis Post-Dispatch, September 29, 1935

"THE real genesis of this story occurred on a blazing July day in 1926, when one of the collaborators busted in with two columns to write on a motorboat regatta, and paused midflight to ask Aviation Reporter Roy Alexander, 'Know a young fellow at the airport named Lindbergh — and how do you spell him?'

"He was the real news of the regatta. It was not merely that his incredible stunting had, for example, caused a spectator unaware of the Lindbergh precision to leap fully dressed into the Mississippi. It was the way he went about it, gauging outrageous 'chances' with a nicety that excluded chance, perched, wearing overalls, in a decrepit 'jenny' in the oblivious attitude of a lanky farmer in a Model T, that made it a spectacular demonstration of mental qualities — that displayed the same qualities of planning, detachment, and precision which put him across the Atlantic 'three miles off course in three thousand,' and created the 'Lindbergh artificial heart.'

"So Roy's brother Jack and I, when this story broke, were safe from the common error of believing in the miraculous transformation of a lucky adventurer into a great savant. We had background to indicate that the adventurer and the savant were expressions of the same personality, and that the key to both was not luck but brains.

"Spot news so exhausted the preliminary announcement that we had to wait — and wait — for full scientific publication to find out how the contrivance actually worked before we could feel justified in a Sunday story. In New York Mr. Alexander, who is now on the *New Yorker*, got everything available at Rockefeller Institute, while I dived into Washington University Medical School Library. In general, the readable part of the story is his, the technical mine." — E.D.

New York

LONG after the Paris flight has become an historical footnote, the memory of Charles A. Lindbergh may be honored for his achievements in the laboratory, of which the greatest so far is his recently announced invention of the "robot heart."

It is the newest weapon of science in its unending struggle to understand the human body and conquer its enemy, disease; a complicated weapon which technicians the world over have striven to devise for 123 years.

By means of it, say Lindbergh's professional collaborators, scientists may be enabled to watch at first hand the growth of an organ or the progress of a disease. With it they may measure the organic products turned into the blood stream, with their far-reaching train of marked but little understood effects; through it they may solve some of the mysteries of the ductless glands. It has extended the boundaries of medical research just as the inventor's flight of eight years ago opened new vistas of aviation.

As Colonel Lindbergh became the first man to fly across the Atlantic, so he has become, with Dr. Alexis Carrel of Rockefeller Institute, the first to maintain life in an entire organ under glass outside the body. And there are indications that both achievements, worlds apart though they seem, were products of the same mental and temperamental qualities. Friends of Lindbergh are convinced that the key to his evident flair for science was the identical attribute that put him safely across the Atlantic in 1927, three miles off course in 3000 miles.

That extraordinary feat of calculated precision was minimized or wholly overlooked in the world-wide stir that followed his landing at Le Bourget. To the world of orthodox thoughtfulness he was an ingenuous boy who had implausibly survived to accomplish an epoch-making

but essentially irrational objective. "Lucky Lindy" was the headlines' phrase; luck was the factor in the minds of the world.

Only his personal acquaintances, or, at least, those who knew something of his past, considered another and much more obvious factor — brains. His mother was a school teacher of manifest competence and poise. His father was distinguished through 10 years in Congress by a more than liberal viewpoint and vigor of mind and will alike. His grandfather was a member of the Swedish Parliament. Lindbergh himself dropped a college course in mechanics after one year — because of an experimental thirst that led him, after completing one project, to go on to the next without bothering to turn in a report.

He was "an obscure young mail pilot" when he made his flight to Paris — but not one of his friends, from the moment he took it up, doubted its accomplishment. They were convinced that, however complex its hazards, he would have discerned them all, and reduced them, long before the take-off, to a degree of certainty comparable with his routine mail flight between St. Louis and Chicago. This faculty of seeing and coolly weighing all the contingencies in advance was one of two characteristics that marked his flying career from its beginning. The other, or perhaps it was only another phase of the same quality, was an almost inhuman degree of detachment and precision.

Whatever luck had to do with it, the connection between these abnormally developed faculties of discernment, forethought and precision, and that rubric "three miles in 3000" is just as obvious now as their usefulness in the laboratory. And while the announcement of the "robot heart" was a surprise to most of the newsreading public, Lindbergh placed those faculties at the service of science several years ago.

In 1931, a brief note in scientific publications announced his perfection of the "Lindbergh pump," a step toward the maintenance of an artificial blood circulation, now actually consummated in the "robot heart." In 1933, using a device of his own design to trap bacteria and minute fungi on microscopic slides in the upper air, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, on vacation flight in the Arctic, gathered what a Government expert described as the first "concrete evidence of the part played by air currents in distribution of fungi between Northern lands."

But with these exceptions, his work at Rockefeller Institute was kept secret. The help was instructed to keep away from his laboratory and not to attempt to engage him in conversation. Even among his associates, few were aware of the significance of his investigations until the recent disclosure that, after more than a century, a means had been devised for the artificial culture of a living organ.

The idea has always intrigued scientists. Back in 1812, the physiologist, C. J. J. Le Gallois of Paris, wrote that "if one could substitute for the heart a kind of injection of arterial blood, either natural or artificially made, one would succeed easily in maintaining alive indefinitely any part of the body whatsoever."

Artificial blood came in time. As far back as 1912, Dr. Alexis Carrel used it to sustain life in a fragment of tissue removed from the heart of an embryo chick. That tissue is still living in Carrel's laboratory in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research here. But Carrel was unable to keep an entire organ alive.

Into this setting Lindbergh came. How he became associated with the distinguished Carrel, a Nobel prize winner, has not been revealed. But daily the flyer drove from Jersey to Manhattan to study and work under Carrel's tutelage. The kidnaping of the pupil's infant son

interrupted the work for a time; but after the cruel discovery that the child had been murdered, the pupil returned to his work. Undoubtedly the cloistered atmosphere of the great institution helped mitigate the tragedy. But each day, when he put aside his apron and tools, the pupil checked up on the progress of the kidnaping hunt.

Carrel's pride in the genius of his pupil is unconcealed. During a recent visit to Paris, he said of Lindbergh: "He is not only a great flyer. He is a great savant."

In differentiating between his own tissue culture, in the case of the embryo chick, and the inherent possibilities of the "robot heart," Carrel said: "As is well known, tissues and blood cells grow like bacteria in flasks containing appropriate media. The techniques for the cultivation of tissues are somewhat analogous to bacteriological techniques, although far more delicate.

"But it is through the employment of complex mechanical and surgical procedures that whole organs are enabled to live isolated from the body. Tissue culture deals with cells as units of bodily structures; the new method deals with cellular societies as organic wholes."

Among the far-reaching applications of the invention Carrel lists these:

(a) The manufacture of the ductless glands' hormones outside the living body.

(b) The isolation of the substances necessary for the growth, differentiation and functional activity of these glands.

(c) The discovery of the laws of association of organs; this through culture of two, three or more diverse organs in the same medium.

(d) The production of disease in an isolated organ or artery, and its treatment under ideal circumstances.

Twenty-six experiments, done jointly by Carrel and Lindbergh, have proved the worth of the instrument.

Using cats and adult fowl, the pair kept alive for experimental periods thyroid glands, ovaries, adrenal glands, spleens, hearts and kidneys.

In their report, the distinguished pair wrote: "From the present experiments it must not merely be concluded that an entire organ, such as an ovary, has been maintained alive outside the body. It not only survived, but increased in size and weight. This increase was due to the appearance of new cells and tissues. It is therefore probable that this method provides important uses in physiological chemistry, physiology and pathology."

Super-optimists have reported the Lindbergh advance as heralding eventual immortality for the human race. That it provides immortality, in a limited sense, for the excised organs, is quite true. That is, as long as someone tends the motor that pumps the artificial blood that supplies the "robot heart" that feeds the organ, the organ lives. But that it supplies a process for keeping the entire human organism perpetually alive is not claimed by its sponsors. Carrel himself is on record as saying that, in his opinion, human beings cannot hope for physical immortality, at least on this earth. Nor, conversely, does he string with those who scoff at the religious promise of immortality. That isn't in his field, he says.

What blocks physical immortality, he once said, is the complicated organization of the human being.

"Organization," he said, "is necessary for the development of a highly differentiated nervous system and for the appearance of mental processes. Death is the price we have to pay for the possession of our brains.

"This price is not excessive, however, because the mysterious energy which is created by the cerebral cells, or expresses itself through them, is, after all, the greatest marvel of this universe."

In the search for a practicable "robot heart" the crucial

problem arose in the attempt to transmit pulse power to the apparatus without admitting germs. Lindbergh got around that by devising a "robot heart" of which the only moving parts are three glass valves, easily sterilized and kept sterile, and by setting up a wholly separate pump of which the essential feature is a pulsating oil column, effectively transmitting pulse pressure but blocking outside contamination.

Pulsations in the oil column are actuated by compressed air, at a rate and pressure controlled by an electrically operated valve. The oil column acts on the intake of a "control gas," made of oxygen, carbon dioxide and nitrogen; this artificial air, which the organ "breathes," thus provides the "heart-beat" to maintain circulation of the artificial blood.

The oil column is so handled that excess "control gas," after it has been through the apparatus, can bubble off at low pressure (or between heartbeats), but the compressed air cannot force its way in through the oil. The control gas is humidified by passing through water—like the smoke in a Turkish "hubble-bubble"—and cleaned by passing through sterile filters before it reaches the "robot heart."

This, as explained, is really a "robot lung" as well as a "robot heart." It has three glass chambers. The organ to be kept alive is put in the topmost. The lowest is the reservoir for artificial blood. The middle chamber is used to equalize "blood pressure." Gas, driven into the reservoir by the rising piston of oil, forces the blood through an outlet at the bottom into an outside "glass artery" and around to the upper chamber, where the "glass artery" connects with the real artery feeding the living organ. As the oil column falls and pressure is released, the blood trickles down into the middle chamber on its way back to the reservoir.

Suppose the apparatus is set for a pulse rate of 60 to the

minute and blood pressure of 120 systolic (peak) and 60 diastolic (low). Sixty times a minute the rising oil column forces in the control gas at a pressure equal to that of a 120-millimeter column of mercury. The gas passes directly into the middle and lower chambers, forcing artificial blood through the "glass artery" to the upper chamber and through the real artery to perfuse the organ.

Rhythmically the oil column falls. With it, pressure in the equalization chamber falls to zero, for its connection with the gas line is open. But the line to the reservoir is equipped with a valve opening only as pressure rises, and a constricted outlet which retards the escape of gas and hence maintains pressure in the reservoir, and in the arterial system of the organ, at the required minimum of 60 millimeters.

Only the inside arterial pressure is so maintained. Pressure in the upper chamber, outside the organ, remains in theory near zero. After perfusing the organ, the nutrient fluid trickles out on the floor of the chamber. As pressure drops to zero in the equalization chamber, a floating valve opens and the blood trickles into that chamber. Thence it returns to the reservoir when rising pressure closes the upper valve again and opens a lower valve between the equalization chamber and the reservoir, at the same moment when another pulse surges through the organ to complete the cycle.

Perhaps some of the wizardry of Carrel, absorbed by the receptive Lindbergh, made the remarkable invention possible. An anecdote will illustrate this scientific legerdemain. Several years ago, after Carrel had startled his associates by transplanting kidneys from one cat to another, a reporter called at Rockefeller Institute for details of the operation. Carrel refused to be interviewed.

"I don't know myself what Carrel is up to now," said one of his colleagues. "But it's a wise cat that knows his own kidneys around here these days."

CHATTANOOGA DESTROYED BY FLOOD!!

BY RUFUS TERRAL

Chattanooga Times, June 29, 1935

THIS story was run at the bottom of page one, when the lead story of the day, under a five-column head, was on Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, chairman of the TVA, and his prediction of a flood some day which would submerge Chattanooga. The feature was preceded by the following "Editor's Note":

"A flood at Chattanooga of more than seventy feet at some time in the future is predicted by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority. What, we asked, would that make Chattanooga look like?

"The following imaginative sketch was compiled largely on data and estimates obtained from three sources: L. M. Pindell, who was United States weather observer here forty-four years (1886-1930) and is one of the best-informed authorities here on floods in the Tennessee river, the report on the seven-year survey of the Tennessee river basin delivered to the chief of engineers of the United States army in 1929 by Maj. Lewis H. Watkins, then district engineer at Chattanooga; and the list of elevations of streets in Chattanooga drawn up in 1927 by then City Engineer Robert Hooke and verified by Mr. Pindell."

The idea of the story was originated by Edwin Sussdorff, city editor of the *Times*. The chief difficulty, after the materials were gathered, was to maintain reasonable accuracy on such a broadscale picture. Mr. Pindell, who knows the Tennessee River as no one else does, was a great help. For four decades Chattanoogaans placed childlike faith in his predictions: they would telephone him that the water was lapping under their houses, and if he told them, "You're safe till morning; I'll tell you when to get out," they went to bed and slept serenely.

Gathering materials took about eight hours, the writing two. There were some interesting results. From a nearby town in Alabama came word that Negroes there had heard a flood had

drowned out Chattanooga and was coming that way, and they were fleeing for their lives. In Tennessee, a group of mountaineers drove more than twenty miles in a ramshackle car to view the waste of the city from the top of Raccoon Mountain.

Formerly Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE city that was Chattanooga lies tonight under angry, yellow flood waters of the Tennessee river, a storm-ridden lake from Raccoon mountain on the west to Missionary ridge on the east and Stringer's ridge on the north.

Southwardly, the roaring flood sweeps against the promontory of Alton Park and around it, making twin funnels through which the torrents pour with furious speed, inundating areas in Georgia to a distance of three miles.

The downtown business section of Chattanooga is fifteen feet under water tonight, every manufacturing plant in the city is inundated and only Orchard Knob, Cameron hill, Missionary ridge, the heights of North Chattanooga and a few other scattered high points in the city proper rear their heads above the swollen water.

More than 5,000 residences have been swallowed by the flood and an estimated 20,000 persons are homeless. Except in the hilly residential sections, the entire city is in complete darkness, as are the surrounding Lookout and Signal mountains.

All highways and railroads into Chattanooga are drowned out, and telephone and telegraph communication is entirely shut off.

Property damage is conservatively estimated at not less than \$5,000,000, and probably will run to much more than that figure. Approximately 12,000 of the 17,000 acres in the corporate limits of the city are under water.

At Ninth and Market streets, the heart of the downtown district, the street is flooded to a depth of fifteen feet and

the depth is substantially the same from the normal river-front south to Main street. Lookout and Signal mountains can be reached only by boats, which can traverse the entire distance without touching ground. The Union station is twenty-two feet deep in water, the Read house twenty feet, and boats can enter Lovemans department store through the second-story windows. The river flows entirely over the Market street bridge, but the Walnut street bridge is still above the crest, though useless for entry into North Chattanooga, since water is over the street to a depth of eleven feet on the north side of the span.

News of the disaster is being gathered by the *Chattanooga Times* tonight in motor and rowboats, written at press headquarters, set up in the fire hall on Cameron hill, and transmitted by short-wave radio to Cleveland, Tenn., where this two-page issue of the paper was published in the plant of the *Cleveland Herald*. Newspaper men are riding over the flooded city in boats containing searchlights powered by dry-cell batteries.

Electric service is being provided from only one of the Tennessee Electric Power company's four substations in Chattanooga. This is the Ridgedale station, and officials of the company declared last night this remaining source of light supply is safe from the flood waters.

The flood reaches nine feet up the steps of the United States postoffice building, on Georgia avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets. The road near Baylor school is covered to a depth of forty-five feet. Among the manufacturing plants, the International Harvester company plant at Main and Carter streets is about twenty-five feet under and the old Casey-Hedges works, twenty-seven feet.

The Tennessee started rising after three inches of rain had fallen over the entire watershed above Chattanooga. Daily since then three to four inches of rain has fallen on the entire watershed to the north, bringing the river forty

feet above flood stage at Chattanooga. The daily rainfall throughout the basin continually for the past six days is in an amount which Chattanooga itself had never before experienced for more than one day at a time, and on single days only twelve times in the records of the United States weather bureau between 1879 and 1929.

Chattanooga's heaviest rainfall during that period during any twenty-four hours was 7.61 inches on March 29-30, 1886. The next heaviest rainfalls were, in order, 6.60 inches on April 4-5, 1911; 4.86 inches on July 7-8, 1916; 4.30 inches on Sept. 1-2, 1898, together with one day in each of eight years during which more than three inches of rainfall occurred.

As he was helping a reporter yesterday to imagine what a seventy-foot flood would look like, L. M. Pindell, who was United States weather observer here for forty-four years through 1930, declared he did not believe the Tennessee river ever again would rise above the fifty-foot level at Chattanooga.

"I think the 1867 flood, when the crest was 57.7 feet, was the highest we will ever see," said Mr. Pindell, who during his services as meteorologist gave his major studies to floods and was able to estimate rises within six inches. "In 1867, practically nothing had been done on the river. The next flood was 53.6 feet, in 1875; the next 52.2 feet in 1886, the next 47.7 feet in 1917. From 1875 down, they have been working on the river and each high water has been getting less and less. I don't think the river will ever reach fifty feet again."

The total amount of rainfall that caused the 1867 flood has never been known, Mr. Pindell said, because that was four years before the United States weather bureau came into existence and twelve years before a weather bureau

was started here. The 1867 flood stage, he said, was recorded by army engineers.

Snow and ice have contributed to flood here only once in the fifty-six years since the weather bureau was established in Chattanooga, Mr. Pindell said. That was in 1917, in March, when there were three gorges of ice between Hales bar and Knoxville, and snow in the mountains.

As to the probability of a seventy-foot flood in Chattanooga, the report of the United States army engineer corps, made after a seven-year study, says nothing except indirectly. The report gives only an estimate of a 500-year period, which is the maximum that the engineers' studies (based on rainfall records and other data covering a long period of years) indicated probably would occur in a 500-year period. The 500-year flood predicted by the army engineers is fifty-nine feet.

"The city begins flooding at the thirty-foot stage," the report says, "and the area overflowed increases with the stage until at fifty-nine-foot stage, which is the probable 500-year flood, the area overflowed is 6,450 acres out of the total of 17,000 acres in the corporate limits of the city.

"The overflowed area includes the greater part of the manufacturing district, the larger part of the business district, the railway station and yards and the larger part of the railway tracks within the city limits. The damage caused by a 500-year flood to the city of Chattanooga is estimated to be \$2,990,000. Such a flood will occur only once within 500 years. . . ." The report adds that "when Cove Creek" — now called Norris dam — "is built, the flood stage will be reduced at Chattanooga on the average approximately six feet."

ALYCE JANE'S OPERATION

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD

Providence News-Tribune, March 4, 1935

"THE job of covering the McHenry operation came as an assignment from the city desk. It was made easy by the courtesy and coöperation of Dr. Truesdale and the staff of his hospital. Probably the most important factor, so far as I was concerned, was that the preceding spring a child of a friend and colleague had been struck by an automobile, and when I accompanied her to a hospital I was invited by one of its surgeons to attend a lecture he gave to nurses on diaphragmatic hernia. So clear and complete was his talk, that I was left with an understanding of the anatomical and surgical aspects of that ailment which made it easy for me to construct a word picture of Alyce Jane's condition, as Dr. Truesdale found it months later.

"I dictated the Alyce Jane story by telephone at intervals over a period of about six hours, some of it from the hospital and, when no phone was free there, from a variety store about a half mile distant. I revised leads from edition to edition as the story developed, and the form in which the story has been selected was that of the last edition of the day.

"The principal memory I retain about the story is that it brought me one of the most embarrassing moments I have experienced in eleven years of newsgathering. As Dr. Truesdale, the surgeon who performed the operation that was the subject of the assignment, was explaining his technique I interposed a question. Intending to ask about the position of the patient's esophagus, I heard myself say epiglottis instead. As the surgeon gazed in astonishment at such anatomical ignorance, the word esophagus went A.W.O.L. from my vocabulary for the moment. A medical student present sensed the situation and supplied the word. My face is still red." — E. F. G.

The operation was successful and Alyce Jane left the hospital on April 11.

ALYCE JANE McHENRY, 10, came through her operation at the Truesdale Hospital in Fall River today like a little soldier, and all her organs were put back into place. Whether the operation can be described as a success cannot be said today or for some time, according to Dr. Philomen E. Truesdale, who performed it.

The little Omaha girl with the upside-down stomach, who had gone to her ordeal singing, was under the knife from 10.30 to about 12.45. When it was over, Dr. Truesdale told newspaper men that the whole operation had been performed at one stage, and that her organs, which had been allowed by a rupture in her diaphragm to force their way out of place, had been restored to normal position.

Throughout his post-operative statement, Dr. Truesdale used "we" in credit to the surgeons who helped him in an operation upon which the interest of a continent was centered.

Dr. Truesdale said: "We did the complete operation in one stage. We replaced the stomach, all the intestines — that is, both large and small — and the spleen. All those organs are now back in their normal positions. We found when we got in there we either had to do all the work or let everything remain as it was. It was obvious the child could not live with the condition as it existed. We couldn't help that condition without completing the whole procedure.

"This made the operation one of considerable magnitude and gravity. I cannot call the operation a success because we don't know what the future will show. All we know is that today her condition is satisfactory. I can't say today what tomorrow will bring forth and tomorrow I can tell you only about tomorrow. We will have to wait for the future."

Dr. Truesdale said that when he opened Alyce's abdominal cavity he found a large rent in her diaphragm running laterally toward the front. So large was this rupture that it had permitted her stomach to ascend into her chest cavity in an upside-down position, dragging with it the colon or large intestine, attached to which is the appendix. Those organs and portions of the small intestines were far up in the chest cavity, pushing the left lung out of position and affecting also the position of the heart, which was pushed to the left side of her chest.

Dr. Truesdale said that when the operation was completed Alyce's diaphragm had been completely closed and all the organs put as nearly in their proper place as possible. He said intestinal adhesions were discovered and were cared for during the operation. Her left lung he described as being in a condition like a limb withered by disuse, and he hopes that it will resume its normal function now that the pressure upon it has been released.

It had not been expected that all the replacement would be done at once. The plan of campaign had been to make a fissure in the diaphragm large enough to allow the organs, which had grown since they had forced their way through, to drop back.

Dr. George C. King, who has had Alyce under his care since she entered the hospital, was at the table today, but not as an active participant in the operation. Dr. King, in preparing Alyce for the operation, had the problem of keeping up her strength and seeing that she kept down her food. He worked out a diet her upside-down stomach could handle, which was easy to digest but which contained 2800 calories. That is the equivalent of what a longshoreman would regard as three square meals.

The two nurses who directly assisted were Mrs. Evelyn Pienart Chase, who before her marriage, when she left the hospital, was chief operating room nurse, and a Miss

Crosby. Mrs. Chase returned to the hospital especially for the operation. Many nurses were in and out of the room during the operation, some just to watch, others to help.

Singing "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," and with her eyes twinkling as they peered through her mask of sterilized gauze, Alyce had been rolled down the corridors and into the operating room without exhibiting the slightest sign of fear.

At 10.10 the administering of anaesthesia began. At 10.30, Dr. Truesdale began operating, before a group of physicians which more than filled the small stand provided for medical witnesses. Assisting Dr. Truesdale were Dr. Albert Miller, of Providence, anaesthetist; Dr. Cornelius H. Hawes, of the hospital staff, and Dr. W. D. Atwood. Between 25 and 30 doctors witnessed the operation. There were seats for only 18 and the others had to stand. Among the Providence doctors in the group were Dr. William A. Mahoney, Dr. Lucius C. Kingman and Dr. Emery M. Porter, and Dr. Joseph C. O'Connell, of the Providence board of hospital commissioners.

Alyce was accompanied to the operating room by her mother, Mrs. Luella McHenry, and her aunt, Mrs. Lorena Nelson, of O'Neill, Neb. Alyce's mother had reached the door when the nervous strain became too much for her. She burst into tears and seemed on the verge of hysterics and collapsed. She quieted when Alyce had been moved away, and she and the aunt awaited in Alyce's room the end of the operation.

Alyce took the anaesthetic without a tremor. Not only was it necessary that she should lose general consciousness, but a drug had to be injected to quiet the movement of her diaphragm, which controls her breathing, so that the rupture in the diaphragm could be sewed up.

After Alyce, her slight form scarcely making a mound under the heavy folds of her sterile gown, had been wheeled into the operating room on the third floor of the hospital, newspapermen were allowed upon the floor. There was a crowd around the hospital, the curious and the sympathetic, and they talked in low tones of what was going on up in the building, which is on a high hill overlooking the blue of Taunton river. The grounds were filled with parked cars, many of them bearing medical insignia. Newspapers from throughout the East, as well as the wire services, were represented in the group of men and women reporters who crowded to the hospital for Alyce's big day.

Alyce had been perfectly calm during the entire pre-operative period. She slept so long this morning that nurses had to awaken her. Then she exchanged a few words with her dolls as nonchalantly as if the interest of a nation, as evidenced by her "fan mail," were not centered on her — as if she were just another little girl playing mother.

She did not forget her piety before the operation. She had a "Prayer to Say Before Going to Operate," sent her by Johnny Steinburger, in Brooklyn hospital, who has had 18 operations. It ran:

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, hear me.
Bless Thy little lamb tonight,
Through the darkness be Thou near me.
Keep me safe till morning light.

Nor did she forget her father, in Omaha, to whom she sent a telegram telling him the surgical girdle had just been pinned upon her, and that she was ready.

Whatever her upside-down stomach may have taken from Alyce's childhood, it has added immeasurably to her real property and her fame. Tokens and gifts have come to her from every state in the country, and from Canada,

from a public whose sympathy and friendship have been aroused by her smiling bravery.

Alyce has a fan mail of 100 letters a day, requiring the effort of a full-time secretary, Mrs. Mildred Knowlton, to assist in answering them. They contain prayers, and notices that whole congregations are praying for her, and assurance that "We are watching every word about you in the newspapers." There are letters of cheer from several children who suffered like Alyce, and were cured. Poems about her bravery flood in, and chapters and serial stories in which her name appears as a symbol of cheerful character. All sorts of dolls have arrived at the hospital, from tiny ones to a doll half Alyce's size. Alyce is tremendously interested in them. But she is interested in almost anything — the doctors, the nurses, and the hospital facilities.

A Group of Short Features

NICKEL ANNIE

BY GEORGE W. McVEY

Montana Standard Butte, April 29, 1936

TO MEMBERS of the *Standard* staff, "Nickel Annie" seemed to have stepped out of Hugo, and they had been waiting for years for a story to develop around her; but it was not until her death that the opportunity presented itself. Even then, they were obliged to exercise care, for the old woman was supposed to have wealthy relatives who might crack the libel whip.

"The story, when it broke, developed rather slowly," writes Mr. McVey. "It was found that while everyone knew about 'Nickel Annie,' nobody knew much about her. Society Editor Mabel French recalled persons who had known her in earlier days, and got in touch with them or their relatives. Reporter P. E. Burke worked on the story. The entire staff, in fact, became interested in developing the story and getting the picture."

Finally, all the available information came to the desk of News Editor McVey, who wrote the brief story in a few minutes.

The mysterious relatives have never made themselves known, nor has any light ever been thrown on the reason for her adoption of the begging profession by "Nickel Annie."

FIVE cents, please."

Spoken in a plaintive voice by a forlorn, elderly lady, many a Butte resident remembers this plea.

"Five cents, please."

She never asked more.

Last night she was dead. She was known as "Nickel Annie." For many of her 80 years she shuffled along Butte streets, haunted church doors, always muttering "five cents, please."

Said to be well educated and of a prominent St. Louis family, she came to Butte 45 years ago. For a while she

was employed as a housekeeper for the late Senator W. A. Clark. Then she had other jobs.

Her employers thought well of her, praised her cooking and her passion for neatness.

Some 20 years ago "Nickel Annie," whose real name was Margaret English, went to live with Mrs. C. H. Bucher, 903 Nevada avenue, to "help with the house work."

She gradually drifted away from the Bucher home, friends said. She left early in the morning and returned late at night. Always she carried a frazzled old umbrella.

It is believed that during this time, despite the fact that she was adequately provided with clothing and food, she took up the dirge, "Five cents, please."

Three years ago county authorities took "Nickel Annie" to the county hospital. There she died peacefully Monday night.

Friends believed there was a brother in St. Louis and a sister in Cleveland. The body is at Duggan's.

THE SHORTEST FEATURE STORY EVER PRINTED

BY GEORGE OLDS

Springfield (Missouri) Leader and Press, November 27, 1936

THE date of this story — the day after Thanksgiving — gives it point. Writes Managing Editor Olds:

"We had been having staff discussions of brightness, brevity and completeness in our news stories. The day after Thanksgiving I assigned a reporter to do a 'follow' on the city's observance of the holiday. It had been a newsless holiday — devoid of mishaps or even a 'human interest' story. The reporter struggled manfully and turned in some five hundred words of copy that simply screamed for cutting. I started cutting. I cut and cut and cut, and when I got through the only word left was 'hash.' Well, that seemed to tell the story, so we slapped on one of our standing heads, 'Today's Biggest Mystery Story,' and out the copy went.

"Came the night side's time to develop a 'follow' for next morning's paper. The best anyone could do was:

"Rehash.

"But no one could think of a heading for that story, so it wasn't printed."

***Today's Biggest
Mystery Story***

HASH.

WHY HE GOT SLAPPED

BY SIDNEY M. SHALETT

Chattanooga Times, January 25, 1936

"THIS feature was one of those human interest stories that unexpectedly brighten up a dull day of routine coverage. I had been sent from my city hall beat to cover the county courthouse in the absence of the regular courthouse reporter. I was up to my neck in realty transfers, marriage licenses, divorce litigation, etc., when an old contact, feeling it his duty to give me a good story, passed on the tip about this episode, which had occurred at still another building — the postoffice. It had the earmarks of a 'natural,' and, frankly, I thought it sounded too good to be true. However, I checked with a reliable federal official, whose office was in the postoffice building, and he assured me the incident actually had happened. He gave me the skeleton, and, taking advantage of the latitude to which this type of story grants license, I filled in the descriptive details. I wrote the story before starting on my courthouse copy, and it took me about ten minutes to get it on paper." — S. M. S.

THE woman thought she was the victim, but, in this case, it was the man who paid.

It happened Thursday morning in the nifty aluminum elevator at the postoffice.

The elevator was crowded with men. On it was a lone woman. There also was a little boy, crowded almost unnoticed, in the rear of the car. The youngster was one of the kids who hang around the postoffice.

The elevator, starting from the basement, stopped on the main floor to take on another passenger, which crowded it to full capacity. As it started up, the woman gave an indignant scream.

"Oh!" she cried, then turned and, with full force, slapped a dignified-looking gentleman behind her.

"Let me out of this car!" she demanded, getting off at the second floor, with her head high in the air.

The man — he who got slapped — startled and bewildered, stayed behind, rubbing his smarting cheek.

"Mister," inquired the elevator man, "what did you do to make that lady slap you?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," he gasped.

Then the little boy spoke up.

"I'll tell you why she slapped him," he piped.

"Why?" the "victim" and the elevator man chorused.

"She must have thought he pinched her," the boy explained. "But he didn't. She backed up and was smothering me. I had to get my breath. So I bit her."

EXCITEMENT IN THREE RIVERS

BY CHET SHAFER

Detroit News, February 15, 1935

CHET SHAFER was once a member of the staff of the *Detroit News*; later he broke into the *Saturday Evening Post* with an article on organ pumpers and elected himself Grand Diapason of the American Guild of Former Organ Pumpers; now he is back, after wide wanderings, in Three Rivers, Michigan, where he runs the City News Bureau, which "is located in the old G.A.R. & W.R.C. Hall, one flight up over the Wittenberg boys' news-stand, which is in where George Avery used to run his Hay, Feed, Grain, Bean Pods & Middlins Store, and just kitterin across the street from where old Levi Knauss had his Harness, Carriage & Bicycle Repository. It also has a back porch overlooked by what is left of the Hosey Burch Livery, Feed & Exchange Stable." Which will give you a general idea.

Chet writes: "As Prop'r. of the City News Bureau, I was taking a nap up at the house after dinner the day Amelia Earhart came to town. She was with Pres. Joseph Brewer of Olivet College. Joey used to be with the firm of Brewer, Putnam & Warren, N.Y.C. Amelia married Putnam, and the firm went haywire, so Joey became a college president. This should be the fate of all publishers. Well, I finally came down and Amelia had just departed. So I asked Cal Sands, the Prop'r. of the Old Snug Restaurant, which chair she had sat in. I then scribbled a note on the bottom: 'Amelia Earhart rested here' — those weren't exactly the actual words — 'between the hours of 12 Noon and 2 P.M., Feb. 13, 1935. I then went over to the offices of the City News Bureau and wrote the piece for Karl Lysinger, head of the Det. News copy desk.

"That's the last thought I gave to the story on Amelia until the letter came notifying me of the selection of the piece for the Best News Stories book. I immediately went over to the Snug and asked Cal which chair it was Amelia had sat in. We had to turn over every chair in the place before we found it. Then I read Cal the letter, and he put the chair behind the counter and

said, 'I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that.' Then Mary (that's Cal's wife) said some folks came in a while ago who had read about Amelia's visit someplace in some newspaper somewhere and wanted to see the chair. Mary said one of the party was some relation of Amelia's — his grandfather and Amelia's grandfather were brothers. Mary didn't know just what relation that would make them, but she showed them the chair. And when Cal heard Mary tell this story of that repercussion, he said, 'I wouldn't take fifteen hundred dollars for it.'

"So you can see that the story of Amelia's visit is just the first chapter. The final chapter won't be written until Cal tries to sell the chair for \$1500 and his prospective customer takes it away from him and bashes him a good one over the head with it."

Three Rivers, Mich.

AMELIA EARHART ate in the Old Snug Restaurant one day this week. She didn't eat much — just a sandwich and some soup.

Mary Sands, Cal's wife, saw her first.

"If that ain't her sittin' in there I'm seeing things," she said she said afterwards.

She rushed out in the kitchen and told Cal, who was out there frying eggs.

Cal came in, and the word spread around town, and Mary went in and asked.

"Ain't you Amelia Earhart?"

Amelia said she was and Mary put out her hand to shake hands and Amelia never noticed it.

Pretty soon half the town poured in on some excuse or other — buying gum, or what was cheaper still — to use the telephone or get a drink of water. Cal took charge of the situation and had Amelia autograph a dollar bill. He also had her autograph a base ball autographed last summer by a Chicago Cub pitcher.

Roy Hinckley heard about it up at the garage and tore out without his rubbers for the first time this winter.

After Amelia had gone Dave Martin said Cal should have had her autograph the chair she sat in.

Mary, who was miffed about the shaking hands business, said Cal would flout the dollar bill around showing it off until somebody ran off with it just like they did with a \$2 bill he flouted around last summer.

Cal said Amelia was about the first celebrity that ever ate in the Snug outside of former Gov. Brucker, who came in for breakfast one morning after he had made a speech the night before. Cal didn't know him, and when Brucker asked Cal if he had heard the speech Cal said:

"No, I wouldn't go across the road t' hear a politician talk. I hear it was rotten."

And Mary said she'd hate to be in Roy Hinckley's shoes when his wife found out that he went out without his rubbers.

WEARY MR. FETCHIT

BY KARL SEIFFERT

Detroit News, February 22, 1935

THE reporter was assigned to interview two notables coming in on a 7.10 A.M. train. Not a nice hour, and the assignment would keep the night "general" man long past his eight-o'clock quitting time.

The popular radio singer got off first, as might have been expected, and he was interviewed and disposed of before Stepin Fetchit appeared. The Negro actor had his piece memorized — a well-worn interview about the art of doing nothing, or something of the kind. Mr. Seiffert, having gone over the clippings on him before he went out on the job, knew about his overdose of prosperity, his flop, and his more cautious comeback. These things were good for questions, and a chance shot on Joe Louis was rewarding. The actual interview took some ten minutes, writing it a good deal longer; the little piece on the radio singer never saw print.

THIS heah town just makes Lincoln Perry tired.

That is a condition which Mr. Perry — Stepin Fetchit in the films — has experienced in most of the cities of these United States. Mr. Perry, known as "Skeeter" to his friends, is living proof that there is no absolute limit to the weariness a human being can achieve.

To say that Mr. Fetchit stepped from a Chicago train this morning and walked through the depot to a waiting taxi-cab would be the sheerest fiction. To say that he greeted friends enthusiastically would be a distortion of the facts. He lowered his person to the station platform with tenderness, smiled vaguely at a pack of enchanted redcaps, and propelled himself toward another place to sit down. Press agents' opinions pro and con notwith-

standing, Mr. Fetchit *is* as exhausted in real life as he ever has been in the movies.

Well, he left Hollywood two or three Thursdays ago and he flew to New York and the plane was grounded in Chicago and he met Will Rogers there. Mr. Rogers is awful nice to work with and he came to Detroit on the train and *say* — Joe Louis! How dat boy do last night? Knock-out in de second? Mmmm-mmm!!

The burst of partial wakefulness elicited by the stirring news of Louis' victory died before Mr. Fetchit's second eye could open fully. Does he know Mr. Louis? He does. Carried him around Hollywood the other day. Know Bill Robinson, the dancer? Knows him. Dat Bojangles!

And what ever became of the fleet of foreign-made limousines, each a different pastel shade, that Mr. Fetchit once used to propel him about Hollywood before an overdose of weariness checked his career in 1928? Well, he just didn't need that many cars. Got to take care his four-year-old boy now. Name of Jemajo. Lives in Hollywood. Mother dead.

No more mauve Rolls-Royces for Mr. Fetchit. His money is in a trust fund now. He works in pictures, makes public appearances, this week at the Fox Theater here, and saves his money. A couple of years of hand-to-mouth existence was too much contrast to the six Rolls-Royces.

But about dat Joe Louis. What a boy!

HE GOT HIS OLD AGE PENSION

BY RALPH MARTIN

Tulsa World, October 21, 1936

MR. MARTIN picked this story up on his regular courthouse run. To the story as it appears here he added two or three other odd cases of old-age evidence. Then on a scrap of paper which was handy he drew a pen-and-ink sketch of the old man lugging in the big fence-rail and sent both story and illustration to the office by messenger in order to make the engraving deadline and the first edition. The picture appeared in a three-column-wide strip.

DO YOU know for sure just how old you are?
A beaming, white-haired veteran of the Civil war does, and has a notched fence-rail to prove it.

"'Scuse me, folks," he pleaded, bobbing his head politely as he lugged and bumped his cumbersome rail into the welfare office of a neighboring county and placed it on the desk of an astonished social security clerk.

"Yes suh, Ah've put a notch on her with my old Barlow knife every yeah since Ah was mustered out of the confederate army when Ah was 18 yeahs old," he declared positively, and thereby established his legal age and eligibility for an old-age pension.

With the development of social security in Oklahoma, exact and legal proof that one is 65 years old or older, has become highly important. Birth certificates are the most obvious and readily accepted documents. But birth certificates are the exception rather than the rule among people of this age, according to findings of the social security boards. Other means of proof have been accepted to establish eligibility, according to the discretion of the

clerks who will have the first old-age pension checks ready for distribution November 1.

"We haven't met any fence rail evidence yet," said Mrs. Gail Oyler, director of the welfare work at the county court house, "but we have been offered many odd documents of evidence to prove age."

"In lieu of birth certificates, we have accepted marriage certificates, data in ancient family Bibles, army discharge records, and old family letters; and one man brought in an old, battered copper hatchet, apparently hand made, and entered it as auxiliary proof that he was more than 65 years old."

CITY POLICE

New York World Telegram, November 10, 1936

IN A CHASE through crowded East Side streets this morning one robber suspect was shot down by a policeman and a second knocked out by another officer.

The chase began at the second-hand clothing store of Sam Simons, Walnut and Suffolk Sts. The two, Irving Olsen, of 611 Division St., and Thomas Monetta, of 9 Jackson St., entered the store, the police said, drew guns and took \$64.53 from Charles Kaufman, of 411 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, who was talking with Mr. Simons.

A moment after the pair walked out, Mr. Kaufman started after them, screaming "Thieves, robbers, gunmen!" They fled a few steps west to Ludlow St. and turned north, while spectators joined the chase.

Patrolman Henry Pinken, at Grand and Ludlow Sts., two blocks north of Division, saw the two coming just as they saw him. As he drew his revolver, Olsen fired a wild shot that hit no one. The patrolman closed in on Olsen. As they struggled, he shot the gunman in the groin.

As Olsen fell, Monetta turned east on Grand St. A block away he encountered Patrolman Michael Silverman, who had heard the shooting. The patrolman started after Monetta, who half turned as he ran and fired four shots. The patrolman emptied his revolver without a hit, but caught up with Monetta within a half block and felled him with his gun.

Olsen was taken to Gouverneur Hospital. Monetta was locked up in the Clinton St. station. Olsen has served terms for burglary and grand larceny and was released on parole in July. Monetta has no police record.

MUNICIPAL COURTS

Chicago Daily News, December 14, 1936

FOUND guilty of attempting to bribe a policeman who gave him a summons for a traffic violation, Philip Trainer, 8911 West End avenue, an accountant, was fined \$200 and costs by Judge John Gutknecht in Traffic court today. A motion to vacate the fine was set for tomorrow.

"I hope you won't pay the fine," Judge Gutknecht said. "It would be better if you went to jail for three days. Then when you got out, I would sustain the motion to vacate the \$200 fine and fine you only \$5 and costs."

"Do I have to go to jail?" asked the defendant. "Can't I pay the fine and appeal?"

Judge Gutknecht assured him he could, and Isenberg, after some telephoning, raised the money and paid the fine.

Trainer was arrested at 63rd street and the Inner drive, in Jackson Park, yesterday when he failed to heed Park Policeman Clarence Veach's signal for him to stop for other traffic.

Policeman Veach said Trainer became "flippant" and begged, "Can't we do business here on the street? How much is the ticket worth?"

Trainer offered the policeman \$2, according to testimony, but Policeman Veach wrote out the summons, and was about to hand it to Trainer.

"He said, 'Wait a minute, here's a dollar,'" Policeman Veach testified. "I took it and put it with the summons and told him he was under arrest."

"I realize that I made a mistake," Trainer said, "but I was so excited and he kept leading me on by asking how much it was worth to me not to get a ticket."

“Some citizens are just waking up to the fact that they can’t bribe policemen and get away with it,” Judge Gutknecht said. “The punishment for the policemen is far more severe than it is for the defendant. Knowing this, I don’t think the policeman would take a bribe.”

Judge Charles S. Dougherty in the Safety court today imposed jail sentences on three men convicted of serious traffic violations.

[Name, age, address, sentence, and offense of each of the three are given.]

PROBATE COURT

New York Times, November 10, 1936

White Plains, N.Y.

OUTRIGHT gifts of \$925,000 to charitable, religious and educational institutions are contained in the will of Miss Mary Colgate, philanthropist and church worker, who died on Oct. 24 at her home, 147 Ravine Avenue, Yonkers. The will was filed for probate today in Surrogate's Court.

Miss Colgate was a daughter of James B. Colgate, for whom Colgate University was named, and her paternal grandfather was William Colgate, founder of the soap concern of that name. Although no estimate of the value of her estate was obtained, attorneys said the amount exceeded the \$1,750,000 of bequests contained in the will.

In addition to the gifts to charity, Miss Colgate left more than \$825,000 to members of her family and friends. The largest bequest was \$600,000, left to her brother, James C. Colgate of Bennington, Vt. He is a New York broker.

There were bequests also to fourteen household servants, who received \$100 for each year of employment. The only real estate listed in the petition of probate consisted of sixteen lots on Ravine Avenue and Point Street, Yonkers, valued at "over \$50,000."

The largest institutional gift was \$250,000 to the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary of Philadelphia. The others were:

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In addition to the \$600,000 bequest to her brother James, Miss Colgate left him the income from her residuary estate

for life. Upon his death the residuary estate goes to Susan Colgate Cleveland of Palisade Avenue, Riverdale, the Bronx, and Margaret Colgate Dennis of Bennington, Vt., each of whom also receives \$50,000 outright.

Bequests of \$50,000 each also were made to William J. or Margaret C. Yates of 61 Point Street, Yonkers, and Annie L. Robinson, who lived with Miss Colgate at Yonkers.

FEDERAL COURT

Kansas City Star, December 12, 1935

JUDGE REEVES in federal court today took under advisement the cases of six Western Missouri coal producing companies seeking to enjoin the government from collecting a tax under the Guffey act.

Attorneys for the coal companies attacked the constitutionality of the act. Subjection to prosecution under the antitrust laws, surrender of rights to contract with employees and customers and forced disclosure of confidential business details, were arguments advanced by Maurice H. Winger and Frank Terrell, attorneys for the companies, as penalties of the companies if they complied with the act.

Randall Wilson, an assistant United States district attorney, asserted the companies had more protection in this act than under any other law. Maurice M. Milligan, United States district attorney, Sam C. Blair and Thomas A. Costolow, assistants, also argued the government case.

Companies applying for the restraining order:

Hume-Sinclair Coal Company.
Huntsville-Sinclair Coal Company.
Minden Coal Company.
Tebo Coal Company
Reliance Coal Corporation.
Windsor Coal Company.

Passed in the last session of congress, the Guffey bill provides that companies shall be taxed 15 per cent on the value of their mined coal. The government agrees to rebate 90 per cent of the tax to companies signing a compliance agreement to submit to regulations similar to those of the late NRA.

FIRE

BY LEO HATFIELD

Daily Oklahoman, July 1, 1935

El Reno

WHILE a brisk south wind swept tongues of flame 100 feet into the air, a \$600,000 fire that destroyed the Canadian Mill and Elevator Co. here Sunday afternoon sent a large part of this city scurrying from a shower of blazing embers.

Visible for miles, the pillar of fire scattered red hot sheet-iron fragments on the residential neighborhood north of it to a distance of six blocks, damaging 20 homes and a hotel, none badly, and burning numerous automobiles.

Scores of families within five blocks of the raging fire that spread through the 625,000-bushel elevator and mill about 2 P.M., draped their household furnishings upon the lawns, as firemen from El Reno, Oklahoma City and Fort Reno struggled to stay the destruction. Potted plants withered in the intense heat as householders patrolled their lawns with sticks to prevent vandalism, or fought small blazes with garden hose.

A hot ember set fire to the downtown Missouri Hotel while the fire department was taxed to the utmost at the elevator, but volunteer fire fighters stopped the blaze before it became serious.

The mill loss was fixed at \$500,000 by Henry Schafer, 911 Northwest Fifteenth street, vice-president. Damage to other property brought the total to an excess of \$600,000.

"We aren't able to say anything now about replacing

the mill," said Schafer. A brother, Herman Schafer, of Omaha, is president. The mill had a daily capacity of 800 barrels of flour.

The wind caused the fire to do prankish things. While householders six blocks north stamped out grass fires with their feet, the mills and elevators less than 300 feet south of the blazing Canadian operated as usual. The only precautions they took were to wet down their floors with water. Their machinery never stopped. The only slowing of operation came from the natural curiosity of employes who just had to steal an occasional peep.

Hundreds of people from El Reno and surrounding towns parked their cars at the curb and approached the fire on foot. While they watched the blaze without any uneasiness of mind, embers set the tops and cushions of many cars afire. Volunteers ran up and down the street breaking into the cars and extinguishing the blazes.

While frantic people fought to keep their homes safe from the shower of sparks, soldiers from Fort Reno scurried about with light portable equipment to protect the residential districts.

Despite the warnings of El Reno police and firemen that there was danger of explosion in the burning mill, people insisted on pushing close.

Backed by soldiers from Fort Reno and guards in uniform from the federal reformatory at El Reno, the crowd was forced back two blocks. The distance did not destroy the view. The flames continued to shoot into the air and there was comparatively little smoke from the fire until it reached the hoppers. Then it began to billow into the clear sky in great gray spirals.

The fire, according to Walter Boon, manager for the company, started in the south end of the mill about 2 P.M. The cause had not been determined Sunday night.

"I was working in the office," said Boon, "when a

workman in the mill called to me to get the fire department. In another instant the flames were leaping up. The whole place appeared to be on fire. None of us heard any explosion at that time."

Sweeping before the south wind from the south end of the elevator the fire within a few minutes ate up that part of the structure south of the concrete bins.

Firemen fought desperately to stop it there. But the fire ate at the big bins. Slowly they changed to a dusty color from their brightness, and began to blacken.

Chunks fell from the older part of the structure as the concrete scorched. Then, apparently all of a sudden, the flames leaped over the bins onto the sheet-iron structure north of them and the mill was doomed.

BUSINESS

Los Angeles Examiner, February 18, 1936

SUBSTANTIAL gains on developments carried on during the last three years resulted in the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation experiencing its most profitable year during 1935, it was revealed yesterday in the annual report issued by Robert E. Gross, president-treasurer.

Net profit for the year ended December 31, 1935, was \$217,986, as compared with a loss of \$190,891 during the year 1934. Net sales for 1935 were \$2,096,775. During 1934, net sales were \$562,759.

Since the previous annual report, an outstanding obligation of \$69,750 has been discharged and customers' deposits of \$46,696 retired. During the year, the outstanding stock of the company was increased by 51,468 shares. Total shares outstanding at the end of 1935 were 444,744.

The profitable operations, Gross said, are attributable to the fact that the company concentrated on one product, the Electra transport airplane, for which the company had a satisfactory backlog of orders. The company will continue to concentrate on the field where it has made its start, and to specialize in supplementary equipment, ideal for the entire business of the small lines and for the local business of the large lines, Gross said.

San Francisco Examiner, February 12, 1935

BUSINESS in the San Francisco Bay area for January topped the records for the last three years, according to a preliminary survey made public yesterday by the research

department of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

Bank clearings for the first month of 1935 were the highest in three years, totaling \$505,979,000, an increase of \$72,362,000 over January, 1934, and \$130,521 ahead of January, 1933. Postal receipts jumped more than \$70,000.

Retail trade, measured by department and similar stores, bettered the level of January, 1934, by 6.8 per cent.

The January increase for the San Francisco Federal Reserve district was the second best in the nation, totaling 11 per cent, and was exceeded only by the Cleveland district, with a gain of 14 per cent.

Building permits of \$876,317 value issued during January were twice the total of January a year ago, showing the stimulus given by the Better Housing Campaign.

There was likewise an increase in the classification of additions, alterations and repairs.

Private contracts were in excess of those let by city, State and Federal Government.

Cargo tonnage over the San Francisco waterfront on which tolls were collected amounted to 688,831 tons — the highest January total in four years, and an increase of 13,258 tons over last year.

January receipts of poultry, dairy products, fruits and vegetables were above the average of the last five years.

Des Moines Register, December 27, 1936

CONTRACTS for construction of the \$150,000 viaduct over the Great Western railroad tracks on S. W. Twenty-first street in Des Moines are to be let Jan. 5, the Iowa state highway commission announced Saturday.

Construction of the viaduct, which will complete the improvement of the new highway begun with the building of the Eighteenth st. bridge this year, will be under special wage scales.

The Des Moines city council voted a week ago to pay the difference between the minimum wage scales on federal highway grade crossing projects and prevailing wages in Des Moines.

The scale for the viaduct is \$1.25 per hour for skilled labor, 80 cents per hour for intermediate grade, and 67½ cents per hour for unskilled labor.

The viaduct will consist of a central concrete arch 236 feet long and 42 feet wide with two five-foot sidewalks. There will be two auxiliary culverts.

Contract for grading two-thirds of a mile of approaches will be let at the same time.

New York World-Telegram, November 7, 1935

THE Gortham Investors, Inc. (Isadore Lorber), through Abraham L. Sobil, attorney, has purchased and resold the six-story apartment house at 66-72 St. Nicholas Ave., Manhattan, containing fifty-two apartments and four stores and renting for about \$31,000. The buyer, the Bervan Management Corp., represented by Abel Silvan, paid all cash above a first mortgage of \$168,400 at 4 per cent.

The Charles F. Noyes Co., Inc., reports the sale to an investor of 39 W. 56th St., a five-story store and apartment building, 25 by 100 feet, and assessed at \$120,000.

A group represented by Benjamin Antin purchased the five-story apartment house at 461-471 Audubon Ave., northeast corner of 188th St., on a plot 150 by 100 feet. The buyers paid all cash above the first mortgage. The selling company, which constructed the apartment house, was represented by Menken Brothers. Sigmond Orbach and Desidor Schoen arranged the deal.

Struckler & Levine, attorneys, have sold for a client to Henry Litvin the five-story apartment house at 1,657 Montgomery Ave., West Bronx, on a plot 110 by 100 feet

and having 50 apartments and 165 rooms, showing an annual rental of about \$25,000. The purchaser paid all cash over a first mortgage of \$115,000 at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Morris Wechsler was the broker and Benjamin Licht represented the purchaser.

CONVENTION

St. Louis Globe-Democrat, October 28, 1935

MRS. HOWARD C. BOONE, of Washington, D.C., formerly of Kansas City, Mo., national president of American War Mothers, yesterday told over 100 war mothers convened here for the fifteenth annual state convention they must do everything in their power to combine with patriotic agencies and combat Communistic and Bolshevistic tendencies spreading over the country.

"We must reach the youth who is being influenced by these agencies," she said. "Women have a wonderful influence, and if organized we can reach these young people. It is up to war mothers and all other patriotic agencies to do their part."

The organization, which, she emphasized, was not to be confused with similar organizations such as Gold Star Mothers, was founded for "all mothers of sons who served Uncle Sam in the world war." It was granted a national corporation by Congress in 1925. It was organized during the war when members knitted socks, made bandages and performed similar duties for soldiers.

Individuals and organizations welcoming the war mothers here at the start of their three-day session were Mayor Dickmann, Scott R. DeKins, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; representatives of the Disabled American Veterans, American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars and their auxiliaries.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burns, 82, of 3414 Juniata street, and Mrs. Joseph Bastian, 54, of 1732 Pennsylvania avenue, were the oldest and youngest delegates attending the convention.

Mrs. J. F. Buchanan, state chaplain, will conduct a memorial service at 9 A.M. today, after which there will be a procession of chapter presidents escorted by the St. Louis Chapter drill team. In the afternoon a flag will be presented to Lowell School Girl Scout Troop No. 62 at Jefferson Memorial, with visits to the Lindbergh trophies and Forest Park following the ceremonies.

Election and installation of officers will be held tomorrow. The convention will be concluded with a dance and banquet tomorrow night.

SERVICE CLUB LUNCHEON SPEECH

Provo (Utah) Evening Herald, September 17, 1936

UNSELFISH service for the whole, not the detrimental self-concern of "organized minorities" should be our interest in government, noted Ray Dillman, Republican nominee for governor, in addressing the Kiwanis club this afternoon at Hotel Roberts.

The constitution, the observance of whose birth today Mr. Dillman took as his theme, is the bulwark upon which solidarity rests in America, he stressed. The attempt made in the last session of congress to raise the number of supreme court justices from nine to fifteen the Roosevelt attorney looks upon as only an attempt to nullify the strength of our constitution.

Under a form of government such as Hitlerdom signifies today, Mr. Dillman feels self-interest is at a premium. Here, he remarks, are the evil effects of organized minorities most evident.

Our challenge today, he said, is not to "recovery" but to find methods and manners of distribution to make possible dispersion of the vast array of American wealth.

Members voted unanimously to support the Child Welfare committee in its drive for funds by buying tickets for the matinee performance to be sponsored by the Committee at the Paramount theater.

Additional committee assignments named were: Howard T. Buswell, attendance, house, and reception, Harold E. Johnson, chairman; Oliver S. Olsen and James G. Stratton, vocational guidance and underprivileged children, Jacob Coleman, chairman; and C. H. Vance, inter-club relations, Walter S. Hedquist, chairman.

LECTURE

BY ALLEN SCHOENFIELD

Detroit News, April 5, 1935

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SCIENCE, lacking proof for or against immortality, inclines to some form of survival if for no other reason than that "complete annihilation is infinite waste."

This was the conclusion of Dr. Arthur Holly Compton, of the University of Chicago, recipient of the 1927 Nobel award for physics and famous for his researches into the origin and nature of the cosmic rays, who Thursday night delivered in Hill Auditorium the fourth and last of the Henry Martin Loud lectures, under the auspices of the Wesleyan Guild Corporation and the University Committee on Religious Education.

Dr. Compton, speaking briefly on "Is Death the End?" admitted complete absence of evidence satisfactory to the scientific mind and declared that immortality resolved itself into a matter of personal faith.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that one form of immortality is found in the thoughts and actions of the great which continue to influence the minds of others long after life has ceased. There is also the immortality existent in the germ-cell.

"Many hold that, while this may be true, there is no personal life after death. Consciousness, they declare, spreads from the brain; the body decays and death is the inevitable end. Yet it is equally true that thought, consciousness, originates in but one-half of the human brain.

The other may be injured or removed without detriment to the individual. Thus, it is not impossible that evolution may be driving us toward some hidden goal where consciousness may exist wholly apart from the brain."

Dr. Compton quoted the parable of Buddha who snuffed out the flame of a lamp as indicative of the complete oblivion that follows the death of the body.

"Yet that beam of light, according to modern physics, may be flickering even now when seen from the farthest star," Dr. Compton said. "The molecular impulses it set up may be continuous and eternal. The human soul may continue an existence outside the body in some such fashion.

"Scientific proof may be absent, but science finds it, in any event, unreasonable that the most important part of man should be lost with the decay of the body."

Dr. Heber D. Curtis, director of the university astronomical observatory, who introduced Dr. Compton, said that science was more mystified by the potential life within a hen's egg than by the nature and composition of the millions of stars strewn along the milky way.

SERMON

New York Herald Tribune, December 14, 1936

CIVILIZATION is in imminent danger of committing suicide by falling, like King Saul, on its own sword because its material advance has outstripped the spiritual, the Rev. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell told his congregation at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, yesterday. The services were in celebration of the 128th anniversary of the founding of the church, which took place on December 13, 1808, when twenty-six men and women participated in the first service under the Rev. John B. Romeyn.

Man today is like an irresponsible and mischievous child who has been presented a box of matches, a set of tools and a supply of dynamite, Dr. Bonnell warned. "The Gospel of Christ alone can provide that spiritual foundation for our civilization which will preserve it from utter collapse and ruin. Civilization, with all its boasted progress, is heading for the abyss if it turns its back on Christ and his eternal principles," he said.

Pointing out that man has two parallel lines of advance, the material and the spiritual, Dr. Bonnell said man is making a fetish of progress. "What good will all this power do us if it is to lead to self-destruction?" he asked, declaring that science has given man mastery over the forces of nature, but cannot give him mastery over his own passions. . . .

"It is doubtful if there ever was a time when the spiritual note of the church was ever so needed as today," Dr. Bonnell concluded. "If modern civilization continues

to lay its foundation on the shifting sands of material advance, it is headed for an abyss."

Commenting on the church's anniversary, Dr. Bonnell said that the organization, springing from humble and insignificant beginnings, had become a sounding board for its ministers who sent their messages not only throughout the United States, but also around the world.

"During critical periods when, in every area of thought and life, there was vacillation and uncertainty, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church has stood like a rock for those truths by which men live," he declared. "It has produced pulpit giants such as Dr. Romeyn, Dr. Hall, Dr. Purvis, Dr. Jowett, Dr. Kelman and Dr. Howard, who will be numbered among the greatest leaders of thought and life in modern Christianity."

Club and Society "Pre"-Stories

CLUBS

Kathleen McLaughlin in New York Times, November 8, 1936

ANYTHING but a static atmosphere is in prospect for the forty-second annual convention of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, for which hundreds of delegates will invade the city this week. The program for the event at the Hotel Pennsylvania, opening tomorrow and continuing through Thursday, reflects the disposition of member groups to alter attitudes to keep pace with the pattern of progress definitely outlined a year ago at Syracuse.

Important as is the change of administration impending for this convention, it ranks ahead of the significant phases of the program only because it will inevitably affect the whole. Mrs. Clare J. Hoyt of Walden, N.Y., now fourth vice president of the federation, is unopposed for the presidency, and is expected to succeed Mrs. Almeron W. Smith in the elections on Thursday.

Distinguished guests will include Mrs. Roberta Campbell Lawson, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Mrs. Amorette Fraser, the centenarian who will preside tomorrow evening at the Helmuth Fellowship dinner, traditionally the initial feature of the gathering.

Of various significant phases of the convention, none reflects a fresher outlook on club activities than the club institute scheduled for Tuesday morning under the chairmanship of Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson of the Woman's Home Companion. Speakers will be limited to five-minute intervals, and have been charged with the responsibility of presenting to the group constructive criticism as well as comment.

Mrs. Lawson will be one of the participants, as will Mrs. Smith, retiring president. Others to be heard will include . . .

Another impressive aspect of the federation's program will be a luncheon directed by Mrs. Marie Kirwan, chairman of the Department of Welfare and Health, Tuesday at 1 P.M. Speakers and their topics will be . . .

A third event certain to attract attention is the panel discussion Wednesday morning on the topic "Is Security a Dream?" Mrs. Kathryn Ford will have charge. Eleven prominent federation members will submit their opinions.

James G. McDonald of the editorial staff of the *New York Times* will be the principal speaker at the Armistice Night dinner, at which Dr. Helen Dwight Reid will be toastmistress. His subject will be, "Is Peace Possible?"

Will Durant will speak Monday evening at the Helmuth dinner. Others to be heard will include . . .

Results of the election will be announced at the close of the afternoon session on Thursday. Installation will follow the evening program.

Davenport Democrat, December 13, 1936 (with pictures)

THE Yuletide season will be made more festive in the Tri-cities by the visits of several young couples who reside in eastern cities and who will be sojourning during the holidays with Tri-city relatives.

Expected from New York City are Mr. and Mrs. Robert French Evans, who will enjoy a brief visit at the home of Mr. Evans' parents, Major and Mrs. Harry Evans, 2600 East River drive. Mrs. Evans was the former Katherine Jane Rowe, of Chicago, before her marriage in Hingham, Mass., to the well-known Davenport in September, 1935.

Major and Mrs. Evans will entertain for the couple on Saturday evening, Dec. 26. Fourteen intimate Tri-city friends will be guests at dinner at the Evans residence.

Arriving Tuesday from New York City to visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ardo Mitchell, 1718 Twenty-first street, Rock Island, will be Mrs. Lee Marshall, who was formerly Marion Mitchell of Rock Island. This will be her first visit home since her marriage Nov. 2, 1935. She plans to remain until after Christmas. Her husband expects to arrive in Rock Island Wednesday, Dec. 23, to spend the Christmas holiday at the Mitchell home. He will return to New York immediately after Christmas, and Mrs. Marshall will join him there for New Year's.

Her sister, Miss Eleanor "Nonie" Mitchell, who is studying in London this year, will remain there for the Yuletide season.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will entertain at dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wednesday evening, Dec. 23. Several other parties will fete Mrs. Marshall during her visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack A. Rheinstrom of Evanston, Ill., will be guests during the holidays at the home of Mrs. Rheinstrom's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon F. Harkness, 2410 River drive. Mrs. Rheinstrom was formerly Mary Harkness of Davenport.

They will arrive here Christmas morning, and will remain in Davenport that week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sheehan are coming from Baltimore, Md., to visit during the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Sheehan's sisters, Miss Marie Kahl, 1101 West Ninth street, Mrs. Henry Wurzer, and Mrs. V. O. Figge. Mrs. Sheehan was Carmella Kahl of Davenport prior to her marriage early in November of last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheehan will arrive in Davenport on Wednesday, Dec. 23, and will remain for several days.

Kansas City Star, December 6, 1935

THE Odes of Horace will be sung as a part of the program

at a dinner honoring his 2,000th birthday Monday night at the Newbern hotel with the Classical Club of Greater Kansas City as the celebrants. Horace, regarded as the poet laureate of the Augustan age of Roman literature, was born December 8, 65 B.C., in Venusia, a town on the borders of Apulia and Lucania.

Miss Stella Maddox, president of the club, will preside and introduce the following persons who will participate in the program:

Miss Helen Keohane,	Fritz Downey,
F. M. Derwacter,	Miss Grace Dalton,
Miss Imogene Murdock,	John L. Shouse,
M. G. Barnett, S. J.,	Miss Eunice Harra,
W. L. Crain,	Miss Katherine Morgan.

Miriam White Lee will sing the odes of Horace. A number of his odes, epodes, satires, and epistles will be read or recited.

ENGAGEMENTS

La Duena in Los Angeles Herald and Express, October 14, 1936

ROMANCE certainly is budding and blossoming in our Los Angeles society circles these days, as two *new and important engagements* being officially announced today will prove, the principals in each of the two betrothals being *well known and socially prominent* members of the city's younger set.

First of these is the engagement of Miss Betty Alden Cockerill, *debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arville P. Cockerill*, to Francis Scott Key Lewis, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James B. Lewis of Miami, Fla.

The second is the surprise engagement announcement of Miss Polly White, young society girl and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James S. White of 336 South Rossmore avenue, to John Houser jr., *popular Long Beach bachelor* and son of Mr. and Mrs. John Houser of *the beach city*.

The engagement of Miss White and young Houser, a complete surprise to the assembled guests, was announced at the height of *the festivities* at the wedding reception following the marriage, last Monday evening, of the former Maxine Adams and Sherman Clifton Miller, the Miller-Adams nuptials *being solemnized in the gardens* surrounding the White home.

No date has been set for the wedding of Miss White and her fiance, but it will be an event of *the spring*, and will be celebrated either in this city or in New York, Miss White departing shortly for the eastern metropolis to take *a course in fiction writing*.

Following their marriage, young Houser and his bride will leave for Europe on a honeymoon journey, returning

here later *to reside in Long Beach*, where he is engaged in the practice of law.

This romance, by the bye, is one that began on the Trojan campus, Miss White being a member of Alpha Chi Omega, social, and Theta Sigma Phi, *professional journalism*, sororities there. While her fiance, after studying at Colorado university, where he was a Beta Theta Pi, entered S.C. Law school, *graduating in law* from there.

New York Herald Tribune, December 14, 1936

MR. AND MRS. MASON HUNTINGTON BIGELOW, of 130 East Sixty-seventh Street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katharine Huntington Bigelow, to Mr. Carter Chapin Higgins, of Worcester, Mass.

Miss Bigelow attended the Brearley School and was graduated from Milton Academy in Massachusetts in 1935. She made her debut in the autumn of that year and is now a sophomore at Barnard College. She is a member of the Junior League.

Mr. Higgins is a graduate of Fessenden and of St. Paul's School at Concord, N.H., and is a senior at Yale. He is a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Whiffenpoofs, Aurelian Honor Society and Berzelius. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Woodman Higgins, of Worcester, where his father is the founder of the John Woodman Higgins Armory, of the Worcester Pressed Steel Company.

The wedding will take place in June and the couple plan to pass the following year in England, where Mr. Higgins will study at Kings' College, Cambridge University.

WEDDING

Miami Daily News, September 5, 1935

SIMPLICITY marked the marriage of Miss Caro duBignon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles duBignon of this city, to Edward Gordon Dudley, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Dudley of Athens, Ga., which took place this afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Markley on DeSoto blvd., Coral Gables.

The Rev. G. I. Hiller, rector of the Trinity Episcopal church, performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate families and several close friends.

A color theme of lemon yellow and pink was featured in the floral decorations with a lavish use of hibiscus, dahlias and tuberose. The altar was banked with ferns and palms and marked on either side with standards of the prevailing flowers.

Prior to the service Mrs. E. J. Hall played a program of nuptial music, followed by the rendition of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" for the processional, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" for the recessional.

The bride entered on the arm of her father by whom she was given in marriage. She wore a smart costume of dark brown pebble crepe, the high neck caught on either side with gold clips and the waist line marked with a wide belt of gold metal links. Her wide brimmed felt hat was banded in strips of fuchsia, green, cerise and brown chiffon and ended in a wide flat bow. She wore a corsage of purple orchids.

The best man was Frank Dudley of Athens, brother of the bridegroom.

Following the service a reception was held. The bride's

table overlaid with a lace cloth was centered with a crystal bowl of pink dahlias, with sprays of fern and pink hibiscus extending along the table. The cakes were iced in pink and yellow and embossed with silver leaves and lilies of the valley.

Following the reception, the young couple left on a motor trip to the mountains of North Carolina, and after Sept. 15 will be at home in Athens, where Mr. Dudley is associated in the cotton mill business with his father.

The bride graduated from the University of Georgia and is a member of the Chi Omega sorority. She is a descendant of distinguished Southern ancestry, being a member of the Lamar and duBignon families of Georgia on her paternal side. Mrs. Robert Alston of Atlanta and Miss Ann duBignon of Paris and Atlanta are aunts of the bride. On her maternal side, she is a member of the Lewis family of Virginia and the Carolinas.

Mr. Dudley graduated from the Riverside Military academy, the University of Georgia and the Eastman business school at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. He is a member of the Chi Phi fraternity. His family has long been identified with the political and civic life of Georgia, particularly Athens, of which city his father is mayor.

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OBITUARY

Associated Press, November 9, 1936

Erie, Pa.

CHARLES H. STRONG, utilities executive and publisher, one of the early members of the American Liberty League, died today at his home, The Cabin on his estate in Erie. He was eighty-three years old.

Mr. Strong rose from shipping clerk to the presidency of the Mount Hickory Iron Works after he was graduated from Yale University in 1877. He first read law but abandoned it for a career as corporation executive. After becoming head of the iron works, he was made president of the Union Coal Company, of Shamokin, Pa., a corporation which shipped its anthracite to the seaboard and to Great Lakes points through the port of Erie. He also was vice-president of the Youghiogheny River Coal Company until it was absorbed by the Pittsburgh Coal Company and was president of the Spring Valley Coal Company of Illinois, and of the one-time Erie and Pittsburgh Railroad, now a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

Mr. Strong organized the Edison Electric Light and Power Company fifty years ago and it later became the Erie County Electric Company, now a subsidiary of the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia.

He began his newspaper publishing career in 1902 with the organization of the Dispatch Publishing Company, of Erie, later succeeded by the Dispatch-News Company, which published "The Morning Dispatch." Later that corporation was succeeded by the Record Publishing Company, present publisher of "The Erie Dispatch Herald."

He organized the Hamot Hospital, the largest in the Erie vicinity, and through the years gave it many large gifts. Other gifts included a major contribution to the establishment of the Zem Zem Home for Crippled Children, the Erie Day School and the Florence Crittenton Home. Recently, he built concrete bulwarks and a modern mooring slip for boats on the East Canal basin.

A lifelong Republican, Mr. Strong four years ago helped organize the Erie branch of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment and was the Erie president.

He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. His clubs included the Erie, Kahkwa and Erie Yacht Club; the University, Manhattan, Yale and Delta Kappa Epsilon of New York and the Alumni Association of Yale University.

A daughter, Mrs. Matilda Thora Wainwright Strong, of Erie, survives.

ROUTINE vs. FEATURE

ROUTINE

A Press Service Report, August 4, 1936

Antigo, Wis.

FOUR men were held by Waupaca county authorities today on charges of armed robbery after bloodhounds and a sheriffs' posse of 30 members from four counties routed them late yesterday from a swamp west of here.

The quartet identified themselves as Harry Miller, 22, Antler, Okla.; Robert Mineau, 32, Big Suamico, Wis.; Harry Tank, 23, Green Bay, Wis., and Ed Davis, 35, Pittsburgh, Pa. Miller and Davis were held in the Clintonville city jail, while Mineau and Tank were held in the Waupaca county jail at Waupaca.

Sheriff Brack Gillespie believed some of them might be giving fictitious names.

The chase started before dawn yesterday when Clintonville authorities notified neighboring officers of a filling station holdup in which bandits fled without paying for eight gallons of gasoline, but were prevented from obtaining money.

Traffic Officer Carl Monroe met a speeding automobile at the Langlade county line and fired two shots at it when the occupants disregarded his command to halt. The fugitives sped through Antigo and on toward Merrill. They were forced to abandon their disabled machine, stolen July 25 from Hans Lawson, Green Bay, on a country road off Highway 64. A farm boy saw four men fleeing through an oat field.

Sheriffs in Waupaca, Marathon, Lincoln and Langlade

counties quickly organized a posse and surrounded the area. The quartet fled southward six miles toward a swampy district near Merrill. Two bloodhounds were secured from Menominee, Mich., and with their aid the fugitives were located. They surrendered without a struggle.

FEATURE

Milwaukee Journal, August 4, 1936

Clintonville, Wis.

AS BEFITS their traditional character, a pair of bloodhounds held star billings Tuesday in "The Melodrama of the Marsh, or, How Four Gents Got Hooked."

The action starts Sunday night, at a Clintonville filling station. Four men in a car order eight gallons of gasoline from Raymond Strahlow, 16. When Strahlow asks for pay, two of the men back him into the washroom to rob him.

But Strahlow slams the door. It's made of steel. He locks it. He jerks open the washroom window.

"Help! Help! I'm being robbed!"

The motorists flee in confusion — without paying for the gasoline.

Word of the attempted hold-up flashes to Antigo. Officers Henry Noe and Carl Monroe station themselves at Highways 47 and 45. A car roars by. Sure enough, it's the one. The officers pursue. Near the Antigo High school, Monroe stops but his shots miss. Antigo Officer Frank Shebuski notifies Merrill police.

"They're headed your way! Look out!"

But the fleeing desperadoes turn to a sideroad, abandon their car, which proves to have been stolen from Hans Lawson of Green Bay.

Officers find the car, but no desperadoes. They have

taken to the fields and to the woods, even to the swamps.

Shebuski gets on the telephone again.

"Calling all farmers. Calling all farmers. Watch for four men, sneaking through the fields, sneaking through the woods, sneaking through the swamps."

It is now Monday morning. A farm boy is walking toward the pasture. "Come, bossy. Come, bossy." He sees, besides the cows he calls, four men. They're sneaking through the oats.

Quickly officers are notified. Quickly notified, too, is the Menominee (Mich.) owner of the bloodhounds. Come the officers, about 50 of them from Waupaca, Lincoln and Langlade counties, from cities and villages, too. Come also the hounds.

The hounds are given the scent. They sniff, belly down occasionally, run, walk, bark. Over fields, through woods. "They're on the trail." Then, to a marsh, near Merrill.

The officers poise their guns. In that marsh may be the four men who have shown themselves to be desperadoes. The bloodhounds sniff again. Yes, they've trailed down the fugitives.

"Come out. We've got you. Come out!"

With hands raised and heads lowered, out walk:

Harvey Miller, 22, of Antler, Okla.

Robert Mineau, 32, of Big Suamico, Wis.

Edward Davis, 35, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Henry Tank, 23, Green Bay, Wis.

"You boys are in trouble, back in Clintonville. Better come along quietly."

The fugitives do. They are charged Tuesday with attempted robbery. They sit in the Clintonville jail, not very optimistic about immediate prospects but willing nevertheless to give a hero his dues:

"Them dogs sure can smell!"

“FOLLOW-UP” STORIES

THE following stories from the *Evanston News-Index* illustrate the “tie-ins” necessary for follow-up stories. The first and second are by staff writers, and the third by the United Press. They are dated October 27-29, 1936.

TWO Evanston men today were in critical condition and in danger of death from injuries received in the elevated train accident last night in Chicago, which killed nine persons and injured at least 58.

At least seven other Evanstonians were known to be in Evanston and Chicago hospitals.

Those in grave condition are:

[This is followed by a careful listing of the names, ages, addresses, and description of the injuries of Evanstonians who were hurt, and data about hospitals to which they were taken.]

Among those taken to St. Francis hospital was Van Renselaer Grooms of Highwood, engineer of the North Shore line electric that at 6.20 P.M. yesterday plowed into the wooden rear car of a Loyola express near the Granville avenue station, splintering it to bits.

Grooms today was under guard, placed under technical arrest. Two Sheffield avenue station policemen were posted at his room and refused admittance even to his employers. Mrs. Grooms, also refused admittance, waited in the corridor.

Grooms, according to the United Press, refused to talk to state's attorney's officers “because you wouldn't know railroading.” Earlier in an incoherent statement, made before he was taken to St. Francis hospital, he had admitted going 40 miles an hour just before the crash.

Dr. C. P. McGarry, 1249 Granville avenue, who at-

tended Grooms last night and this morning, said today that the man is in a grave mental condition. In addition he is suffering from severe leg lacerations and internal injuries. X-rays were to be taken of him today.

Today seven agencies sought in the tangled wreckage of the two trains involved in the accident and testimony of horror-shocked witnesses the explanation of the most terrible elevated lines accident in Chicago's history.

After a night of horror and heroism, investigation was undertaken by the Illinois Commerce commission, the Cook county coroner, Chicago police, the Chicago Rapid Transit Lines and the Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee railroad, the Interstate Commerce commission and the Chicago City Council Transportation committee, the United Press reported.

Investigation centered on:

1. Engineer Grooms' reportedly "unsatisfactory" account of how he drove his ponderous, all-steel North Shore express down a mile-and-one-half straightaway and piled at 40 miles-an-hour into the halted local "L" train jammed with home-bound commuters.

2. Why the eight-car "L" train stood at full-stop on an express track used by the speedy interurban trains.

3. The composition of the local train, with a wooden coach as last car. Between the steel seventh car and the bludgeoning express train, the wooden car was smashed to matchwood and its human cargo catapulted in squirming heaps in the street 20 feet below.

An inquest was scheduled for 1 P.M.

Today a vigorous attack upon wooden cars broke out as a result of the accident. The Chicago city council transportation committee, supreme authority over Chicago transit lines under "home rule" legislation, asserted antiquated and unsafe cars should be substituted by the new, modern type now in use throughout the city.

Bernard J. Fallon, 2845 Sheridan place, executive officer for the receivers of the "L" operators, the Chicago Rapid Transit lines, asserted today that replacement of 500 wooden cars would cost at least \$15,000,000 and the company could not afford it.

Chairman James R. Quinn of the transportation committee of the Chicago city council today appointed a special committee of five to investigate the crash and report to the committee at its meeting next Wednesday. The transportation committee then will report to the city council.

The Interstate Commerce commission, the United Press reported late today, announced that F. C. MacDonald and J. D. Barlett, inspectors of its bureau of safety, are in Chicago investigating the fatal train wreck.

[Accompanying this story were several columns of survivors' stories, material about injured Chicagoans, etc. The next day the following story appeared.]

St. Francis hospital attendants still fear for the life of E. I. Curry, 42, 148 Clyde avenue, one of those injured in Tuesday's "L"-North Shore line crash in Chicago. Curry, suffering from a brain concussion, a fractured right ankle, scalp lacerations and severe internal injuries, was reported today as being "only fair."

Meanwhile, Rollin Hultgren, 22, 539 Forest avenue, left St. Francis yesterday for his home. The other Evanstonian recovering from injuries suffered in the crash is Frank Keast, 29, 2247 Ridge avenue, who is at Evanston hospital. Attendants at that hospital reported Keast's condition as "good but he is quite uncomfortable with the pain in his fractured ankle."

Another Evanstonian in the gruesome crash but unreported by officials, was identified to the Daily News-Index today by her brother, Arthur Jacobson, 1928 Sher-

man avenue. She is Miss Lucille Jacobson of the same address.

Miss Jacobson received an injured ankle, a lacerated side and a possibly disjointed hip in the crash and was taken to Edgewater hospital by rescue workers Tuesday night. Her brother happened to be near that hospital and sped there to offer assistance. By sheer coincidence he found his sister awaiting treatment and, rather than wait for a surgeon to get to her, drove her to the family doctor for treatment.

Meanwhile, state-wide agitation was under way against wooden coaches on the elevated lines. According to the United Press, State Representative Edward B. O'Brady is drawing up a bill that will outlaw wooden coaches on elevated, steam and electric lines and will provide that these cars be out of service by July 1, 1937.

Chicago Rapid Transit company officials still were blaming North Shore Line Motorman Van R. Grooms of Highwood for the worst tragedy of its kind in Chicago's history.

"I want it clearly understood," Attorney A. R. Gardner said, "that our investigation which is now under way indicates that the crash occurred through no fault of the elevated lines — it was the fault of the motorman on the North Shore train, who did not see our train ahead."

At St. Francis hospital grief-stricken Motorman Grooms was under guard by Summerdale police of Chicago. No one was being permitted to see him.

Other developments in Chicago's worst elevated train tragedy today according to the United Press, included:

1. Grooms, under "technical arrest," was to be questioned either today or tomorrow by Assistant State's Attorney Leslie V. Curtis.

2. L. C. Keter, member of the coroner's jury, said his group would recommend installation of an automatic

safety system on the elevated railway which the interurban North Shore line shares with the commuters' Rapid Transit line.

3. Financial and mechanical equipment of the "L" lines came under inquiry, along with the right of the North Shore line to use "L" tracks. The Supreme court approved the dual system in a ruling 16 years ago.

4. Funerals for five of the victims were held while approximately 45 of the injured remained in hospitals.

[The following day a U.P. story with Chicago dateline was carried, with a local insert.]

CHICAGO. Van R. Grooms, motorman of the interurban express which crashed an elevated commuters' train and killed ten persons, will be formally charged when he leaves the hospital, Leslie V. Curtis, assistant state's attorney, said today.

Curtis explained the charge will be made principally to insure Grooms' presence when the coroner's jury completes its investigation of the crash. Grooms probably will be released under \$2,500 bond. Curtis declined to say what the charge would be.

Grooms, technically under arrest since the accident, left the hospital for a few hours last night to tell his story for the first time. Under guard, he went to a police station and said the wheels of his train skidded when he set the brakes to avoid crashing into the rear of the commuters' train.

The elevated commuters' train, struck from the rear by the speeding North Shore express, had been halted to be switched off the special track which it shared with the North Shore on an express run from the loop.

Grooms said he saw the elevated train when he was 4,000 feet away. He applied his brakes and the wheels skidded. He then turned on the power and succeeded in

VICTIMS IMPROVING

Attendants at Evanston hospital reported the condition of Frank Keast, 29, 2247 Ridge avenue, as "quite satisfactory" while St. Francis hospital attendants said the condition of E. I. Curry, 42, 148 Clyde avenue, is "fairly good."

Both Evanstonians were injured, Curry quite seriously, in the disastrous "L" wreck in Chicago Tuesday night. Curry and Keast are the only Evanston casualties in local hospitals.

stopping the skid. He applied the brakes again at a distance of 1,700 feet. The wheels skidded again. Grooms said he knew then that a crash was certain, so he blew his whistle and stepped back out of the tiny compartment at the front of the train. He remembered nothing more of the accident.

According to Curtis, Grooms said he had tested his brakes before skidding into the commuters' train, and that they worked satisfactorily.

"I asked him (Grooms) what could have caused the skid," Curtis said, "and he said he did not know unless it was due to oil on the tracks. He said he did not see any oil. I asked him how oil could have gotten there and he said it might have come from cars on his train or from those on a train ahead."

At another hearing yesterday, attended by representatives of the North Shore, and the Chicago city council,

several North Shore crewmen were reported to have said that at the time of the crash the brakes had been set and the train appeared to be coming to a normal, progressive stop.

The city council's transportation committee meantime scheduled a meeting to receive reports of engineers on signals, automatic train control, and right of the North Shore to share tracks with the commuters' rapid transit line.

The Interstate Commerce commission also scheduled a meeting with elevated railway representatives to discuss accident prevention.

[Van R. Grooms, motorman referred to above, was never arrested. Investigations were set up, but no formal charges against Grooms ever came out of them.]

"Spot" Story, Bulletin Style

THE DESSYE BOMBING

BY H. R. KNICKERBOCKER

THE following story of the Dessye bombing, written by H. R. Knickerbocker, roving correspondent of the International News Service, immediately after the event, is presented for comparison with the more orderly round-up story sent by the same writer several hours later (see page 389). This was written under terrific pressure and sent out in short "takes." Every second counted in moving the story from the scene of action to the cables, to the cable desk, and to the wires that took it to the subscribing newspapers. At the same time reportorial accuracy and vividness were required.

Dessye, Ethiopia

TEN Italian bombing planes roared over Dessye in a surprise raid between eight and nine o'clock this morning and dropped scores of incendiary and high explosive bombs, killing and wounding an undetermined number and virtually levelling the city, headquarters of Emperor Hailie Selassie and his northern armies.

Upwards of 100 were estimated to have been killed and wounded in the sudden bombardment, including Americans and Europeans.

Bombs were rained ruthlessly upon the American Seventh Day Adventist hospital.

The Emperor himself narrowly escaped death when his palace was damaged by the bombardment.

The army encampment was destroyed as the Italian flyers apparently scored hits on all their objectives.

Dessye's flimsy buildings were eaten up by the flames which spread rapidly in the wake of the incendiary bombs.

Bodies of many of those killed and wounded by the bombs themselves were eaten up by the raging fire. This added to the difficulties of definitely ascertaining the number of casualties.

The American hospital was gutted by the bombs, despite the Red Crosses painted on its roofs. Many of the invalids within were seriously wounded. It was believed some were killed.

An American nurse, Petra Hoeving, suffered a broken leg.

Many of the foreign journalists were wounded as our encampment was destroyed.

Emperor Haile Selassie got his first real taste of war.

When his palace was bombed, he and his 12 year old son, Duke of Harar, dashed out, escaping unhurt, and hurried to the wrecked hospital.

There they saw a stream of wounded being carried to the shelled building, being treated with feverish haste by the few doctors available. Emergency operations were being performed under the most difficult circumstances.

Dessye was virtually destroyed. Its flimsy buildings rapidly turned into smoke and ashes. The Emperor's more durable palace, which he left burning, was faced with total destruction.

The surprise raid was conducted with precision. The big bombers zoomed low over their objectives, dropped their deadly missiles, and then circled to repeat.

All here were terrified, including the journalists, most of whom had been cabling to their editors that the war was too dull to cover.

George Doyon, correspondent for a French news agency, had his leg broken. All of us only narrowly escaped death.

The big bombers brought the reality of the war sharply home to the Emperor and his aides, as well as to the journalists. Dessye is only 200 miles from the northern

front, but the city could not have been wrecked more had it been right on the Italian lines.

After the first bombardment, the Italian planes roared defiantly over the city a second time dropping a few more bombs, and then some time after the final attack appeared to survey the damage they had done.

The Italians apparently were attempting to crush the expected major Ethiopian defensive drive at its start. The Emperor arrived here less than two weeks ago, a few days after the journalists' caravan had pitched their camp.

The Ethiopians, with half a million warriors in the north country, were ready to open their long-delayed determined defense of their homeland.

The wrecked hospital, only one in Dessye, is operated by a California couple. Dr. Andreas Stadin, and his wife, Seventh Day Adventists.

James Sorenson, head of all the Adventist missions in Ethiopia, and Miss Petra Hoewing, the wounded nurse, have been helping them.

The hospital, although it had only 14 beds, was accommodating more than two scores patients, many of them warriors brought here from the northern front for treatment.

Dessye is only 150 miles from Addis Ababa, and today's bombing brought the war the nearest it has been to the Ethiopian capitol. Dessye was bombed early in the war when there were only a handful of people here, but little damage was done.

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[Compare with the two Knickerbocker stories the following feature by William H. Stoneman, *Chicago Daily News* correspondent, dealing with the same events, and dated December 9.]

DESSYE, ETHIOPIA. Jolly fellows, these Italians, and great practical jokesters!

We almost died laughing Monday morning when our breakfast was interrupted by a bunch of "good fellows" sailing over Dessye in four Caproni bombing planes and dumping 25 bombs in our camp on a neighboring hillside. This is the third consecutive time Italian planes have rained explosives on Dessye. We found nothing settles the breakfast so quickly as a shower of bombs.

Then there was a bottle message dumped by the crew of plane No. "97" Sunday morning, which pulled the negus' leg, asking: "Did your umbrella do you any good today, and how did you like these biscuits?" Can wit go further?

A pity that the convivial lads could not have witnessed the result of the fun Sunday. They would have died laughing to see the American doctor, A. R. Stadin, amputating 20 limbs, and a German doctor cutting up a woman who had lost two legs and whose breast was torn off.

They would have giggled merrily over the troop of non-descripts who poured into the hospital grounds all afternoon and evening dragging their legs behind them, and would have roared at the eyes which the Roman revelers blinded with thermite bombs. And the sight of a little girl's body, her face torn off by a blast, lying on the cobblestones outside the palace, would have given them paroxysms.

If you ever go to Rome and want a good laugh, look up the account of the Asmara correspondent of *Il Popolo Di Roma*, named Pelius, who radiophoned the "bombardments were only made against columns of Ethiopian soldiers directed against our front."

And the homage, according to the same imaginative correspondent, paid by the Ethiopians to another sign reading "*Altissima Cultura Popolo Italiano*," referring to the superior culture of the Italian people.

You ought to have seen Emperor Haile Selassie guffaw when we translated this message for him here in camp on the hospital grounds. And still there are folks who say there is nothing funny about war.

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